

Chatelaine

OCTOBER 1953 20 CENTS

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN



Beginning:
Look what's happening
to living—Page 11

Kate Aitken's tips
on how to run
a club—Page 28

I'd want my husband
to marry again—Page 26

It makes the
fanciest sewing
as easy
as playing
a record!

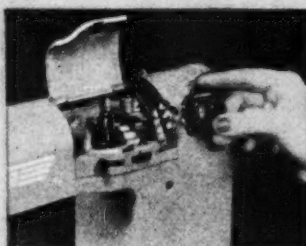
the **NEW** **ELNA** *Supermatic* **is here!**

The new Elna does more things than any other sewing machine can do or has ever done . . . and Elna does them all automatically!

In addition to all your regular sewing, the new Elna darns, mends, embroiders, monograms . . . does all decorative stitches completely automatically! It's so easy to use, even if you've never sewn before.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY ANY SEWING MACHINE UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE NEW ELNA!

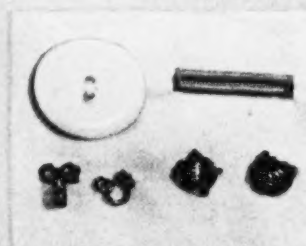
- Sews forward, backward, zig-zag and in any direction.
- Does not jump or vibrate — it is noiseless and streamlined.
- Light in weight — easy to carry.
- Attractive soft green colour.
- Built-in sewing light illuminates entire working area.
- Elna is guaranteed for life!
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- Built with fine watch precision by Tavoro of Switzerland.
- Liberal trade-in allowance on your old machine.
- Free Sewing Lessons with every Elna purchase.



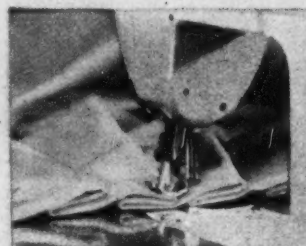
There's a clearly-marked Pattern Disc for every stitch . . . insert the disc . . . and out comes the work automatically!



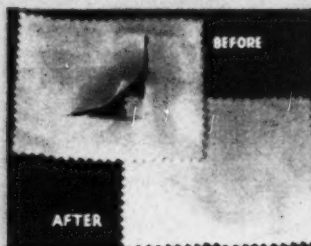
With Elna's Open Arm, you darn socks, work on sleeves and other tubular shapes without opening a single seam.



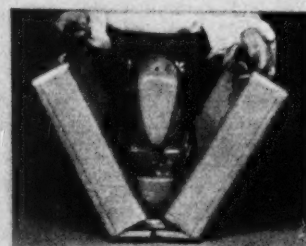
Making buttonholes, sewing on buttons, hooks and snap fasteners is mere child's play with an Elna.



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Mends any tear or hole almost invisibly in minutes. Works equally well on woolsens or cottons.



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☐ More information about the New Elna

NAME

ADDRESS

CHI-F53

Chatelaine Centre



Kate Aitken began her hectic career as a school teacher out west.

THE LADY HORSEBACK RIDER in the divided riding skirt, above, is indefatigable Kate Aitken as she looked forty years ago as a starry-eyed young teacher at her first school in the Cypress Hills in southern Saskatchewan. Bronco, the horse she rode, threw her every day. "I had to sleep on my stomach for three months," wails Kate. Incidentally, the picture was one she developed herself in her landlady's dishpan and printed by the light of an oil lamp.

As for Kate's more up-to-date activities . . . she has just published a cookbook . . . finished a book on etiquette . . . flown to England and back in a jet plane and has taken time out from all this to write "Tips for Clubwomen" on page 28. And Kate has had plenty of experience wielding the gavel in women's organizations. She's been a president four times, on executive boards five times, and a director and vice-president once each—not to mention being Honored Guest Speaker at more club sessions from St. John's to Victoria than she can begin to remember.



ONE OF THE MOST complicated photos art director Stan Furnival ever tackled is the one for Chatelaine's new series "Look What's Happening to Living" which starts in this issue. The house he chose for the shot was that of Dan Dunlop, Toronto architect (seen with pipe and

daughter, Dana). It sits on top of a steep hill and almost a ton of heavy furniture had to be carried up fifty-five steps and then propped up with stakes to keep it from tumbling down again. Just when everything was ready a brisk wind blew up a collection of clouds. Luckily it didn't rain as you can see for yourself on page 13.

JACQUI HERITEAU, who's seeing her first story published in Chatelaine this month, has a back-



ground that reads like fiction too. Her mother, a Canadian, was studying opera in Paris when she met a young Frenchman and married him. Jacqui was born at a chateau in Vendée, where "people live in old stone houses and wear wooden sabots." After an Atlantic-hopping education in both Canada and France, Jacqui settled down in a hamlet near Cannes to write a novel which she still hopes to sell. She is now women's editor of the Montreal Herald. She says she writes bad poetry, speaks French, Italian and English, cuts her own hair and hopes to turn out more good Canadian fiction like "Portrait of Libby" on page 14.

YOUNG PARENTS WILL cheer Dorothy Lash Colquhoun for showing them on page 108 how to keep the children's parties fun but not frantic. Dorothy, who has engineered hundreds of children's parties, says she likes the six-to-ten-year-olds best, but can hardly wait to stage a party for her first granddaughter Rosemary, now just a year old.

BY SHOCKING THE STEMS of cut flowers with a quick plunge in icy water you probably add two or three days to their lasting beauty, especially if you put them in a cool place at night. This tip comes from Dr. Allan Chan, senior horticulturist at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, who has a windowbox full of ideas for moving your garden indoors for the winter, starting on page 22.

WE'RE PLEASED to introduce two new members of Chatelaine Institute in this issue. Jean Byers (left) and Frances Hucks were wrapping Chatelaine's Christmas turkey for our feature "Eight Weeks to Christmas," which you will find of tremendous help in next month's issue. For Frances, it's a home-coming. She came to the Institute first when it was created in 1930 and left after nine years to work with the Milk Foundation of Toronto. You'll be seeing her by-line on food features, and behind the scenes she will do the tests for Chatelaine's Seal of Approval. For after-hours fun Frances says she's an amateur photographer, piano player and avid



murder-mystery reader. Blond, brown-eyed Jean Byers will be cooking some of the tempting dishes you'll be seeing in Chatelaine food layouts, and testing the recipes in our kitchens. Jean is an outdoor type who likes to swim and hike. She designs her own clothes.

MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute	JOHN CLARE, Editor	ROSEMARY BOXER, Beauty and Fashion Editor
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LAST WEEK
YOU
WERE "IT"

...NOW IT'S
SOMEBODY
ELSE

Not even your best friend will tell you when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And, when you do offend . . . goodbye, romance!

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath instantly, and keeps it fresh and sweet and agreeable usually for hours on end?

Listerine instantly kills germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which

are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be *extra-careful* that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

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LISTERINE
STOPS BAD BREATH FOR HOURS



(Made in Canada)

ON RADIO—"ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"—See your paper for time and station

Chatelaine



Vol. 26 No. 10

Nine-month-old Gigi was a bit dubious about posing as our October cover girl until she recognized the photographer as an old friend. He was her father, Desmond Russell.

Chatelaine

OCTOBER 1953

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Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean, HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President, DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director, THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. MONTREAL OFFICE: 1242 Peel St., Montreal 2, P.Q.; EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2, Telephone Temple Bar 1616; Telegraph, Atabek, London; U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: In Canada, 1 year \$2.00; 2 years \$3.00; 3 years \$4.00; 4 years \$5.00; 5 years \$6.00. Price for all other countries \$3.00 per year. Copyright 1953, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.

Reader Takes Over

Unfair To Saskatoon?

I have been requested by our City Council to protest to you against the unfairness of the recent article which appeared in your magazine under the title of "When Polio Hit Saskatoon."

We feel that this article is not only unfair but inaccurate and misleading. Contrary to the statements of the author, we had very little confusion. We also had a high degree of leadership far above what one might expect in the usual community. Our medical officer was in close touch with the situation as it developed and kept in close touch to the end. The leadership given by our health department was of a very high order. Bold measures were taken and these were fully justified by the course of events. I might add that our local newspaper, the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, showed very commendable restraint in its news columns, and at the same time gave adequate coverage which included directives to the public.

If any municipality would like to obtain any information about the very successful handling of our recent polio epidemic, I would be glad to furnish it. —J. S. Mills, Mayor, Saskatoon.

... After reading "When Polio Hit Saskatoon," as the mother of a son who had polio last year I felt I could not do otherwise than write to say I think it is an article that needed to be written. It expresses the thoughts of many other mothers as well as mine. Our doctors did a magnificent job, working day and night to care for their patients as well as doing their best to keep up the morale of the worried parents. However, the leadership given by the civic officials left much to be desired. When they decided to go ahead with plans for a celebration in honor of the 70th anniversary of the city, thus encouraging gatherings of children and adults, they were severely criticized and rightly so. These officials realized that they had two alternatives. They could cancel plans for the celebration until some time when there was not a polio epidemic and keep the schools closed in an effort to halt the spread of the disease or they could proceed with their plans but if they did so they would have to open the schools. They chose the latter alternative. —Mrs. E. McDonald, Saskatoon.

... I read the Polio article by Alma Edwards Smith in August Chatelaine and it interested me very much. I am also a citizen of Saskatoon and I do not agree with her wholeheartedly. She makes our city sound as if it was full of incompetent officials and medical men incapable of making decisions. It is true this was an emergency, but I don't think anyone was "panicky." No one is prepared for a flood or a tornado or a blitz.

The experience we get from these things is costly and sad. Why couldn't we organize our own common sense instead of depending on a committee for everything? ... I think the people of Saskatoon would be on their toes if such an epidemic struck again. —Mrs. A. Glenn Custer, Saskatoon.

... I enjoy the variety of your articles at all times but this month's article by Alma Edwards Smith "When Polio Hit Saskatoon" is a timely one. Written by one who herself was stricken in last summer's epidemic, it gives to the public first-hand experience and stresses the necessity of being prepared for emergencies such as these before they strike. —Ethel M. Carefoot, Toronto.

Mary and Midnight

May I comment on the delightful material contained in this month's issue (August). "I Remember Mary," is refreshing to my generation who as a child worshiped her from afar ... Then on turning the pages I found the pleasantest surprise of all, "Home on the Midnight," and by none other than our former radio announcer Walter Dales. We were just teen-agers then, but I can almost hear his voice again. —Mrs. Louise Sandvold, Regina.

... It was so refreshing to read Walter Dales' tender story, "Home on the Midnight." In this cynical world why can't we have more of these heart-warming stories from the pen of this gifted writer? —Mrs. D. E. Dozors, Granby, Que.

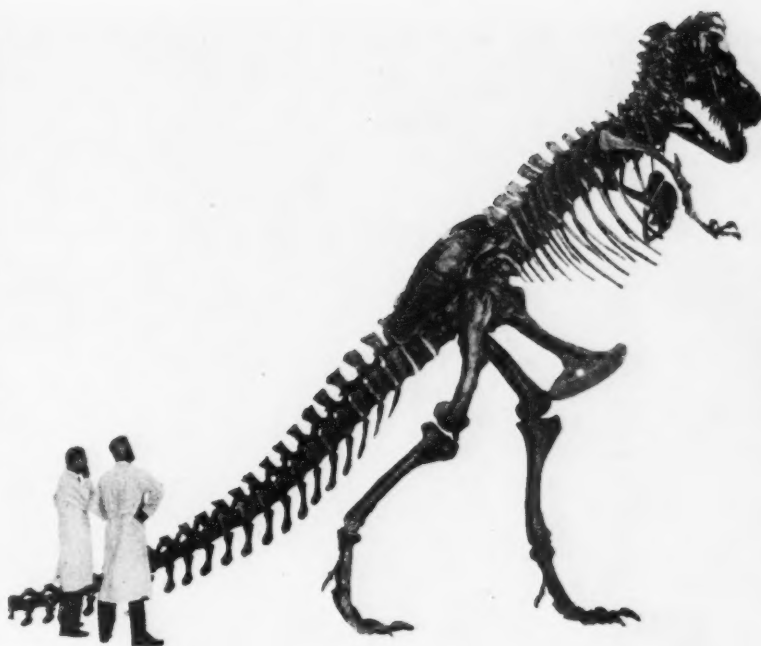
No Made-Overs, Please

How many readers will agree with me? Freda Nisbet in her "before" picture looks kind, young and human. The "after" picture with ten years added and an artificial smile and stiff business appearance hasn't found a change for the better. Give me real people every time, not made-overs. —Mrs. M. Clark, Toronto.

Love and Washing Machines

Vivian and David Markham showed courage by stepping into the limelight in your July issue. Today, nearly all Canadian young marrieds are faced with the problem of maintaining a standard of living while collecting household furnishings. This is one sound argument in favor of a bride's retaining her job after marriage, for a while. But to lay down a five-year plan for the glorious achievement of possessing an ironer and an automatic washing machine goes against the grain. Surely the Good Lord did not intend us to fall in love and get married to produce washing machines! —Mrs. J. D. H., Toronto. +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE BY—Panda (pages 1, 62, 63), Paul Rockett (1, 13, 28), Desmond Russell (4, 5, 6, 8), Peter Croydon (20, 21), Malak (22, 23), R. H. MacDonald (49).



What has TYRANNOSAURUS REX
got to do with

ARTHRITIS?

It may surprise you to know that doctors ... in their search for more knowledge about arthritis ... have made intensive studies of the bones and joints of prehistoric dinosaurs. They have found that dinosaurs, like *Tyrannosaurus rex*, had arthritic joints.

As a result of these studies, medical science has learned much about the origin and history of arthritis, the joints that are most often affected by it, and how the disease damages them.

Arthritis has long been a leading cause of disability. Today there are about 600 thousand Canadians who have the disease in one of its many forms, the two most common of which are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Of the two, *osteoarthritis* occurs most often. In fact, almost everyone who is beyond middle age has a touch of it, probably as a result of normal wear and tear on the joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most severe form of the disease as it affects not only the joints, but the entire body. It usually begins between the ages of 20 and 50.

Not too long ago, arthritis ... or "rheumatism" as it was then generally called ... often meant a life of misery or some degree of crippling.

Today, the outlook is far brighter for many arthritics. Under modern treatment, carefully adjusted to the needs of the indi-

vidual patient, doctors can do much to relieve or prevent pain and to lessen or prevent disability.

Treatment, however, must be started early for best results. Otherwise, lasting damage may be done to one or more joints.

Arthritis seldom, if ever, strikes suddenly and dramatically. Any person who complains of a generally "run down" condition, and who has slight but recurring attacks of pain, discomfort or swelling in or about the joints, should be promptly and thoroughly examined by his doctor ... before his trouble becomes disabling.

Authorities emphasize that chronic arthritis is rarely, if ever, controlled by any single measure. They also say that the so-called "sure cures" for arthritis generally do little more than provide temporary relief. Before using any medicine for the treatment of arthritis, it is wise to have the doctor's advice.

What can medical science do to control arthritis? What are the chances for recovery? What can be done to help prevent arthritis? What are some of the new methods of treatment?

These and many other questions are discussed in Metropolitan's booklet entitled, "Arthritis." Use the handy coupon for your free copy which will be mailed upon request.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Home Office: New York
Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Arthritis

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 103-L, "Arthritis."

Name

Street

City Prov.



Mrs. Thelma Conner of New York does lots of housework but manages to be pretty and picture.

"I wash 1400 pounds of laundry a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

If you ever meet Thelma Conner, be sure to shake hands. You'll notice that hers are as soft and pretty as a pair of hands can be.

For Mrs. Conner (just like yourself) washes almost a ton of laundry each year. And plenty of it the hard way — by hand!

She's grateful for detergents, of course. These miracle aids really chase grease and dirt. But detergents are a problem, too. That same grease-cutting action could send the natural oils and youthful softness of her hands down the drain, too.

There are detergents? Not Thelma! She's found a way to keep her hands lovely despite all harsh cleansers. It's a simple trick, and we'll teach it to you. After every chore, always

remember to smooth some pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

You won't see any sticky film. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion doesn't just "coat" the hands. It penetrates — helps replace softening moisture. (It has two ingredients doctors use for softening.) More women use Jergens than any other hand care in the world.

Thelma Conner will tell you that Jergens Lotion is the reason her hands are so attractive. Her husband may not know the reason, but he appreciates it!

So keep detergents in your house (there's nothing like them), just keep Jergens Lotion in kitchen and bath, and use it often. It's such an easy habit, and so important to a woman.



Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands

JOAN LEARNS TO USE

Our teen-age Joan Carnegie learns about make-up and how to control adolescent acne from a skin specialist and a beautician. "No heavy war-paint," they warn. "Frequent cleansing... a balanced diet... twice-a-week shampoos... sun... no chocolates, nuts or fatty foods — and plenty of sleep"

BY ROSEMARY BOXER, FASHION AND BEAUTY EDITOR



Deep-Down cleaning with a light cleansing cream or suds. Massage briskly with circular up-and-out motions — and don't forget the corners of the neck.



The Rub-Up with tissues to blot away the cream (same up-and-out routine). If it's suds, use clear warm water (then cold) and dry with a soft towel.

What's the next step? More

MAKE-UP

The beautician told Joan:

"The most important thing you should learn about make-up, Joan, is how *much* is good for your skin during your growing-up years, and how to care for your skin. Care means deep-cleaning at least three times every day."

"What do you mean—deep-cleaning?" asked Joan.

"I mean that all stale make-up and ordinary dust and grime must be lifted out of the pores as well as taken off the skin surface. You do this by using soap and water properly, or, with a light cleansing cream and skin freshener. Running a half-soaped cloth over your face a few times to clean it is about as effective as trying to dust a rug with a mop. Secondly, with your young color and fresh skin, you don't need such things as rouge and heavy foundations."

"Okay then," said Joan, "what's the right procedure?"

Our beautician not only told her but demonstrated as shown in the pictures on these and following pages.

Joan asked the skin specialist:

"What can I do about those awful little hickies that pop up every so often?"

"First," replied the doctor, "you must realize that almost all youngsters between the ages of eleven and sixteen have trouble with adolescent acne and blackheads. These skin conditions are a sign of the maturing period and if you want to grow up with a clear complexion you must treat them with extreme caution. Picking and squeezing, in particular, will irritate both conditions and cause enlarged pores and blemishes that remain for life. In slight cases of acne or blackheads, however, a boy or girl can do a lot to help—by getting lots of sleep, fresh air, exercise, a balanced diet and by keeping the face and scalp always immaculately clean. And another good thing to remember is that chocolate, nuts and fatty foods should be left alone. In more severe cases where acne or blackheads are being really troublesome, a doctor should always be consulted."

pictures on the next page

More than a Girdle... Better than a Corset!



With new non-roll top that stays up without a stay... plus hidden "finger" panels that flatten your tummy!

Amazing NEW Playtex Magic-Controller!

controls, slims and supports you
without a seam, stitch, stay or bone!

How does Magic-Controller do it? The way *Nature* does it — lifting, molding, supporting *naturally, firmly, beautifully*. It's as comfortable, as resilient as your own skin.

Hold it up to the light and see the secret. You'll see the hidden "finger" panels that flatten your tummy, tone your figure, slim you as no girdle, no corset ever could.

Playtex Magic-Controller* with 4 reinforced adjustable garters.

Playtex Magic-Controller at department stores, specialty shops everywhere, \$9.50

New Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with Garters, \$9.50

Extra-large sizes, slightly higher.

Put it on... you'll see that the new non-roll top gives you a higher, smaller waistline! You'll discover that, from top to hips to thighs, you seem to have lost a full size or more, *no matter what your size!*

Magic-Controller is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. And it makes your tightest dress become your *rightest* dress.

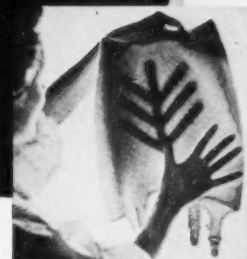
Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$6.95

FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$4.50

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the **SUM** tube.

*Canada and Foreign Patents Pending

PLAYTEX, LTD., ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO



Look how the magic "fingers" lift and mold your figure. And they're invisible—like the waist-slimming non-roll top that stays up without a stay.



See how it firms and flattens your tummy, how hidden "finger" panels and non-roll top assist your body muscles, control you in *Nature's* own way!



Feel the fabric lining, new textured latex surface outside. Not a seam, stitch, stay or bone anywhere. It washes in seconds—you can almost watch it dry!

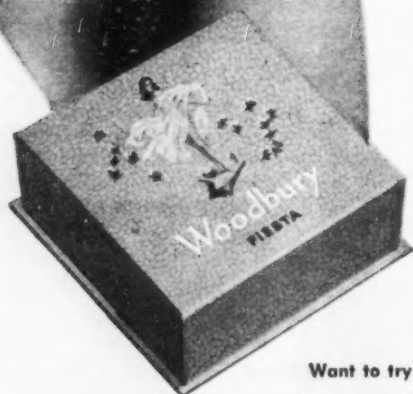


MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
USE WOODBURY FACE POWDER—
WHY DON'T YOU?



Lovely women instinctively choose this exquisitely light, fabulously fine powder. Only Woodbury, with its secret color blending process and special foundation-cream ingredient, offers such superb vibrant shades such exciting satin-smoothness, longer cling. Try it — see the thrilling difference!

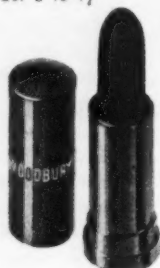
ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-starring in MGM's **RHAPSODY** (color by Technicolor) wears Woodbury Fiesta to intensify the tone of her skin. (Hollywood Stars chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1)



25c, 45c, 75c.

Want to try a superb lipstick?

Add the excitement of Woodbury's "Fiesta Red" lipstick — a tempting, true red, especially blended to be worn with "Fiesta" powder. Also 6 other shades — all vivid and velvety. 25c and 55c.



(Made in Canada)

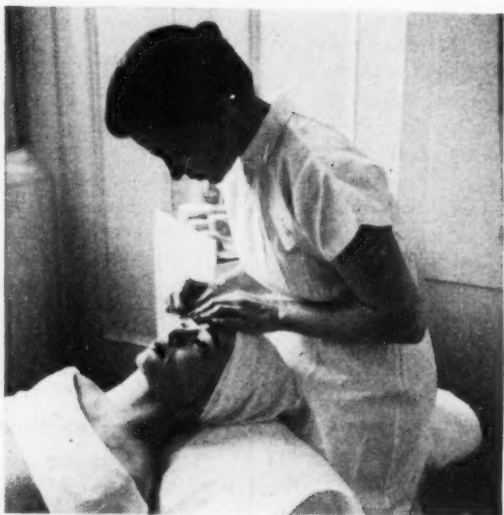
JOAN LEARNS MAKE-UP (continued)



A Cream-Wash should be followed by astringent. Squeeze out a pad of cotton wool in cold water and soak with astringent. This removes all the cream.



Lipstick applied with a brush for neatest effects starting at the corners. Then blot. Use just enough powder to dull the shine — no pancake for daytime.



The Eyes have it for importance when you're very young. But be careful—it's easy to overdo. Start by brushing the brows into a neat arched line.

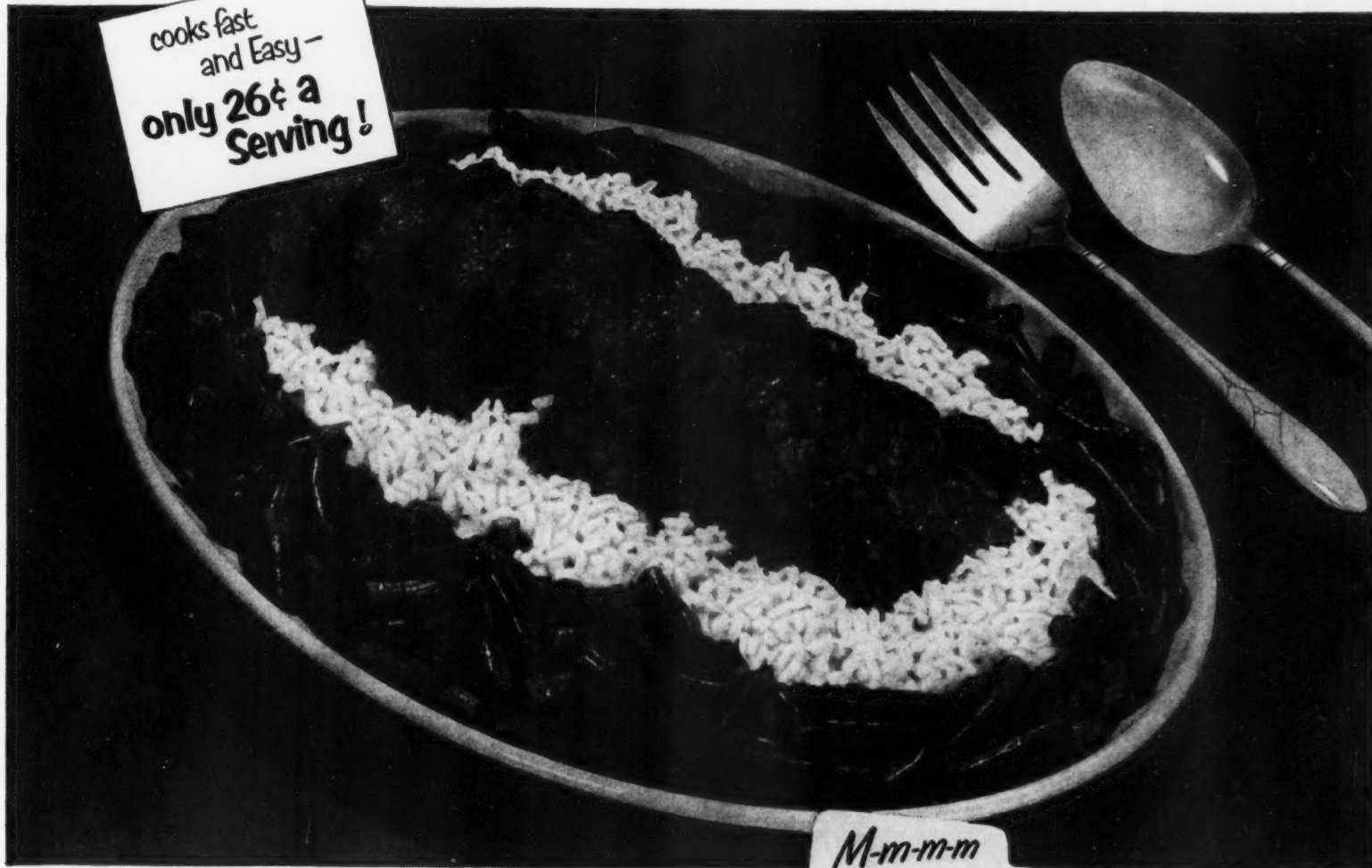
Continued on page 8

Hearty party dinner—healthful, inexpensive—thanks to CANS

"Green Beans'n Beef"

... with canned green beans, hamburger and rice

cooks fast
and Easy—
only 26¢ a
Serving!



What a Wonderful One-dish Dinner!

It'll please every member of your family! And it's easy to prepare. Full of nourishment. Inexpensive. All because steel cans* provide the best way to bring food from the farm to your table. Canned foods are lower in price, not by sacrificing quality, but by avoiding costs of refrigeration, spoilage, and excess freight on parts you can't eat, such as husks or pods. They're tops in nutrition, too, because crops are canned within hours of harvesting, which captures perishable vitamins... and cans preserve vitamins and minerals because each can acts as a sealed pressure cooker. You serve your family the finest when you serve food in cans. To serve delicious "Green Beans 'n Beef," why not jot down what you need on your shopping list now?

*Tin cans are actually about 99% steel.



M-m-m-m

1 lb. ground lean beef
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1/4 cup finely cut onion
1 1/4 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper

2 tablespoons hot fat
1 10-oz. can tomato soup
2 teaspoons vinegar
1/4 cup water
2 cups hot, cooked rice
1 15-oz. can green beans,
heated and drained

Mix beef, milk, crumbs, 2 tablespoons onion, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. With wet hands, shape into 8 flat patties. Brown slowly in fat. Add 2 tablespoons onion and cook slowly 5 minutes. Pour around patties a mixture of soup, vinegar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper and water. Cover and cook over low heat 20 minutes, turning patties once while cooking. Lift patties to center of a warm platter. Put rice around patties; arrange beans around rice. Serve hot with the sauce. Makes 4 servings.



Your best food buy is food in cans,
survey by 19 universities proves

Home Economics Departments of 19 U.S. universities and colleges, in a 3-year survey, proved these facts: Canned foods give you the most food value—the most food, the most nutrition, at lowest cost, all year 'round. And cans are safe and strong, easily handled and stored.

THE **Steel Company**
of Canada, LIMITED



new ways to easy-living

by Nancy Nylon



Thanksgiving season demands high-style five o'clock fashions, so here's a hint on being cocktail-party swish. With your open neckline—show a perfectly bare neck. Whether it's the widened turtle collar, the double V line, or the shoulder-to-shoulder sweep, keep it plain and simple. Then splurge on earrings—large sparklers, dangling loops or the long drop kind. They look ultra chic beneath your short-cropped coiffure, add sudden glamour to your sophisticated front.



Naughty but nice—for a slim silhouette — You'll love this strapless cinch bra, 'cause it gives you such a firm and feminine little middle. Gentle boning—through the lovely nylon lace front and two back panels—curves you in and out at just the right places. Elastic side panels give you just the right amount of ease. See it, and other nylon foundations for every figure type in the stores now.



Pretty is as tricot does! A nylon blouse always looks nice. And why not, 'cause they're so tub-happy, need no ironing, stay new looking for simply ages. This, one of the heavier weight tricot will look equally

smart under a suit jacket or with a skirt. When you shop for a blouse, just look at the wonderful styles, colors and fabrics in nylon. Every one you buy will be a lasting joy, look lovely for a long, long time.



Spanking smart accessories are as the icing on a cake. And nylon gloves give you just that kind of finishing touch. This fall you'll find them in a vast array of lovely new shades and styles—such as these attractive shorties with contrasting fourchettes for added finger interest, contrasting cuffs and a pearl button to spark the wrist. Every pair will wash and dry in a flash, wear like iron—because they're all nylon practical.



For the ice-cream and cake crowd, frothy nylon party dresses are just the thing. They radiate freshness and prettiness, and they're a mother's joy in the wash tub. In fact, any hour of any day, nylon for children's wear is tops. By the way, I've written a little booklet especially for mothers. It's called, "More Wear—Less Tear with Nylon Children's Clothes", and if you'd like a copy, just write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House, Montreal. I'll be happy to send you one.



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED • MONTREAL

JOAN LEARNS MAKE-UP (continued)



Pencil the brows darker if they leave you expressionless. Start at the inner corners and use a light feathery technique for a natural effect.



Mascara the lashes if they're thin or too light. Just a little on the brush and concentrate on the long ones at the outer corners for a wide-eyed look.

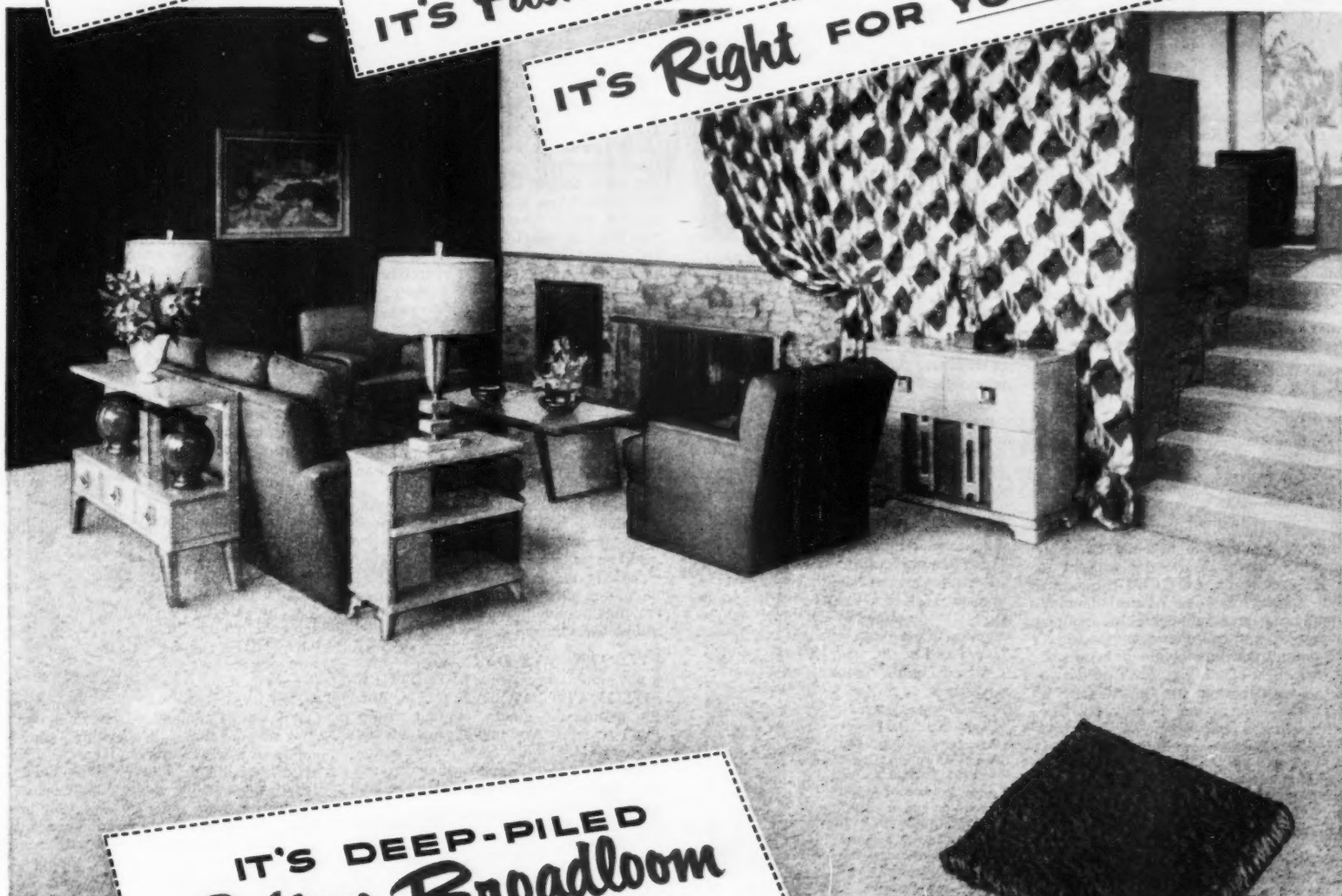


Fresh Young glamour because her make-up reflects good taste and consideration for a maturing complexion that needs to be babied—not buried.

IT'S New!

IT'S Fashion-Fresh!

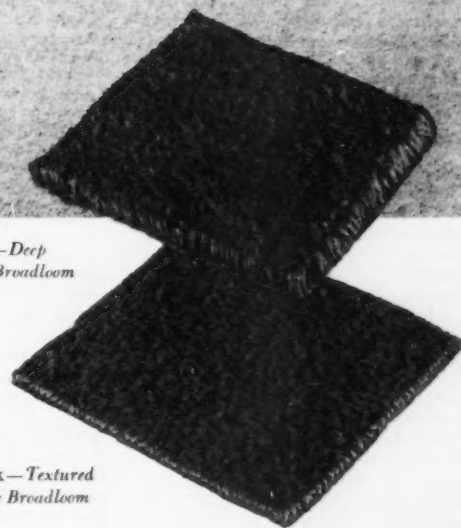
IT'S Right FOR YOUR HOME!



IT'S DEEP-PILED
Cotton Broadloom
BY FAMOUS

Barrymore
TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

BARALUXE—Deep
plush pile Broadloom

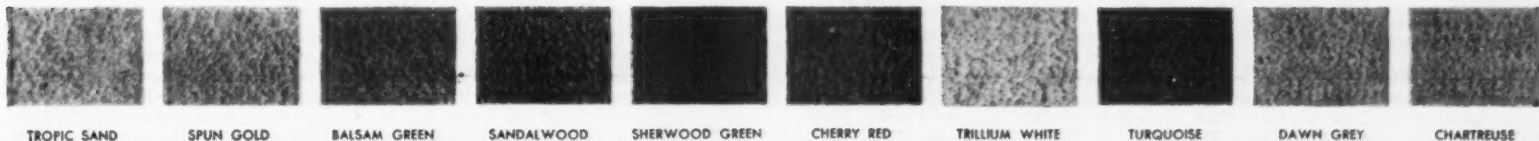


FREIZLOK—Textured
loop pile Broadloom

Barrymore lays your dreams at your feet with this thrilling, new Cotton Broadloom . . . a new style note in rich, unbelievably clear colors to add sparkle and spaciousness to your rooms . . . Barrymore craftsmanship in finest cotton yarn to give luxurious pile, perfect clean-

ability, years and years of scuff-resistant wear . . . soft, durable, livable cotton in Tropic Sand, Dawn Grey, Balsam Green, Sandalwood, Sherwood Green, Cherry Red, Trillium White, Turquoise, Spun Gold and Chartreuse, at the eye-opening price of under \$10 per square yard.

- **Extra-long wearing**—fine quality, cotton fibres take years and years of hardest wear—as proved in exhaustive tests!
- **Colors you've always wanted**—ten fresh, exciting hues from Chartreuse to Cherry Red.
- **Perfect with either modern or traditional decor**—plain colors and delightful random texture shows off any furniture to advantage.
- **Easy to clean and care for**—can be vacuumed or swept normally—will stand up to repeated cleaning.
- **Low price for high quality**—outstanding value among broadlooms!



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



COOKING is an art that's easily mastered with practice . . . and such "quick-tricks" as these: *Bake stuffed green peppers in greased muffin pans . . . they'll keep their shape better. *Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice to each quart of rapidly boiling water for rice . . . it will make the rice whiter and fluffier!

ALL GOOD COOKS AGREE on one thing . . . it's flavour that makes the difference between dishes that are so-so and those that are so-o-o delicious! That's why most of them use AC'CEN'T . . . for this "magic" ingredient (sometimes known as pure monosodium glutamate in recipes these days) makes all



kinds of foods taste *naturally better!* I wouldn't dream of cooking without it myself . . . because AC'CEN'T brings out and "sparks" the true natural flavours already in meats, vegetables, soups, sauces, fish and countless other foods . . . but doesn't add any flavour or aroma of its own. Best of all, you don't need any special recipes when you use AC'CEN'T . . . just cook as you usually do. But only tasting is believing . . . so try this:

Make your favourite soup and taste . . . then add ½ to 1 tsp. AC'CEN'T per 4 servings and taste the tantalizing difference. Do that and I wager you this . . . you'll use AC'CEN'T as a third shaker . . . as regularly as salt and pepper!

CLASSROOM ACTIVITIES must be plenty energetic these days, to judge by the appetites the youngsters bring home from school in the afternoon. That's the time for VI-TONE! When you give the children VI-TONE for those between-meal snacks,



you're killing two birds with one stone . . . this nourishing, chocolaty flavoured drink really takes care of youthful appetites and it's so good for them. VI-TONE is the best way I know to get the children to drink plenty of milk, because they love its rich flavour. VI-TONE is as packed with goodness as it is with pep . . . contains all the basic food values . . . protein, calcium, minerals, vitamins, Riboflavin and iron . . . that make vitality levels climb and climb. And for you, after a particularly hectic day, hot VI-TONE at bedtime helps relax jangled nerves and promotes restful sleep, so you're ready for each active day. Remember . . . at mealtime, at snack-time, at anytime . . . that drink that "peaks" your pep is VI-TONE.

MY DESIGN FOR BETTER LIVING includes many things . . . but high on the list is my fabulous new GURNEY Gas Range. I've never seen anything like

it . . . for it has so many amazing features, I'm cooking *faster, easier and better* than ever before! Everything about it is perfect . . . particularly its divided top. That's because it gives you *more* surface, *extra* capacity and *added* coolness . . . plus worlds of other advantages over the cluster top arrangement. In fact, my GURNEY Gas Range makes cooking a *special* pleasure for me . . . as well as wins me compliments galore from my family and guests. Take my Fruit Ambrosia, for instance . . . it's the talk of the town! A reader sent me the recipe recently . . . why not try it tonight?



Combine 1½ cups mixed fruit cocktail, drained, 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained, 3 bananas, sliced, and 6 marshmallows, quartered. Spoon into 1½ qt. baking dish, sprinkle with ½ cup moist shredded cocoanut and bake at 325° F. for 30 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MENU for dinner tonight? Well, whatever it is. I can promise you one thing . . . it will have new and exciting taste appeal if you use WINDSOR SALT! I'm sure of it . . . because WINDSOR SALT *brightens* the flavour of food . . . in the kitchen and at the table!

I myself couldn't cook without it . . . for it helps me out in so many ways. For instance:

You can boil a cracked egg when you add WINDSOR SALT to the water . . . and when you poach an egg, a "dash" of WINDSOR SALT in the water will help set the white. It makes all the difference between "dull" and "delicious" when you add it to hot chocolate, cocoa and tomato juice, too . . . while many sweet-treats, especially chocolate ones, literally "sing" with goodness when WINDSOR SALT goes into the makings. And remember . . . it's always *free-running* and it's *iodized*! So if you really want your cooking to "captivate," get WINDSOR SALT today . . . and let it *brighten* the flavour of all the foods you serve! P.S. I'll give you some more tips next month!



YOU'LL SLEEP MORE COSILY if you drift off to dreamland in the comfort of KINGCOT Blankets . . . for they answer every woman's wish for luxury and her need to be practical, too! That's because blissful slumber is woven into every heavenly inch of them . . . thanks



to their comforting warmth, gentle softness and luxuriously deep nap. And you can rest assured no budget worries will trouble your sleep . . . because there's a KINGCOT Blanket for every purse and every whim . . . from masterful blends of cotton, wool and viscose to pure fine cotton alone. The colours? Simply exquisite . . . delicate slumber-inspired hues of fairyland prettiness. And team your KINGCOT Blankets with KINGCOT'S superb Blanket-Sheets . . . in downy flannelette. Choose from

cloudtone pastels and sparkling white . . . or pamper your preference for both in white with pastel borders. The important thing is to choose KINGCOT Blankets and Blanket-Sheets . . . then you can be sure of quality!

YOU ASKED FOR IT and here it is . . . a delicious margarine that *spreads smoothly even when ice cold!* I "discovered" it just recently . . . so let me "introduce" you right now to KRAFT'S PARKAY Margarine! And let me tell you a little about it, too . . . you can take KRAFT'S PARKAY straight from your refrigerator and spread it *instantly*. No "warm-up" is needed . . . yet it *never* crumbles or splinters and won't tear the freshest slice of bread. Most amazing of all, you can leave PARKAY standing out at room temperature in a hot kitchen . . . it won't "goo" down or separate. I also find that it *creams faster and better* than any other margarine I've ever used . . . and melts quickly in your frying pan. Wondering how all this can be true? Well, the secret is a great new discovery . . . an entirely new way of making margarine that's known *only* to KRAFT! But get smooth-spreading, taste-tempting PARKAY today . . . see for yourself that it does everything I say.



I OFTEN WONDER how I ever got along without my FRIGIDAIRE AUTOMATIC WASHER . . . for now I'm getting the *cleanest, brightest* washes I've ever seen! And just like the ads say . . . FRIGIDAIRE'S "Live-Water" action sends the hot sudsy water surging through the clothes thoroughly, but ever-so-gently, and rids them of stubborn, deep-down dirt. In the rinsing, this dirt floats *upward*, over the top . . . not back through the clothes! And all you have to do is set the Select-O-Dial to the right timing . . . then after FRIGIDAIRE'S Rapidry spinning, some clothes will be right-ready for ironing. FRIGIDAIRE'S Automatic Washer is the *only* washer finished in Lifetime Porcelain, too . . . requires only a quick "swish" with a damp cloth to clean the outside . . . the inside cleans itself. But ask your FRIGIDAIRE Dealer for a demonstration . . . or write "Washer" on a postcard, with your name and address . . . then mail to Room 13, 1315 Yonge St., Toronto 5, for a FREE Folder with full details.



LOVE YOUR FAMILY? Of course you do . . . so *don't* risk their health with temporary disinfectants! Instead, fight the danger of sickness in your home . . . by cleaning house with "LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant. It's the wise thing to do . . . because "LYSOL" *kills germs* right while it cleans . . . all in one operation! It remains potent in the presence of dust and dirt, too . . . and, if you use it regularly, leaves a *continuing* anti-germ blanket between cleanings. That's why I recommend double-acting "LYSOL" for every cleaning job . . . in bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchen and *all* floors. It's very economical to use . . . costs only a

few cents a room. And for you family's greater security, I beg you to get this:

FREE Handbook

... on Infantile Paralysis! I consider it invaluable . . . for it not only explains the cause, symptoms and treatment of polio, but ways to prevent it. This dread disease has its peak outbreak in the Fall, you know . . . so be prepared! Write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto, for your copy . . . today!



JACK FROST will soon be here . . . so I'm more thankful than ever that BABY'S OWN SOAP is now enriched with Lanolate²⁵! I've told you before how wonderful this new discovery is . . . how it's made from *pure lanolin* . . . concentrated 25 times! And all mothers are rejoicing . . . for it means that BABY'S OWN SOAP now gives baby's *thinner* skin the greatest possible protection from harm. That's why I urge you again . . . use BABY'S OWN SOAP for all of baby's baths. And always follow with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL . . . then smooth on BABY'S OWN POWDER. It's the wise thing to do . . . because they're made by *specialists* especially for baby . . . contain all the *right* ingredients to provide baby's tender skin with even further protection! You see, the pure antiseptic OIL also contains *lanolin* . . . and the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc. So, for your precious baby's sake, follow BABY'S OWN 3-Step Protection . . . *every day!*



THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE to bad weather . . . way up high in the sky! And that's where TRANS-CANADA Air Lines fly . . . far above the clouds where sunshine "knows" no season. What a grand and glorious feeling it is, too . . . to soar through the air with the greatest of ease in TCA's luxurious Skyliners . . . where all worry and inconvenience of icy roads and snow-bound delays literally melt away. But much as I like to fly at any time with TCA, I really prefer it in winter . . . for ace TCA pilots tell me that flying conditions are wonderful then . . . because the air is smooth, radio reception is clear and aircraft perform extremely well in cold, dense air. And while TCA Skyliners speed you to your destination, you spend the time in a leisurely fashion . . . resting and relaxing in the club-like atmosphere, with personal, courteous service. So plan your trip my way this winter . . . by TCA!



LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING

BY KAY DARCY

In this exciting new series Canadian writers ask you to take a fresh look at the world around you, right out to the bright horizons and the home you will have when those dreams for furnishing and fitting your house come true

CANADIAN HOUSEWIVES, those people who have the most to say about how the nation lives, are a notoriously dreamy lot despite their bright young air of practicality. As a matter of fact, with the help of their visionary mates they have even contributed a new phrase, "dream house," to the language. "Dream house" can be used in terms of gentle irony but it is more likely to denote the kind of a house, inside and out, the tough-minded dreamer plans to have some day.

Never before have the nation's stores been so richly stocked with the kind of stuff that can make such dreams come true. There are appliances that do everything but plug in other appliances to help them; there are fabrics that shrug off stain and even flame; furniture that is smart and streamlined and, what is more, as com-

fortable and easy-fitting as a pair of well-worn slippers.

And never before has the Canadian housewife been more aware of the dividends of comfort, beauty and leisure available in a way of living that has flowered in her own home over the last few years almost without her realizing it. She has been quick to take advantage of stoves that start cooking the roast automatically while she is out playing bridge, colors that make a room match her own best shades and house-keeping aids that permit her to enjoy at least some of the benefits of the forty-hour week — although she knows the gadget will probably never be invented that will make her a nine-to-five worker like her husband.

In the issues to come this magazine is going to open the door of this treasure house and report what we find in a series of articles called Look What's Happening to Living.

Continued on next page



Canadian women need more faith in their good taste for their role as the built-in expert in every home

We'll tell you what's new in fabrics, what's for cooking in the kitchen. We'll report on what you and other Canadian women are buying for your homes, some of the goods you would like to see on the market. We will look over the shoulders of designers and tell you what is on their drawing boards.

Beginning with next month, November, we will get right down to cases and talk about living rooms. From then on our beat will cover every room in the house with sidetrips to talk to buyers, builders and designers. And now in this article let's make a fast trip through the house and take a look at what is happening to living in Canada.

One dollar out of every eight you spend, according to the last census figures, is spent on the upkeep, decoration and furnishing of your home. Almost half a million houses have been built in Canada since the war and more are needed. This means one of every seven Canadian families is living in a postwar house. It also offers proof that Canadians are a traditionally home-loving nation and so it's not surprising that much of the new money they are making in this current boom is spent on making their homes more comfortable, more attractive.

But as many a young couple has discovered, the money you pay down on that house, probably your first, is only an entry fee to a spending spree. When you start to fix it up the way you would like it, you find yourself wondering where it's all going to end. But, you discover, it can be done the way you want it, more slowly than you had hoped perhaps, if you buy wisely and according to plan.

Some couples decide to save money and speed up the schedule by doing some of the work themselves. Industry has responded to this new national hobby with power tools, rubber-based paints that are easily handled, oil paints that are easily mixed, rollers to apply the new wall surfaces, wallpaper a child could hang. Some hardy, handy couples have even built their own homes, calling in professionals for only the wiring and plumbing. Stores have set up special how-to-do-it departments to help such people; hobbycraft and homemaker exhibitions blossom in every arena.

But whether the house is being furnished and decorated according to a long-range plan that calls for canny shopping or whether the couple are doing some of the work

themselves, that same dream-propelled character we mentioned earlier—you, the Canadian housewife—is the central figure in this domestic real-life drama.

Sometimes by default, in those cases where the husband doesn't care what the house looks like so long as it's wonderful, but more often because she properly regards it as her office, her factory and a good part of her life, the wife has the firmest and best-documented ideas about how it should look. She is the one who has done the reading and the shopping. She is the one who fought the contractor down to the last two-by-four over cupboard space; she is the one who has had it out with salesmen over equipment that seemed to be specifically designed to do grievous injury to tired aching backs instead of the housework.

Yes, there she is right in the middle of this tableau trying to decide what color the drapes should be while another lobe of her brain rapidly tests the elasticity of her housekeeping budget. She's receptive to new ideas but at times there seem to be just too many of them and they confuse her. She is further confused by the sounds of battle between the exponents of the modern and the traditional, coming to her ears mostly from the U. S. She has a feeling that the term modern is all too often a catch-all phrase to describe much which is simply not old-fashioned, and neither good design nor good modern.

At times like these she is inclined to think nostalgically of her grandmother's house, rich with the yeasty smell of fresh-baked bread, with its expanses of shining floors that were polished by hand and its ruffled curtains that were washed and ironed also by hand. She is likely to remember, too, with the same lingering affection, her mother's Irish maid who got all of twenty dollars a month and her keep and was much more fun to have around than the new kind of kitchen help that plugs into the wall.

But her confusion will probably be as fleeting as her nostalgia for the good old days (that probably weren't as good as all that, anyway) for her mind is as well-stocked with ideas as the world around her is stocked with the equipment for better living.

Here is what two nationally noted Toronto decorators have to say about this important figure, the Canadian housewife:

Continued on page 95

So much is happening to living that to take a proper look at even a few of the fascinating ingredients now available you have to spread them out. We chose this Humber Valley hillside where Toronto architect Dan Dunlop (atop the slope) built a refreshingly modern home for his wife Lois (she's from Halifax) and children Dana and Bill. Furnishings and appliances came from Simpson's. Paul Rockett took the picture.





PORTRAIT OF LIBBY



The pain of Libby's lonely years left her when she wrote to the soldier in Korea. But now he was coming to see her for the first time . . . and she was afraid

THE CLOCK in the living room began its nine musical chimes and Libby heard the postman's whistle at the end of the block. He had an unmistakable whistle; two high notes, a middle one, and two low. You couldn't really hear it well until he had reached the Monettes' two doors down. But if you were listening for it, all tightened up inside waiting, you could guess it. And if you went to the porch window, you could see him walking briskly through the mottled sunlight and shade of the quiet Ontario village street.

Libby turned from the window, glanced once more at the portrait of herself on the wall of the shabby living room, and went out to the kitchen to prepare her father's lunch. If I work, she thought, if I work hard, I won't think, and if I don't think it won't hurt.

But it did hurt, and a few times she had to press her hands hard against her eyes to keep the tears inside. When the postman's whistle had reached the house next door she felt the pain stab at her, and when the whistle, two high, a middle and two low notes,

Continued on page 104

By JACQUI HERITEAU

Illustrated by Will Davies

CHATELAINE — OCTOBER, 1953



THE PILL THAT

*A birth control method,
as simple to use as a headache tablet
is in the news again. It could have a massive
impact on our homelife, our young people and all the hungry*



COULD SHAKE THE WORLD

By GERALD ANGLIN

photo by Albert Nye—Panda

THE DEVELOPMENT of a radically new method of birth control, in the form of a pill, tea or inoculations which would render human beings harmlessly and temporarily sterile, has been the subject of persistent press reports in the last five years. The method seems likely to be a reality "within a matter of months or a few years at most," according to a recent prediction by Dr. Paul S. Henshaw, research director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

A simple and economical birth control pill which was easy to buy obviously could influence greatly the sex life and the marital happiness of many Canadian families. Some thoughtful men believe, moreover, that such a pill could save the world from a threat they consider greater than the atom bomb—the threat of world over-population which is already taking a staggering toll in human life and misery.

However, where some see benefit and even a means of survival in such a pill other observers are disturbed by such possible dangers as the effect on moral standards and behavior, particularly among young people. Others conscientiously oppose birth control in any form on religious grounds.

How strongly is society likely to react to so striking a development in a field of human relations where man has sought control since primitive times, usually with controversial results? And how close is the pill to practical reality?

Twenty-six years ago a red-haired social worker named Margaret Sanger went to jail for thirty days for distributing birth control information in New York. She became world famous and launched a national crusade which has just recently achieved international scope. Seventeen years ago a Canadian social worker named Dorothea Palmer was similarly charged before a magistrate in Eastview, Ont., in one of this country's most famous court cases. After being found not guilty, Miss Palmer slipped back into obscurity.

The "birth control movement" is something most middle-aged Canadians thought had vanished with hip flasks and relief vouchers, yet it is livelier than ever across the border and in quieter Canadian fashion has fundamentally influenced the institution of marriage. Are our marital and extra-marital relations in for another sudden shift if, as further predicted by Dr. Henshaw, "sex and reproduction become effectively separated"? And is such a development likely to be of even greater significance on a global than on a personal level?

To try and find answers these questions were discussed with representatives of just about all the interests involved—ministers and social workers; druggists, doctors and the manufacturers of present contraceptive devices; leaders of the planned parenthood movement both here and in the U. S.—and not forgetting numerous young Canadian married couples representing the most important "interest group" of all. Research scientists in two countries were asked to discuss the significance of their findings as published in professional journals.

These researchers include a Canadian endocrinologist at the University of Western Ontario, who is pursuing one of the most interesting leads.

All those concerned with discovery of a new fertility control factor are not as optimistic as Dr. Henshaw, but few have studied the whole field as closely and it is best to start with him to understand the new approach. Backed by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, which has headquarters in New York, the brisk and zealous Paul Henshaw tirelessly tracks down every possible lead, calls conferences of researchers interested in fertility control and is constantly urging others to enter the field. His most important contribution

nations on earth

Continued on Page 99

Summer's End

Celia was a woman poised between love and pity . . . and whichever she chose she must plunge one man into unhappiness

AFTER DINNER and just after Don Hammond had turned on the television set, but before the whirling image had brightened and settled into stability, Celia Hammond said, "The thing is, rich people do have more interesting friends," surprising herself—the thought had been in her head all day, but it was not the sort of thing that she would ordinarily say to Don. He had somewhat of a chip on his shoulder where rich people were concerned.

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

He came to sit beside her on the sofa, dropping down on it heavily enough to make her bounce a little. "I suppose," he said, speaking through the din of the singing commercial, "by interesting people you mean famous people. If you could only get it into your head that famous people are plain dull folks just like you and me as soon as you get to know them—I told you about that movie actress that the boss knows that was in town last winter and didn't have a thing to say for herself, he said—"

"Yes, I suppose you're right," she said conciliatingly, and he relaxed and smiled at her and briefly touched her hand.

"Poor Celia," he said, meaning it as gentle teasing. "I suppose Cousin Barbara's got some more company."

"Yes," she said, smiling as if at herself; but the

play had begun, ending the conversation. There was sunlight out of doors and she heard the voices of the children shouting as they played daytime games on the lawn, but the room was shadowy and would have been tranquil without the glaring black-and-white face of that brown box on legs against the further wall—but would also, in that case, have been deserted.

"I think I'll go and wash the dishes," she murmured, more to herself than to Don, who either did not hear or saw no need to respond.

But as she left the room, he said, showing that all was forgiven, "Who's Barbara's company now?"

"Arnold Mott, a concert pianist," she said, hesitating in the doorway. "He's going to be staying with her all summer—they were moving the piano out to the studio today . . ."

"My goodness," said Don, slightly scornful.

"He's been ill, and he wants a quiet summer . . ."

"My goodness. Well, you'll see, he'll be perfectly ordinary when he isn't playing the piano, you'll see . . . that is if Barbara lets you see anything of him at all."

"*Touché, double touché,*" she thought, smiling, moving on to the kitchen, closing the door behind her. He thought Barbara Erlich patronized her in an unbecoming way because Barbara let her help exercise the horses and encouraged her to use Leonard Erlich's workshop tools and the Erlichs' private beach on the

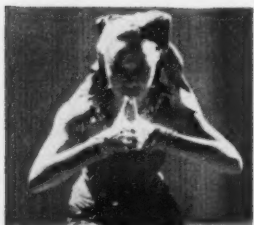
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By DOROTHEA MALM

Illustrated by Len Steckler

His question had been oddly resentful. "Envy me?" said Celia, turning to stare at him, the towel in her hands. "Why on earth would she?"





Charlotte de Neve, Willy's sister, performs the Candle Dance which is based on an old legend from Sumatra about a servant who is sent out in the garden at night to find his master's ring.

THEY ALL WANT TO WALK LIKE WILLY

Canadian women can learn a lot from the East, believes this dynamic dancer from Java, whose good posture once saved her life. Incidentally, she deplores the Marilyn Monroe slink

IN A VICTORIAN mansion in downtown Toronto middle-aged housewives are learning to walk with the gliding grace of Balinese girls. Portly executives are dropping pounds off their paunches to the beat of a Javanese drum. Children are gravely copying steps of ancient Hindu dances. Barefooted stenos are leaping, stamping and acting out parts in modern dance dramas. The high priestess who presides over this combination charm school, gymnasium and dancing academy is an impassioned little woman from Java named Willy Blok Hanson.

Willy Blok Hanson has burst on the Canadian scene with all the effect of a rare tropical bloom. She had been in Canada less than a year when she and her group of young dancers won one of the twelve available spots in the National Ballet Festival.

This past year, along with her sister and a male pupil, she has been displaying her talent before a new audience of television fans on the weekly "Big Revue," the CBC television variety show. Slim, dark and fervently earnest about her art, she has been caught up in a whirl of talks and dancing demonstrations before such enthusiastic groups as the Toronto Art Directors' Club.

Willy was born and raised in Java on her father's rubber and tea plantation and sent to Europe to study dancing. There she was almost caught by the Germans when they marched into Austria, but escaped to Paris where she joined the troop of the famed Hindu dancer, Ram Gopal. Willy's Hindu camouflage not only fooled audiences and critics —an Indian prince

Continued on page 40

BY DORIS McCUBBIN

Photos by Peter Croydon



A Hindu dancer practices hundreds of hand movements and forty different eye positions.



Willy is a woman with an Oriental background, a European education and a Bay Street business sense.

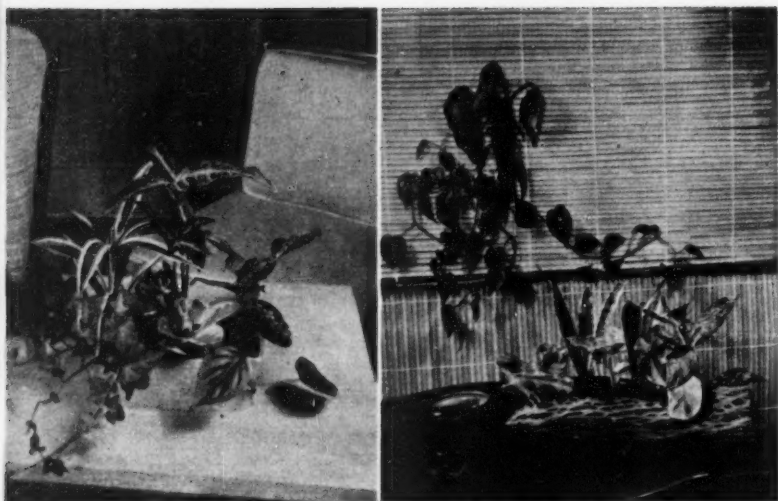
"When you walk or sit the movement must come from the lumbar region in the small of the back," is a primary rule at Willy's school. Pupils dance in bare feet as they concentrate on keeping their lumbar limber.



but may never look directly up, as Willy demonstrates in a dance about a Hindu shepherdess.



MOVE YOUR GARDEN INSIDE FOR THE WINTER



OCTOBER *Dr. Chan's suggestions for tropical dishgardens like these provide garden beauty in your home with no waiting.*

By DR. ALLAN CHAN,
Ottawa Experimental Farm

Why long for spring all this winter when you can grow such beauty in your home?



BY PLANNING now, while the garden outside your window is giving up its last burst of bloom and color, you can have an indoor garden to delight you all winter long. You can have flowers blooming in your home from November till May—flowers that will contribute immensely to the decor of your home.

Nor does your indoor garden need to be garden size. A few deft touches of plant material here and there, or a group of plants framed by a window, can give a room freshness and atmosphere no interior decorator could create.

In these pictures and this article are presented a group of plants chosen because they are easy to grow, readily available in Canada, and sufficiently unusual and spectacular to arouse your interest and curiosity. You needn't try to grow every plant suggested—just as many as you can look after well.

To make them flourish, plants need light, warmth, moisture, and plant nutrients (fertilizers). Give the flowering plants in your indoor garden all the natural light available. Place them near a window and then turn them every few days to prevent them bending toward the light. Incidentally, when plants do that they aren't "reaching for light." What actually happens is that the side of the stem away from the light stretches more than the side facing the light.

Normal home temperatures (60-65 deg. F. nights; 70-72

Continued on page 54

NOVEMBER *Lending year-round color, African violets are a passion with some indoor gardeners. Dr. Chan daringly says, "Water them either top or bottom."*



FEBRUARY *A strawberry plant will add unusual variety to your indoor garden in midwinter — provided you can find a grower who'll part with two young plants in early fall.*

MARCH *Dutch bulbs herald spring in March or earlier and you can plant your own if you start now. One lovely combination Dr. Chan suggests: White Sister and Paul Richter tulips, the daffodil Covent Garden, and the hyacinth Ostara.*



APRIL *The spectacular beauty of an amaryllis (this is a Dutch hippeastrum) will counteract the rain on your window when April comes. Order bulbs to arrive in January.*



MAY *Only gloxinias, with their velvet richness, can hope to keep your attention indoors in May. They like the same sort of handling as African violets.*



THE CHAIR



FLOWER

What is a little boy?

Sometimes a jet plane, other days a bird.

Chas was a maker and what he made was wonderful

to a man full of memories and sorrow

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Illustrated by Harold Town

"WHAT ARE YOU TODAY?" I asked Chas. Chas is a little boy who lives next door and in the summer when his mother wishes to go downtown, I watch Chas. He is about six years old or he might be nine. I am not much for youngsters' ages.

I do not mind taking care of Chas because he is bright and gay and imaginative, qualities I often think I have lost.

So while I weed in the garden, disbud the peonies, separate the phlox and divide the purple irises, Chas plays about, sometimes around the rose trellis, often by the bulkhead door, now and then aboard the redwood picnic bench that sits under the hard maple.

"What are you today," I said again to Chas. He had not heard me the first time or if he had he was not interested in answering. One day Chas was a tiger and he crawled about the lawn and garden, growling in the shade of the daylilies under whose arched green leaves he crept. One day he was a jet-plane and went "brrrrrrrr" across the lawn and "brrrrrrrr" back time and time again or until he had run out of fuel. Once he was a bird and he whistled all afternoon and soon had a dozen other birds imitating him, a very curious phenomenon.

"I'm a maker," he said solemnly, squinting from the sun as he looked up at me.

"What do you make," I inquired, leaning on the hoe. Chas smiled.

"Oh, anything."

"What are you making now?"

"I don't know. Haven't finished."

"When you finish let me know, will you?"

"Sure."

I went back to the irises and worked in the hot sun, smiling to myself for no reason, but wishing I, too, were a maker, a maker of anything substantial and worth making.

I went back in a half-hour and Chas had an old, ornate wicker chair with the seat missing and through it he had entwined living branches of mock-orange whose delicate scented white flowers smiled at my nostrils.

"Do you know what you're making yet?"

"No. I think it's something good, though. Can't tell until I'm finished. What it is, I mean."

"Oh," I said. I looked again at the old chair.

My grandmother had sat in it near the climbing roses, for many a summer; had, indeed, sat in it even after the seat was gone, pretending the seat was still there.

I had sat in it too, sat under the huge limb of a pine that surged over belligerently from the house next door and formed a cool roof over a flagged terrace, surrounded by high shrubs, cool and dark as sleep.

I was seventeen or eighteen then and I met a girl nearby and we tried to sit on the old wicker chair together but could not because the persistent arm refused to give and accompany us.

One year I put a huge pot under it and let scarlet geraniums grow up through the seat until my wife said it looked indecent and she was not sure why.

For my part there seemed to me something about the old wicker chair that was alive and knowing, something that was a fit companion for growing flowers. Perhaps it was the multitude of scrolls and windings and flowerlike tracings that formed the back or the leaflike pattern of the arms. Or it may have been the fact that the old chair had sat so long in the garden, winter and summer, longer than any plant and most of the trees, that it seemed to be rooted there.

I went back and pulled up some radishes so that their fellows might have more room to grow and develop and I commented to myself that the penalty for enriching the soil is an inability to grow radishes with any roots.

I stopped suddenly for I was abruptly choked with an emptiness. I had been working casually all day as if my wife were still there and would call to me later that I must be hot and should she make me a pitcher of cold lemonade. Then, no matter what I said, she would appear presently, looking like a fragile flower herself, a paper-thin, semi-translucent bloom, wafted across the brick path like the seed of a maple, carrying the lemonade which she would deposit firmly on the redwood table that we had bought the first year of our marriage, twenty years ago, almost, when she was eighteen and I not much more. "Both were young and one was beautiful."

Now I knew coldly that she would not call.

I knew she would not ever call. Yet for a week I had expected to hear her, expected to see her coming down the path, putting down the cold lemonade and holding her head atilt for a rewarding kiss she still demanded after all those years of kissing and being kissed.

Ah, but she had had her last kiss and given her last kiss and she would come no more into the garden, regretting we had never had a little boy like Chas.

I looked about and the flowers were unconcerned, they lived on with assurance; the lilies stood high, the Sweet William opened one or two magenta flowers for show and the forget-me-nots still vied with the sky. The trees burgeoned. The shrubs leapt up. The privet was out of bounds and the honeysuckle more alive than even I. The grass grew green and the Dutch clover sprawled. The blue jay and his mate perched on the limb of a peach tree and a ladybug lit on my sweaty hand.

A cold sickness came to my heart, as if I were an old man with no place to go and no one with whom to go and only the relentless demand of the garden bursting with a sweet desire to grow clean and bright kept me moving at all.

Chas saw me moving toward the redwood table and he smiled happily.

"I'm all done," he said. He took my hand and I felt a little like smiling again, for the world went on and grew and needed someone to admire the things it made, even as Chas did.

In the dark, cool hidden place under the limb of the pine, Chas had entwined the branches of the mock-orange through the old chair and the flowers peeked from every opening and up through the seat, too.

I chuckled. Chas smiled proudly. "It's a chair-flower," he said. "I knew it would be something."

"A chair-flower, ay?" I said solemnly.

"Yes. In the winter it will go away and no one knows where. But in the spring it will come back with flowers. It will be an always-chair-flower, for us."

"How did you know what it was?" I asked. Chas grinned. "I always know it's going to be something. If you keep making it's got to be something." +



When he was going to school in Ottawa, Robert Fontaine played in a tennis tournament open to boys with one string broken in their rackets. "I played Arthur Meighen's son in the finals. I forget who won," he told us. He began free-lancing in 1945 after working on the Washington Daily News where a couple of reporters called

Ernie Pyle and Arthur Godfrey were showing promise. Since then Fontaine has sold five hundred short stories, and a book called The Happy Time which became a hit play on Broadway, and was made into a movie. With his family he now lives in Springfield, Mass., where he is dramatizing his latest book, My Uncle Louis.

*I'm horrified by the wife who exacts
a promise from her mate never to wed again.
I'm appalled by the possessive woman
who wants to haunt and hold
her man after she's gone*

I'd want my husband to marry again

IF I SHOULD DIE, I'd want my husband to marry again. Just as soon as he could woo and win a good plain cook, willing to tolerate his driving and his jokes.

Now I feel remarkably healthy, especially mornings, and I suspect he'll never have to pop the question. Insurance companies point out cheerfully that we wives can expect to outlive our mates by some seven summers. Yet sixty-five hundred widowers remarry each year in Canada because women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four face five top killers—cancer, heart diseases, T.B., accidents and childbirth.

So if I *should* die, I don't want my husband to spend the rest of his life in an emotional vacuum. But when I mention my viewpoint to friends, I find myself face to face with a very large and very sacred cow—an unnerving experience, even if you care for cows, which I don't.

"Just let my husband *dare*!" one girl threatened darkly when I spoke to her about this gloomy possibility recently. And another snapped, "The thought of some strange woman running my house and giving my lovely things to church rummage sales—it makes me see red!"

Well, that reaction is human—all too human. Few wives understand why they react this way—they just do.

I contend it's time we turned the clear light of common sense on our prejudice against our husbands' remarrying. And there's no better place to start than at the side of the deathbed.

From time to time we visit another young couple whose home is in a nearby suburb. On every visit I notice the man next door pruning roses or raking leaves . . . but always alone. Recently I asked where his wife was.

"Oh, it's sad, but so beautiful," my friend told me, her eyes misting. "She died fifteen years ago, and on her deathbed made him promise never to marry again. He raises *brehtaking* roses."

I believe that the woman who demands her husband turn his home into a perpetual funeral parlor doesn't know what adult love is all about. Psychiatrists strip the mask off many emotions these days, and they point out that such demands aren't love at all, but indications of basic emotional immaturity, and deep-rooted insecurity.

Continued on page 35

by EILEEN MORRIS

PICK A SOUP and plan a meal

BY Anne Marshall

Close your eyes. Try to name 21 soups. You'll think of half a dozen favorites . . . maybe more.

But what about the other soups? If you don't use them, you're missing a whole group of good meals.

Soups offer so many mealtime possibilities; each is so different in taste and texture that when you plan menus around soup . . . an appealing variety is bound to result.

That's why I've set up this soup shopping guide. Study it carefully. Each new soup you discover will help you create new menu ideas for more interesting meals.

The more soups you use, the more interesting your meals will be.



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd.

A choice of chicken soups

CREAM of CHICKEN: Rich chicken stock, heavy cream, pieces of chicken and celery. Smooth, nourishing.

CHICKEN with RICE: Tender pieces of chicken, fluffy rice in golden chicken broth. An all-the-family soup.

CHICKEN GUMBO: Vegetables, pieces of chicken, in flavorful chicken stock. Adapted from a famous old New Orleans specialty.

CHICKEN NOODLE: Chicken broth, plenty of pieces of chicken and old-fashioned egg noodles. A favorite with the children.

Vegetable soups are varied

CREAM of ASPARAGUS: A smooth blend of fresh asparagus and butter, with a tempting garnish of asparagus tips.

CREAM of CELERY: Crisp garden celery, diced, blended to velvet smoothness with extra-heavy cream.

FRENCH CANADIAN PEA SOUP: With all the full, true flavor of this Old Quebec favorite.

GREEN PEA: A nourishing purée of green peas, with fine creamery butter and delicate seasonings.

CREAM of MUSHROOM: A blend of cultivated mushrooms and extra-heavy cream; with mushroom pieces.

VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE: A fine, flavorful all-vegetable soup. Luscious garden vegetables mingled in a delightful vegetable broth.

TOMATO: Red-ripe tomatoes, puréed and blended with butter, gentle seasoning.

Soups for beef-eaters

BEEF: Generous with beef, fine vegetables and barley, in a rugged beef stock.

BEEF NOODLE: Pieces of beef, hearty egg noodles, in a flavorful beef stock.

BOUILLON: An appetizing beef broth made especially tempting with the taste of garden vegetables—a clear soup.

OX TAIL: Meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables in stout beef stock. English style soup.

VEGETABLE: Fourteen different garden vegetables mingled in hearty beef stock.

VEGETABLE BEEF: Vegetables, barley, pieces of beef, in a rich beef stock.

CONSOMME: Clear beef broth flavored with herbs, tomatoes, celery, carrots (Serve hot, cold, or jellied).

Ever so many hearty soups

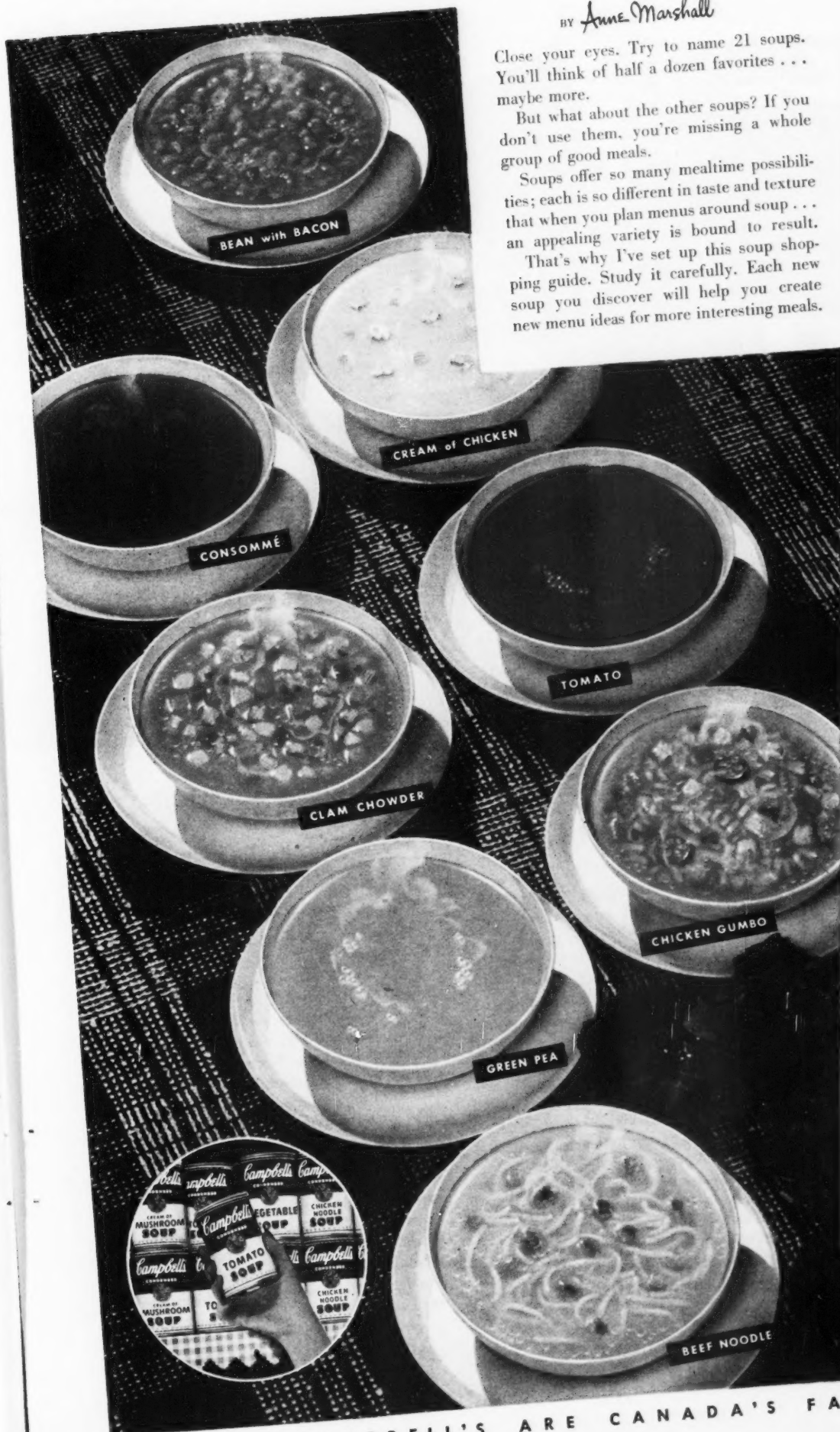
BEAN with BACON: Old-fashioned thick bean soup chock-full of plump beans—made savory with the smoky flavor of bacon.

CLAM CHOWDER: Chopped bay clams, tomatoes and potatoes in a tangy clam broth—perfectly seasoned.

PEPPER POT: Meat, macaroni, vegetables, all combined in a substantial meat stock.

SCOTCH BROTH: A sturdy main-dish soup, prepared with choice mutton, barley and vegetables.

A good cook keeps a full soup shelf.



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



TIPS FOR CLUBWOMEN

from Kate Aitken

THIS MONTH IN MANY WOMEN'S
CLUBS NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS
START THEIR DUTIES . . . AND MANY
HUSBANDS START TO COMPLAIN OF
LATE DINNERS ON MEETING DAYS

ALTHOUGH most women admit it's a man's world, Canadian women have a lot to do with running this country, either openly or behind the scenes.

With a population barely nudging fourteen million, there are approximately three million seven hundred and fifty thousand members in the forty-two national women's organizations plus an infinity of local groups. Toronto, for instance, has five thousand two hundred and eighty-one women's organizations, Montreal five thousand one hundred and seventy-four.

Checking from Sydney to Esquimalt, I find that most club women belong to three

or four organizations such as local Ladies' Aid, Canadian Club, Eastern Star, IODE, Home and School, Women's Institute or a host of others. One famous clubber in the Maritimes holds membership in seventeen service organizations.

These women annually raise in excess of a hundred and fifty million dollars, all of which is expended in good works. Smartly expended? Bank managers I've talked to say women's organizations could teach big business a few lessons in administration.

No money in women's clubs is expended in salaries and very little is allowed for traveling expenses. Indeed, women are past

masters at the art of commandeering the family car with Dad as driver. Food expenses for honorary luncheons or dinners are kept to the minimum since each member is expected to contribute her share in either food or a cash contribution, whereas Rotarians and Kiwanians dine at a hotel or club and pay a regular fee.

Again, women club members have no scruples about asking national and local firms or husbands or business friends for donations of notepaper, door prizes, favors or even flowers for their conventions or monthly meetings.

And when it comes to building a community hall, a skating rink, or a community centre there is a woman officer of the club on duty all the time to see that not a nail or an hour's labor is wasted. As for meetings, one smart women's organization can secure more celebrities without fee than all the men's organizations laid end to end.

Put briefly, women's organizations carry through the thrift which they have developed in years of shopping for bargains. Even in their clubs they are good housekeepers and keen administrators.

This past year, traveling from coast to coast, I have had the privilege of sitting in on a hundred and eighty-one women's meetings and came away filled with admiration for the clever technique displayed in the conduct of these meetings and the subsequent activities. In Canada we have very few of the Helen Hokinson types so satirically caricatured in the *New Yorker*.

THE NEW EXECUTIVE

But there is abroad in the land right now a feeling of urgency and anxiety amongst women club executives. Since elections are usually held in April or May, the new executive takes over in October and carries through for the next year or two.

Will the new executive be able to snare enough important speakers (without fee) to round out the year's program? Has each member attained enough poise to speak clearly and succinctly at a moment's notice? Does she know her rule book? Since women take their club duties seriously, will her husband fuss about late dinners, no dinners, or an emotionally frazzled wife? These are problems to be faced and solved if the club is to be a success.

It has been our experience that outstanding men and women, convinced of the importance of the work of clubs, will gladly come without fee, but expect transportation. And we feel every executive member

should practice her ad libs on her husband who will be her most severe critic. She should memorize or carry a rule book in her purse. She should recognize that well-tailored clothes are fit for any occasion, and on club meeting days a casserole dinner should be prepared in the morning.

Above all, no woman should carry home her club worries to her husband. Remember the funny things and omit the barbed remarks. Men, being somewhat naïve, can't understand them.

What objective shall be set for the coming year? A new community hall? Shall the organization go arty and crafty? New gowns for the choir? A roof for the church? Traveling library? All these projects and a thousand others are consistently and successfully carried out by women's clubs.

The success of the organization depends on its officers and members. Officers come up from the ranks after years of training, take the reins with shrewd and experienced hands. But, as with a tricky berthing of the Queen Mary or the landing of a strato-cruiser on a foggy day, there are definite rules which add up to success. Let's have a look at them.

THE PRESIDENT

The impression the new president makes before her group at that first initial meeting is the impression that will carry on throughout the year. If she speaks with quietness, sincerity, and some sense of authority the president has stabilized herself for her months of office. In nautical language, she is the captain of the ship; she chairs every meeting at which she is present. The initiative must come from the president. Three things are essential to her success; her mental equipment, her own personal appearance and her tolerant understanding, not only of the problems of the club but of the individual members who make up the organization.

The president should know the constitution of her organization so that no obstreperous member catches her napping regarding rulings.

Procedure of the meeting should be clearly lettered in the little Black Book which is her companion for better or worse. (One national president whom we know reads herself to sleep with her little Black Book while her husband's bedtime story is *Toynbee's Study of History*.)

The order of the business meeting is minutes, reports of officers and committees, correspondence (secretary), accounts and bills (treasurer), unfinished business (sec-

retary or committee heads), new business and adjournment.

A motion is moved, seconded, stated by the president, debated by the members, called by the secretary, restated by the president, put, voted upon and the result declared.

However, when a motion has been moved, seconded and stated by the chairman, an amendment is in order. That is, any member from the floor may rise and say, "In regard to the motion now before the club I would like to move this amendment." The amendment must also be seconded and the amendment is voted on before the original motion. If the amendment carries, the original motion is then restated, with the addition of the amendment.

In conducting the meeting the successful president ticks off each point as covered, recognizes members by name whose up-raised hand means a question or an objection, and closes off long-winded discussion by appointing a committee of three to deal with the vexed question and make a report for the next meeting.

A president, like royalty, never wears large hats, dangling earrings, jangling bracelets, a bright red dress or a suit with a too-short skirt. She doesn't cross her knees or fuss in her chair. She must look smart, but not too smart. Luxury clothes divert the attention of the members from the business in hand to the president chairing the meeting. More than that, some women members will say, "Her husband must have got a raise, or is she just trying to show off?" And incidentally, low-heeled brogues may be just the thing for shopping but they are not for the platform.

The president directs the discussion but does not take the lead. Her close personal friends are not consulted too frequently. Back-corner members are carefully drawn into the discussion. And for peace within her own household, members are requested to keep off the president's phone while her husband is having dinner. It sours him on the whole organization.

THE SECRETARY

Highly important to any organization is the secretary. It is her factual reports to which members will refer when any debatable point is brought up. This is one of the most important positions on any club executive and the one that is hardest to fill since the secretary is like a deputy minister, filled with cares and worries but with actually no authority for club policy. To persuade her to accept the job, its

importance must be stressed. The new secretary need not have secretarial experience but must have a clear, unbiased attitude toward members and business.

She must also have an uncanny faculty for knowing names and initials of all members. (Nothing makes a member more annoyed than to have her name misspelled or the initials incorrect.)

She must be a regular attendant. If the baby develops measles or the Head of the House comes down with 'flu, the secretary should notify the president well in advance of the meeting.

The perfect secretary realizes that minutes should be recorded immediately after the meeting and all uncertain points checked with the president.

She should have tools for her job—a notebook, sharpened pencils, an eraser and plenty of patience.

Important is a voice which can be heard as she calls lustily for the details of the motion proposed by the member

who never speaks above a whisper.

She should tender all accounts to the treasurer before each meeting with vouchers for every expenditure.

Immediately after the reading of the minutes, the secretary moves the adoption of her report. After moving and seconding, the president signs the minutes.

The perfect secretary is efficient, unobtrusive, friendly but not pushing, and neat in her bookwork.

The Treasurer

Every treasurer needs to be a combination of a finance minister, a penny-pincher and a tough referee at a really hot hockey game. To make the year financially successful she should:

—Play no favorites. As with the local doctor, minister and schoolteacher, club expenditures should be equally divided amongst local business firms.

—Collect fees from all members on time

and duly enter same. A harsh measure, but most effective, is the posting of the names of delinquent members fee-wise on the club bulletin board.

—Assess all pleas for financial assistance from worthy charities. In the representation of these pleas for help the treasurer should make her own enquiries and append her notes before passing on such requests to the general meeting.

—Balance her books monthly so that at all times a clear financial statement may be presented.

—Come to the meeting when dues are paid equipped with change. There will always be members attempting to pay a fifty cent fee with a ten dollar bill.

—Provide herself with a simple set of books which will ease her problems.

—Move the adoption of her own financial reports and have the president sign same immediately the financial statement is approved.

And a good secretary always keeps

her housekeeping money distinctly separate from club funds even for the making of change. Funniest financial club woman story I ever heard is this. The locale was Meaford, Ont. The treasurer of the Ladies' Aid was also a successful poultry woman. Following the annual fowl supper given by the Ladies' Aid the treasurer went into the local bank to deposit not only the Ladies' Aid money but her own money from the sale of eggs and roasting chickens to local merchants and to the Ladies' Aid. It was a mighty involved transaction with only the bank manager (slightly deaf) and the treasurer to figure it out. Finally between them they arrived at the total take for the fowl supper—\$147.18. By this time the thoroughly befuddled bank manager was mixed up with women, hens and eggs. He counted the Ladies' Aid total carefully, announced it—\$147.18. Then, leaning over to the treasurer, he said, "Say, the old hens did pretty well, didn't they?"

Executive Committee

Members of the executive committee belong to that tight little inner circle working close to the president.

To fulfill their function as cabinet ministers to the president, executive members should not give themselves airs. That attitude upsets the members at large and makes for bad feeling.

They should never set up any two-way alliances even if the two members are close neighbors. Members of the executive committee which usually numbers five or six should work as a body, should present a united front, and should attend if at all possible every executive meeting.

As for the essential speaker without which a club can't seem to operate, none should be selected haphazardly. One member of the executive should have charge of speakers, securing them, transporting them, arranging for the gift or corsage. (Pin the corsage on before the meeting—the pin sometimes sticks in when flowers are affixed hastily.) This member should also make certain that the speaker has transport after the meeting is over. Too often said speaker is left to fend for herself once her task is accomplished.

The Members at Large

No organization can function without that vast body of members at large and every member has her definite place. For members three rules obtain:

Shy members are apt to carry on whispered conversations in the back of the room. Don't do it. If you question the policy of your club, if you have something to say—stand up, catch the attention of the chair and have your say.

A club is like a family. Within the confines of a home members of the family may and do criticize one another without any inhibitions. But in loyal families criticism is never carried outside home. Your club is your family. Talk as much as you like in open meeting. Keep your club troubles to yourself outside.

If a club is worth joining it's worth going to. Take the dull sessions (there must be some) along with the highlights and special speakers. No executive expects any member to be married to the club or to show a fanatical devotion, but steady attendance from members at large is the essential of a successful club. +

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EATON'S . . . presents five beautiful GLENEATON *Exclusives*



B. Embroidered leaf design on delicately shaped collar and front panel, tiny "jewel" buttons. Hand washable tissue faille in white, soft pink, silver grey. Sizes 14 to 20. \$5.98

A. Hand washable tissue faille, embroidered Peter Pan collar and front panel, "jewel"-like buttons. White with grey or white with beige. Sizes 14 to 20 \$6.98



C. Hand washable tissue faille, pin-tucked front, adaptable V-neckline, tiny jewel buttons. White, coral and forget-me-not blue. Sizes 14 to 20. \$4.98



D. Hand washable tissue faille, with applied organdy on the curved collar and yoke. White only. Sizes 14 to 20. \$4.98



E. Shell and pin tucked hand washable tissue faille, Johnny collar, French cuffs. Long sleeves and metal buttons. In white, goldtone, red. Sizes 14-20. \$6.98

'Debutante' TISSUE FAILLE is blouse news for you at EATON'S

This is a washable fabric of Acetate, the beauty fibre by Canadian Celanese Limited. A soft, luxurious fabric that retains its shape after washing.

Remember, all these blouses are selling in or available through Eaton Stores (Neckwear Dept.) coast to coast. If you wish, order yours by mailing this coupon to-day.

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Please send the following GLENEATON blouses:

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ADDRESS	Size
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THE OVERBLOUSE IS IMPORTANT THIS YEAR

With the slim skirt: Sheath-like under the overblouse. 4377, 23½-30, 35c.

Left: Neckline news for fall, the softly cuffed stand-away. 4411, 11-18, 35c.

Centre: Detailed for a neat fit. Classic buttoned neckline. 4411, 11-18, 35c.

Right: Man-tailored but feminine in soft colors or prints. 4081, 12-20, 35c.



With the flared skirt: Graceful under the overblouse. 4301, 21-32, 35c.

Left: The short-sleeved classic overblouse. 4081, 12-20, 35c.

Centre: Hip-length battle-shirt with crisp detail. 4215, 12-20, 35c.

Right: Middy with scooped neckline worn with turtle-neck blouse. 4190, 11-18, 35c.

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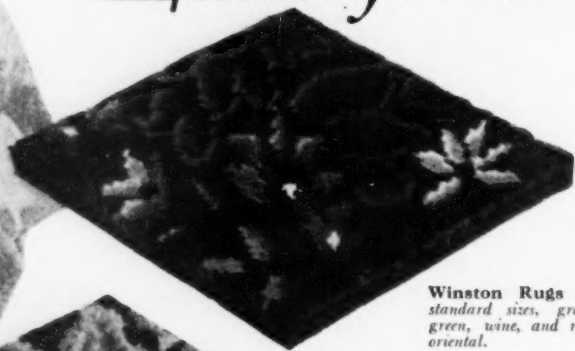


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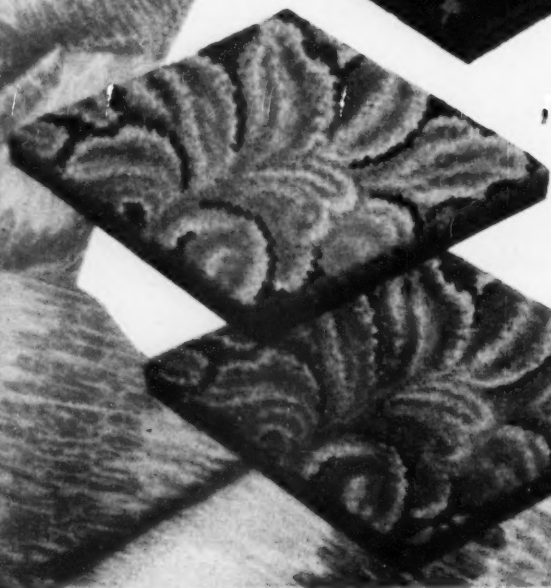
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TO MARRY AGAIN

Continued from page 26

Then there is the wife—prevalent in these times—who confuses love with absolute possession of her husband. She refers to My Husband like My Refrigerator—and is determined to take him with her. Such a woman fails in what life mainly is, a lesson in loving. For surely the real test of love is whether you put the other person's happiness first?

And I also suspect some of us are beguiled by those articles on "Ten Ways to Hold Your Man"—and don't stop to think how foolish it would be, "holding" him after we're no longer around.

After all, a ball and chain stretch only so far.

Romantic haze fogs the thinking of a number of wives, too. They find reality too painful, preferring a candy-box-cover fantasy in which a handsome husband courts them happily-ever-after, and remains transfixed in perpetual grief after their death. Such women can't accept life on its own terms, cannot be big enough, in the words of Carl Sandburg, "to loosen your hands, let go and say good-by."

Let's be realistic: the normal, healthy life involves a partner. We move in couples, two-by-two. Yet by demanding that a husband worship at our shrine, we suggest that for an unknown period—the rest of his life—he be without a partner, after having had one.

What's the guy to do nights (and it gets dark early around here)—take courses, read improving literature, and then put in the week end leading a Scout Troop?

No matter how well liked, the widower is a fifth wheel, left out of certain social

gatherings he would attend if married. Trivial as these things seem, they deepen his sense of isolation.

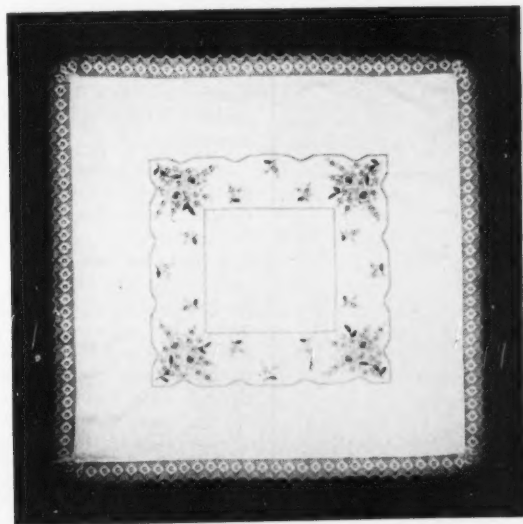
"The widower finds he's a social outcast," a school principal who remarried once told me. "When my first wife died it was a terrible shock; for weeks I wanted to be left alone with my grief. But weeks turned to months, and soon I realized our former friends were very former. The bridge club had found a new couple; business colleagues and their wives no longer asked me along to Saturday-night parties. Every couple we had known figured I was in mourning, or crossed me off as a problem 'extra.' I put in the loneliest, most bitter year of my life. Then I began dating a young woman on our teaching staff and six months later we married. A miracle had happened; I was back in step with life. But it was hard to take the gossip about my 'callous speed' in remarrying."

When George III's wife, Queen Caroline, lay dying, she suggested that he marry again. "No," the monarch sobbed, "I will take mistresses."

"Well, my God," said Caroline, "there's no harm in that."

Generous as her attitude was, Caroline did not understand the misty maze that is man's mind. Man is the sentimental and home-loving sex. He doesn't like the hide-and-seek existence that goes with sex plus a total lack of legal relationship. Further, he is a selfish being, demanding the kind of personal service only a wife can and will provide.

So while he delights in a fishing trip with the boys, when he can let his beard grow and use old Anglo-Saxon expressions, and leers appreciatively at the chorus girls in gauze pantaloons on the stopover at a Montreal night spot, he wants to head home to one particular woman. And for the rest of the year he is content to serve as husband, rate-



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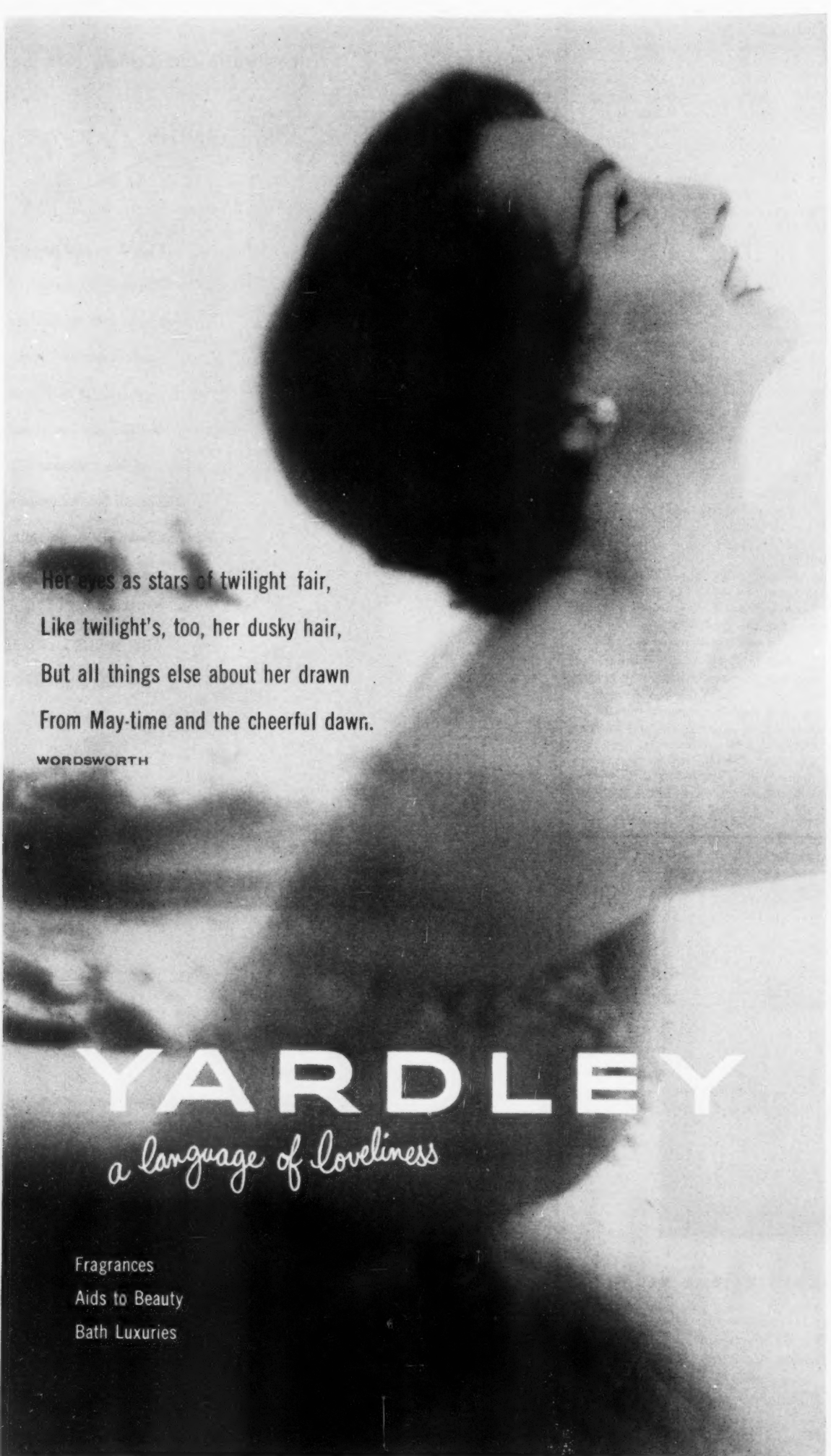
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Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

WORDSWORTH

YARDLEY

a language of loveliness

Fragrances
Aids to Beauty
Bath Luxuries

payer and church sidesman. That ring through his nose is as pleasing and comforting to him as an Elk's tooth.

A man who marries again pays his first wife a great compliment. If he wants to marry a second time, he must have liked marriage. Conversely, when a widower emerges from bereavement as though stepping through a prison exit, loudly declaring he will never again Become Involved with Women, I wonder what's been going on in that vine-covered cottage for the past fifteen years.

I'd want my husband to marry again so he would have fresh purpose to his life. Our shared world, our long-term goals would come to a full stop; of necessity his future would be new and different. He couldn't go on reliving the past, but would have to plan his future, for time does not stand still. And there is a future for the emotions, as well.

I'd want him to have someone to listen to his dreams and disappointments. Someone to shake down the clinical thermometer and order him back to bed. Someone who would remember phone numbers and birthdays and where he left the car keys. An amiable woman who could fix his favorite hot-weather dishes and plan a winter reading list.

If your mind should dance with visions of a sugarplum with blond curls and a 3D figure taking over your home hearth, don't waste any more energy on jealous contemplation. Before she appears, you'll be Outward Bound, remember? For myself, I figure my man has had three full years of me in tin curlers and oatmeal masks; if his next wife is beautiful, it's only simple justice.

And if we have children I hope even more that my husband will remarry, and fast, too. For children should never be parceled out among ageing grandparents or duty-bound in-laws, except as a temporary, emergency measure.

A child needs his own family home, and both sexes—father and mother, who love him and each other. It is only by patterning himself after his father that a boy learns to be a grown man, only by copying her mother that a little girl becomes a woman. The absence of either parent is a handicap that can cripple a personality.

If I knew I would die in, say, six months' time, I would try to prepare my children for the coming change, and for the entrance of a second mother. Not in a bald way, but as subtly and tactfully as possible. What to tell a child must depend on his age, intelligence and personality. Sociologists, considering this problem, say that in some cases the mother's views can be imparted to children without stress. But they point out that most children cannot conceive of a life without Mother, and must live through that experience before they can accept further change, that is, a stepmother.

But I would try to ease the emotional kinks by explaining that cruel stepmothers are found only in fairy stories. I would try to make my youngsters as independent as possible, in keeping with their age. And in-laws would be left in no doubt as to my views on remarriage so there would be no family bitterness should my husband bring in a replacement. With the relative or friend who would "mother" the children temporarily I would speak frankly, inviting her to begin building that closer relationship

while I still lived. If I had a teen-ager, I would be more open, suggesting that should his father remarry, I want him to give his support, and to explain things to the younger fry who might not understand.

Very small children would not be told, of course. Not remembering me, they could grow up accepting new family relationships more readily. A friend of ours, realizing her four- and six-year-olds would not remember her, spent the last six months of her life working on two heirloom quilts, "that they may have this evidence of my love in the homes they create when they grow up."

I hope my youngsters would be lucky enough to get a loving stepmother who would take up the high task of character building that I began. And I hope they would choose to call her "mother" and bring her dandelion bouquets and sass her back and show her off, like the rest of the gang. Children want to belong and will accept the new order of things matter-of-factly if relatives will only let them.

Perhaps I'm odd because I want my husband and children to be happy, and I don't care a snap if my memory is kept green. To tell the truth, the thought of a

clan when he went on one or two dates, he gave up social life and turned to work as an antidote for loneliness. Preoccupied, he failed to see that his mother couldn't cope with the house and two livewire kids, and should never have been expected to. Age had narrowed her outlook, made her nagging and fretful. For five years she was housemother. Then, feeling they would no longer disapprove, Jim remarried. He anticipated a happy family life, but was disappointed. His children had set in the grandmother's pattern; they were prim and old-fashioned for their years. The new wife couldn't succeed with them, though she made a good mother to her own children of the marriage.

I'm not saying a man should rush to the altar with the first dreamboat who appears like a rescue ship on the horizon. But I am asking for common sense, for an end to the twisted thinking that says a man can never know a normal husband-wife relationship again, "out of consideration" for his dead wife.

It's almost impossible to think of oneself as no longer existing. That is why one woman I talked to told me, with grand assurance, "But of course, I would always be near Harry." It's natural, imagining your husband will have an uncanny sense of your presence. But it could cause trouble—remember what happened in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Think of the wear on his nerve fibres, when you suddenly swoop from out of the blue—or his reaction on receiving a collect long-distance call from the land of shadow. And it's this secret conviction that we'll be near as the pillow lace that makes us look on any second wife as a heartless home-wrecker, and our husband as a bigamist.

"No woman could make my husband as happy as I have done," another friend confided. "He's so difficult, it's taken me eight years to understand his moods." Actually, if we're honest—which we never are where men are concerned—we must admit that any of a hundred women could do the job. This wife thought her achievement unique.

Then there was the stiffish matron in the rose-spattered hat. "Of course the question would not arise," she said loftily. "John is already fifty-three. I should hope he would remember his age." Another phrase of little meaning! Act your age. No fool like an old fool. He's in his second childhood.

Let's face facts: old age no longer means sitting safe in the chimney corner, rocking the years away. It is a happy, useful life into the seventies and eighties. The simple statistical fact is that one out of every twelve Canadians is sixty-five or older; and anyone who reaches that age in reasonably good health can expect to live twenty more years. People are living longer, and remaining younger; at sixty a man or woman is the forty of Queen Victoria's day. Science is increasing our life span so spectacularly that our notions about May and December unions need to be let out at the seams. At fifty-three John still has a lot of living ahead—why shouldn't he want the old-age benefits of love? No intelligent person should look on remarriage at that age as "Grandpa's Folly."

By whatever crooked mile, my friends have all come to rest against the same crooked stile: the husband should renounce all thought of second marriage.

little family group languishing round my headstone makes me nervous.

And a nice hot drink of hemlock to the busybody who slithers round the family tree remarking, "He could at least have waited a decent interval." What is the meaning of that phrase? Near as I can figure, it's perfectly proper for children to be motherless for two years—but a scandal if they are motherless for only eleven months.

Take the case of our friend Peter Murchison. After the first shock of bereavement, Peter found his salary disappearing on sitters, nursery schools and cleaning women. He looked round for a housekeeper willing to do the domestic chores. He learned that the choice of a woman who could move into his home without social criticism was limited. After a good deal of hiring and firing, he gave up, had a welfare agency take the baby, packed his son off to a boarding school he couldn't afford, and sold the house. Today Peter lives alone and looks it. But the four in-laws are relieved that he hasn't done anything—well, rash.

Jim Wilkins tried a different solution. When his wife died he asked his mother to move in and take over. Unnerved by the round robin of gossip that swept the



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OCTOBER

By Ruth E. Scharfe

October's a beautiful mannequin.

Modeling gorgeous gowns:

Colors gala with golden tones,

Warm with russets or browns;

Chic in a frock of festive red,

Girdle of ochre and green,

Slippers stippled with brilliant gems,

Mantle of misty sheen;

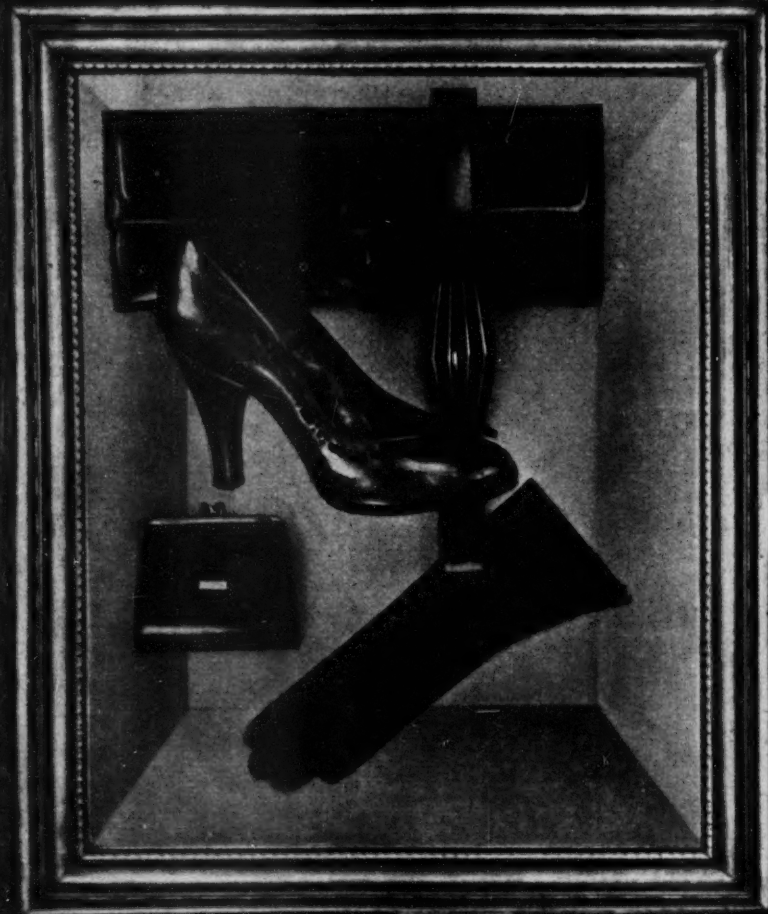
Charming the heart with a sudden smile —

Chilling it with a glance:

Folding her form in a crimson robe,
At the shadowy Night's advance!

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Frankly, I'm mystified. Why, we could be talking ourselves out of jobs. Slaying the golden goose. Keep telling a man he doesn't need a second wife, and he may decide he can do without the first one. Then where would women be?

I harbor a mild theory about some of the middle-aged wives who seem particularly repelled at the thought of remarriage. I believe such a wife has put aside the husband-wife relationship and replaced it with the mom-dad fallacy. Her own love affair, real and sweet years ago, is now far away and slightly embarrassing. She hasn't kept pace with her man. And she knows that if he gets another chance in the marriage mart, he may do a lot better—and find her out.

Then there's the wife who trots out that old grey platitude, "It's always the second wife who gets the mink."

Well, let's check.

The first wife shares the lean years, when her husband is bluffing the wolf off the doorsill. She gets so used to living on a frayed shoestring, she can't stop. A self-made man doesn't cash in until well into middle life. Had she lived, she could have worn mink, too. But she type-cast herself as a penny-pinching housewife in dark navy wool. She'd have turned down mink as "extravagant" when she meant it was too good for the likes of her.

The second wife is more mink-minded, so to speak, because the widower usually picks a more self-assured and superior woman on his second venture. He's more mature, with a better understanding of people, of business and general affairs than when he married at twenty-two, and he picks a woman of like sympathies. He has newly-acquired leisure and money to indulge in hobbies.

He can pick his second wife from one of two groups—the widow of forty-five or so, or the thirtyish bachelor girl. If she's kept herself alert and attractive, he picks a widow. Or he may prefer the younger woman with experience in a career. He's got a different helpmeet—a wife who can help with his community obligations, share his new intellectual interests, live up to his higher standard of living. She sighs with rapture when she opens the box from the furrier, for she accepts the fact that the man can afford the gift—and she feels worthy of mink.

"If I know George," one wife commented, her lips pursed, "he'd get taken in by some bleached blonde for sure. George is such a fool." True, some widowers chase the wrong woman, but often they're the same men who have been chasing women for years. The man who had a meagre, unsatisfactory sex life may go for a glamour girl who provides him with romantic excitement. Some male innocents are picked off by the slightly shopworn man-trap who is on the lookout for a fresh meal ticket. Stolid presidents of Home and School clubs occasionally elope with baby sitters. Where the first wife had too dominating a personality, the man may react to freedom by breaking out in a romantic prickly heat and chasing the shortest skirt in view.

It is hard for a woman to whom marriage is her whole life to think of a stranger stepping into her name, handling her engraved silver, and lying on her side of the marriage bed. She shrinks from the thought of her husband having any other companion in intimacy. There

is an unreasonable longing in most women's hearts that their love should be enough.

We make the human mistake of identifying ourselves with our love. We have to realize that it is the object of affection that dies, not the capacity to love. See your husband apart from your own need of him. The marriage covenant did not give you the right to rob him of the opportunity of building a new, enduring second marriage. New in the sense that each relationship between two

people is unique in itself—he will be different too, as new love draws forth that which no one else has seen.

Love is faith. Those who say it cannot come twice forget that new faith, the returning miracle of life, comes out of a struggle in lonely depths of the spirit.

I believe your marriage will be sounder, your love for each other healthier, if you can talk together of death and of remarriage, if you can agree wholeheartedly that the surviving

partner—perhaps you, not your husband—is free to remarry with no sense of infidelity or guilt.

In the words of your marriage vows you promised to love, honor and cherish 'til death do us part—what the surviving partner does after that is his own business.

And if my arguments haven't changed your mind one jot, all I can recommend is that you never use a chair back as a ladder, and that you see that family physician for a check-up once a year. ♦



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WALK LIKE WILLY

Continued from page 20

fell for her so determinedly she still congratulates herself on her hairbreadth escape from a harem. She evaded the Nazis a second time by boarding a plane and flying home to Java, only to be interned in a Japanese prison camp for five years. Twice she has built up flourishing dance schools, once in Java and a second time in Singapore, only to feel she had to give them up because of political changes in the country. Canadian politics and currency looked beautifully solid to her when she cast her eye about for a country in which to have a third try, so two years ago, she, her Australian husband, four-year-old daughter and a collie dog, sailed for Canadian shores.

She had been in Toronto only two days when she tackled the problem of finding a place to open a school with a typically direct approach. On a Bay streetcar she found herself seated beside a quiet, conservative-looking, middle-aged man. She turned to him and asked with an ingenuous smile and a Dutch-accented voice, "Please can you tell me where is a good place in Toronto to start a business?"

The startled Torontonians replied that the Bloor-Bay shopping district was growing in fashionable importance. "As a matter of fact," he added, "we are coming to Bloor Street now."

Willy gave him a dazzling smile. "Thank you," she said and immediately left the car. She haunted the district until she found an empty brick house and rented it. Two weeks after her arrival in Canada she was in business.

Her "Fine Art of Movement Academy" is unique in Canada, and of dozens of self-improvement and dancing schools that have mushroomed up across the country since the war, one of the most successful. After two years she has over one hundred pupils in the three divisions of the school—posture classes, Oriental dancing and modern dance classes, and she rings up a tidy profit of around one thousand dollars a month. But all of this material success, although gratifying, is only part of Willy's ambitious Canadian program, because Willy is a woman with a mission.

Fifty years ago in Paris a tragic-eyed American called Isadora Duncan eloquently urged Victorian maidens to throw away their corsets and dance, barefooted, according to the dictates of their soul, which she said was located in the solar plexus. Isadora advocated gymnastic skipping, walking and running to release the body for free expression in dancing. In flowing Grecian robes she became the sensation of two continents.

Willy Blok Hanson is well on the way to becoming the Isadora Duncan of a new era. She, too, dances in her bare feet and urges women to throw out their girdles. She believes all movement stems from the lumbar region in the small of the back, a near neighbor of the solar plexus. All of Willy's pupils must take posture classes before they advance to dancing. Willy believes dancing must come from the heart, but unlike Isadora, who was an advocate of free love, Willy crusades militantly against flabby morals as well as flabby muscles.

There is nothing flabby about Willy

herself. At thirty-six she is a trim five-foot-two and claims she doesn't know what she weighs. She preaches that the correct way to check the figure is with the tape measure, not the bathroom scales. Of Dutch-French ancestry, she is strikingly Oriental in appearance with dark skin, brown eyes, high cheekbones, thin arched eyebrows, jet black hair and slinky contours. Dramatic in speech and gesture, she talks vivaciously in five languages—French, English, German, Dutch and Malayan, punctuating her sentences with ingenuous tinkles of laughter.

Though as feminine as one of the gauzy veils she uses in her Oriental dances, she isn't really a bit out of place in the hard-headed business world. Men claim she has a fetching habit of solemnly asking their advice about her affairs, and then doing exactly what she had decided to do herself in the first place.

Willy's wily ways are responsible for the fact that the Borneo museum has in its collection a gaudy imitation Balinese headdress while Willy has the elaborately carved original. When in the Far East she visited the museum and asked the curator if she could borrow the headdress to have it copied. He wouldn't hear of it. Willy had an imitation made of mirrors and metal. She took it back to the museum to compare it with the real one and the curator was greatly taken with its flashy newness. Willy promptly proposed a trade. He agreed, and that is how she happens to have one of the few authentic Balinese "Dganger" headdresses in existence.

She is both feminine and a feminist. Although she is a devoted, sensible mother, she claims she is incapable of learning how to cook. Her favorite philosopher is Nietzsche but she is delightfully vague about dates. In spite of her Madame Butterfly manner, she ardently believes that women are at least equal, if not superior, to men.

She can be as severe as a Prussian drill sergeant with weak sisters in her classes. A favorite expression during particularly difficult and tiring exercises is, "And nobody stops!"

"Sometimes I think I'll collapse," says one of her pupils, "but I'd fall down dead before I'd stop."

Willy's will power is felt by men as well as women. When she first arrived in Canada her pupils were all girls. One day a young artist called at the door to ask if he could sketch the dancers. He looked like possible material and Willy pounced on him. Today he is one of her leading male dancers. If the milkman or postman had shown possibilities they would have been squeezed into tights too.

But all her pupils admit, that although she is a martinet, she is tough on herself too. "If she had ten broken toes and was supposed to dance, she'd do it," said one admiringly.

Like many people with a mission, Willy tends to reduce life's problems to amazingly simple solutions. According to Willy, if Canadian women could only learn to tuck in their seats and tilt their pelvises at the right angle, life, as well as the women concerned, would be much more beautiful. Posture is the key to success. "If posture is good, you feel beautiful, you can conquer the world. If bad—feeneeshed!" she says.

She even claims her posture once saved her life. When the Germans

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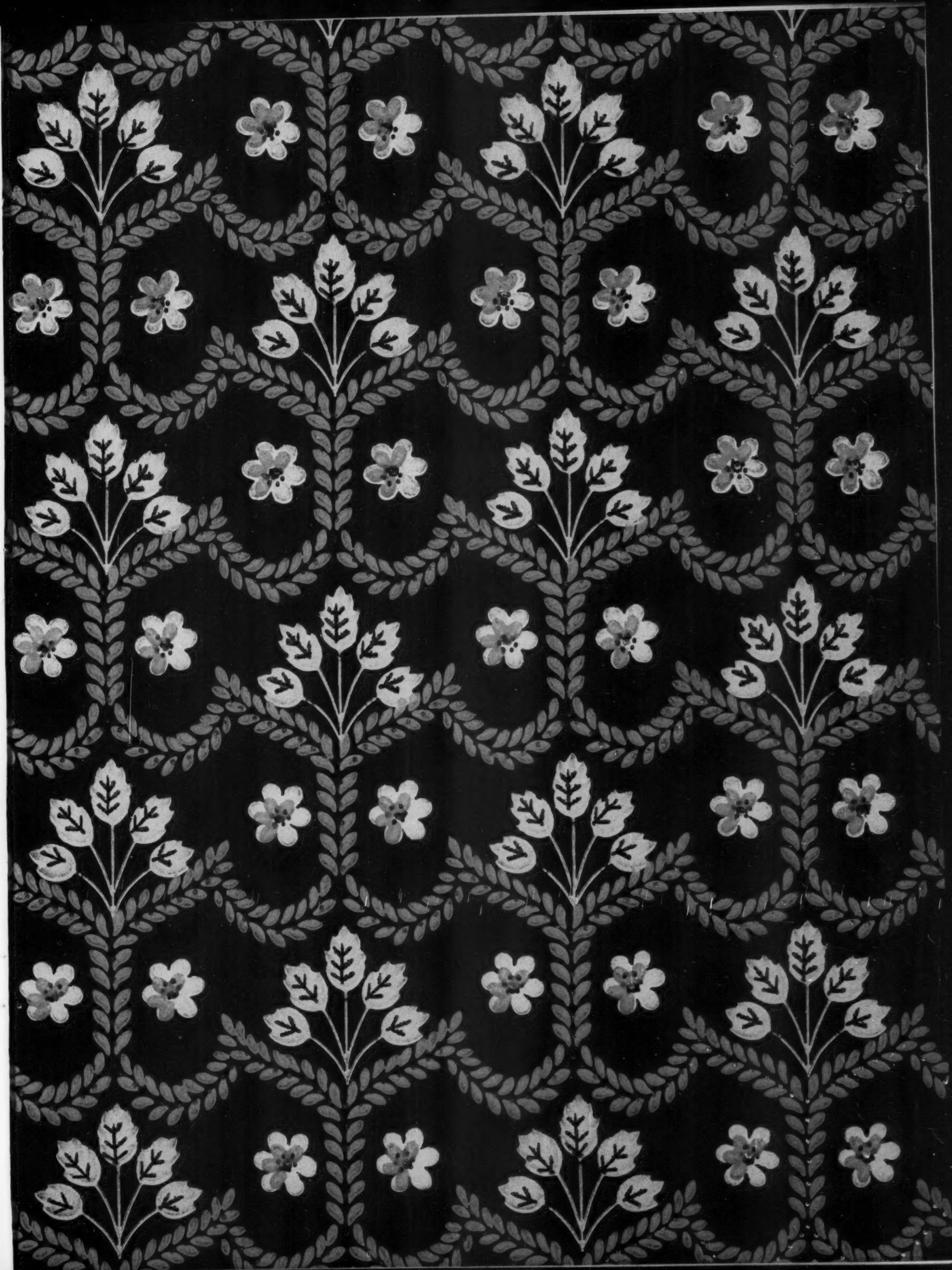
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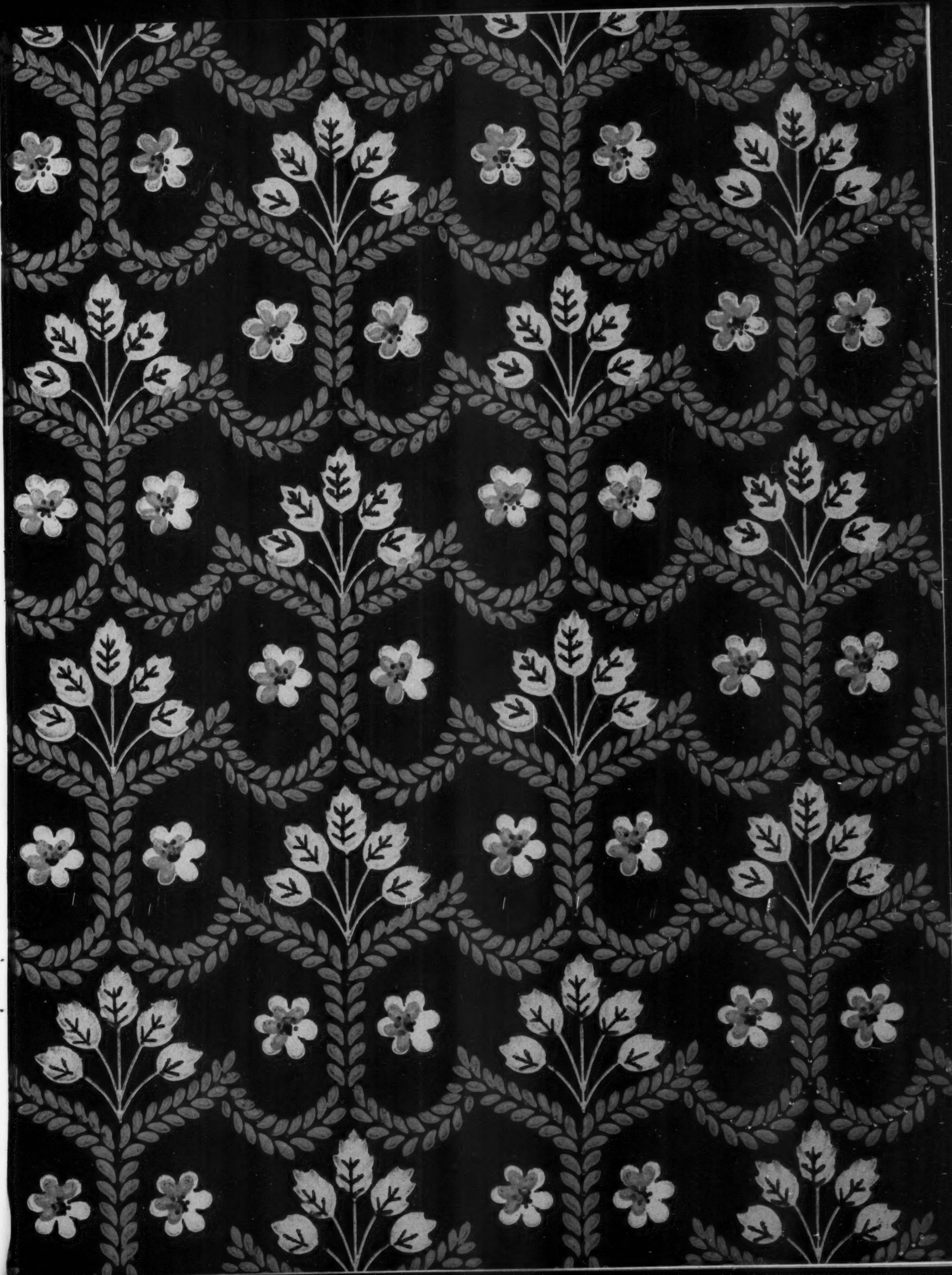
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marched into Vienna, she and her sister, Adèle who was studying with her, were trapped without papers to leave the country. They made their way to a border railway station. Willy started a conversation with a German guard. Pretending to be a naïve schoolgirl, she asked him if they could stand on the borderline just to see what it felt like. The German, amused, consented, but when he turned his back, the two girls walked with perfect posture, and a good deal of luck, to a train bound for Paris, and boarded it. "If we hadn't had perfect control over our bodies," Willy explains earnestly, "we would have betrayed our fear. The guards would have noticed us, and we would have been shot!"

The theory behind the straight back that saved her life was taught at the Hellerau-Luxembourg school in Vienna. With the war it closed and Willy and Adèle, who teaches dancing in Java, were two of its last graduates.

According to lessons learned at this school all body movement must come from the lumbar region in the small of the back. Marilyn Monroe's "walk-away" may spell sex at the box office, but it's not from the lumbar region and, therefore, it's just bad posture to Willy. The correct walk starts by tipping the bottom of the pelvis forward. This tucks the seat in where it belongs and indents the waist. The thigh forms a straight line with the front of the hip bones. Shoulders are held back, head high, midriff naturally elongated, feet turn out slightly.

Willy thinks Western women are missing several beauty bets by not capitalizing on the natural grace of hands and wrists and by not using their eyes to best advantage. She thinks they could well afford to take a few pointers from the East where women spend years just practicing hand and eye movements. Coming from a land where women seldom raise their voices above a melodious murmur, she finds Canadian women's voices a bit strident. Above all, she believes a woman should be feminine. Wise-cracking, grimacing women comedians are as unnatural to Willy as flying cats.

Like Isadora Duncan's followers, all of Willy's pupils dance and exercise barefoot. She claims the human foot used to be almost as expressive as the hand but unnatural footwear has changed it to an inert, clumsy plank. She admits, in Canada at least, that hard pavements and cold climates make shoes a necessity, but she still holds out against high heels.

As a concession to Canadian fashion Willy bought her first pair of high heels when she arrived in Toronto. She wore them once, suffered all night, threw them in the garbage can the minute she got home. Day and night she is a confirmed down-to-earth girl now.

Contrary to current propaganda that exercise just makes a woman reach for a second helping at dinner, Willy believes exercise—her kind—is the only way to develop a good figure and lose weight. She is indignant about the rash of diets sweeping the country. "Dieting takes off flesh in the wrong places—the face, for example. Women need muscles to look well."

But she is fussy about the kind of muscles they should have. Long, flexible muscles are the ones that look well under clothes, and can only be developed, says

Willy, by the right exercises. She shudders at the way Canadian girls throw themselves into strenuous sports like baseball and basketball. "These are men's games," she protests, her eyebrows shooting up in astonishment. "They can only develop hard, knotty muscles which are ugly on a woman—but nice on a man."

A prospective candidate for flexible muscles signs up for eight lessons, at the "Fine Art of Movement Academy" at two dollars and fifty cents each, paid in advance. When she turns up at a morning class, she finds herself in the living room of Willy's house, which is bare except for a polished green linoleum floor covering and a ballet bar running along one wall. Women of various ages, shapes and sizes are standing around in regulation black jersey shorts and sleeveless tops designed to show muscle development.

Sharp on time Willy appears, wearing a black turtle-neck sweater and slacks. The women take their places in pairs. Charlotte de Neve, Willy's comely twenty-one-year-old sister who came to Canada from Holland over a year ago, leads the exercises. Willy brings out a battered Balinese drum.

"Ready?" she calls.

While one woman takes her place sitting on the floor, her partner sits on the back of her shoulders facing in the opposite direction.

Boomy-boom-boom, begins the deep beat of the drum.

"Poosh—back!" shouts Willy. The woman on top presses down on her partner's shoulders. The woman on the floor stretches to touch her toes.

"Poosh—back!"

A large collie dog patters through the middle of the room picking his way between the perspiring women.

The women take their places for the next exercise. One woman lies on her stomach, arms over her head. Her partner grasps her hands.

"Pull—down!" The standing woman pulls the other's torso up so that the body is arched like a bow. This exercise is to stretch the muscles of the midriff.

The drum bangs, muscles creak to its rhythm. "There is no old age," Willy intones to the rhythm, "there is only neglect." This phrase is almost a theme song in the school.

The class, wearing that concentrated, dedicated look of women bent on improving themselves, works its way through a dozen exercises. When the hour is over, the women leave, all moving carefully from the lumbar region. One woman makes a phone call. As she picks the phone from the cradle, she glances anxiously at her teacher. Willy nods approval as the woman brings all her wrist muscles into play. The pupil blushes happily.

Some pupils can't take the training. One girl almost stopped traffic on Bay Street with her screams. Willy's father, a dignified, elderly Dutchman who was working with his orchids in the backyard greenhouse, rushed in to do battle with an assailant. Several people out in the street stopped and stared apprehensively at the house of torture.

But Willy's pupils will testify to a woman—or man—to the effectiveness of her methods. "I lost three inches off my thighs," says one young business girl, hoisting her skirt to display a shapely leg. "I dropped a middle-aged hump between the shoulders and six inches off

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE...



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my hips," reports a matron of sixty. Some of her most enthusiastic devotees claim Willy's classes have cured ulcers, trembling hands, mental depression and flat feet.

Willy herself is a testimonial to her methods. She says that at twenty in Java, she was fat, unhappy and had a "tremendous inferiority complex," in spite of the fact that she had had a novel published in Holland. Her mother packed Willy and her sister, Adèle, off to Vienna to bolster up their confidence and cut down their poundage. Willy has been spreading the gospel of the Hellerau-Luxembourg school ever since.

But after three years the Germans marched in and Adèle and Willy made their lucky escape to Paris. Their frantic parents wired them the boat passage home, but the girls used the money to enroll in a dancing class in Paris. They wrote home that they were careful about always carrying around their gas masks with them, and said they were having a wonderful time.

Their parents cut off their allowance and sent them a stern letter telling them the passage money was with an aunt in Holland, in the form of tickets.

At this time Willy used some of her dwindling funds to attend a recital by Ram Gopal, the famed Hindu dancer. Starry-eyed she went backstage to congratulate him. Struck by her Oriental appearance, he asked her to join his troop, and began a rigorous fourteen-day training. Two weeks later, as "Chandra Vali" (meaning Half Moon, because her face was so round) Willy made her debut in London and passed herself off as an authentic Hindu before both audience and critics.

While in London, she coyly admits she made a hit in another direction. The Vuvuraja of Mysore attended a performance and was so enchanted with her he paid her the great honor of asking her to become one of his many wives. Ram Gopal kept her out of the Vuvuraja's harem by stalling the prospective bridegroom until Willy was safely out of England.

She had just started a tour of the Continent with Ram Gopal when she received a letter from Adèle who was back in Java. Her mother was sick with worry about the threatening European war. Willy flew back to Java only to be interned by the Japanese.

One day after the war, a blond, thick-set Australian soldier called around on an investigation about a missing Australian army captain. After the official business was over the Australian, Linden Hanson by name, continued to come and see Willy and finally came out with the flat statement one day, "I like you. Let's get married." This laconic proposal so bowled her over, they did.

Linden ran a plantation in Java but when the Indonesian Republic was established and Java broke away from Holland, the Hansons moved to Singapore. Willy's father and mother and her sister Charlotte went back to Holland to live with relatives there. Willy started a dancing class in Singapore but the threat of Communism always hung over their heads and they finally decided to start all over again in a free country. They chose Canada.

Willy is sure the choice is a good one. Her business is so profitable she has been able to send for her mother, father and Charlotte to come out from Holland.

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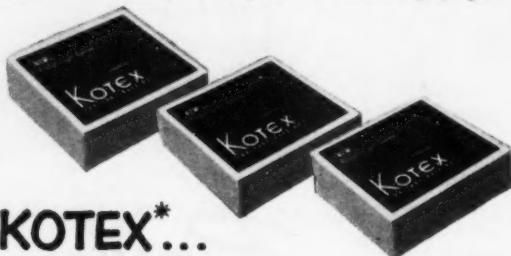
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They all live in the house on Bay Street along with Willy, husband Linden, and daughter Christilot.

Willy has ten posture classes and ten dancing classes, but only a handful of her pupils appear in recitals. Christilot, who is now six years old, is a veteran who has been dancing since she was two and has a fat scrapbook of press clippings to prove it.

Willy frankly admits her Oriental dances are not authentic. She believes Canadian audiences would find the real thing slow and monotonous and she has streamlined her versions to suit Canadian tastes.

But it is her modern dances that are closest to Willy's heart. Performed in bare feet they are dance plays, unrestricted by the formalized steps of ballet. Willy composes these dance plays herself and uses steps taught in the posture classes. To her the outstanding characteristics of these plays is the moral lesson each dance preaches.

She once told a friend of the extraordinary circumstance that convinced her that she must devote her art to trying to teach a moral lesson. The revelation came, she told the astonished listener, one time when she was facing a Japanese firing squad, along with thirty-nine other people.

"I knew then, that if I ever, by some miracle, came out alive, I would devote my life to expressing good through my art," she said fervently.

"What miracle did occur?" asked her listener, by now on the edge of his chair. But he never found out.

Just at that moment the telephone rang. Several minutes later Willy came back, but by that time she was excitedly talking about something else, and seemed to have forgotten about the tight situation she had left herself in.

But whether the inspiration for her modern dances stems from an agonizing moment in front of a Japanese firing squad or not, she does believe all art must pack a sermon. Her modern dance "Romeo and Juliet" is a fifteen-minute condensation of Shakespeare's masterpiece and warns parents not to teach their children to hate one another. "The Idiot" by Dostoevski has been boiled down from several million words into a twenty-minute dance that instructs "Passive good is not enough. One must actively fight evil or be destroyed."

Some of her critics believe this condensation is too drastic. Herbert Whittaker, drama critic of Toronto's morning paper, the *Globe and Mail*, says of her modern dances, "bewildering in range" and "condensation involved violent" but he admits "she has the field to herself when it comes to condensing epic literary works and she takes it with courage." One of the most successfully received of her dance dramas is "Maria Chapdelaine" adapted from the French-Canadian novel of the same name and with original music by Calvin Jackson.

Several admirers have urged Willy to try a tour with her Oriental dance group and there is good reason to believe she would meet with success. She has the drive, discipline and determination that an impresario needs. Most important, for an innovator, she believes fanatically in herself and her work.

Isadora Duncan died and left no school; but if she had, Willy Blok Hanson would have headed the class. ♣

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Chatelaine Meals of the Month

October

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
THU 1	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Cheese-tomato Baked Onions * Apple and Raisin Salad Jam Turnovers	Liver and Bacon Chili Sauce Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Coconut Orange Tapioca	TUE 20	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Honey	French Toast Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Chutney Raw Relishes Whipped Raspberry Jelly	Hash-stuffed Peppers Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Beet and Lettuce Salad Date Layer Cake
FRI 2	Orange Halves Date Oatmeal Toast Marmalade	Consommé Egg and Cucumber Salad Hot Scones Butterscotch Pudding	Pan-broiled Fish Fillets Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Carrot Coleslaw Cheesecake *	WED 21	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast	Cream of Mushroom Soup Tossed Salad Toasted Cheese Fingers Ice Cream Layer Cake (leftover)	Breaded Veal Cutlets Tomato Sauce Au Gratin Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Coffee Sponge
SAT 3	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Scones Conserve	Hamburgers on Buns Lettuce Salad Stewed Apricots	Veal Pie with Vegetables (Biscuit Crust) Toasted Salad Apple Crisp	THU 22	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Raisin Bread Cheese	Squash and Apple Casserole Pickled Beets Lettuce Wedges Butterscotch Tarts	Ham Loaf Spiced Crabapples Baked Sweet Potatoes Spinach Rice Pudding
SUN 4	Orange Slices Whole-grain Cereal French Toast Syrup	Cream of Mushroom Soup Pear, Cottage Cheese and Grape Salad Mocha Cakes	Glazed Pork Shoulder Butt Mashed Potatoes Baked Pepper Squash Fruit Floating Island Cookies	FRI 23	Prune Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Marmalade	Puffy Omelet Creole Sauce Green Salad Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cookies	Scalloped Finnan Haddie Mashed Potatoes Parsley Carrots Apple Pie and Cheese
MON 5	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches * Sweet Pickles Green Salad Apricot Whip	Vegetable Soup Cold Pork Shoulder Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli Gingerbread with Pears	SAT 24	Half Grapefruit Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Chicken Noodle Soup Toasted Salmon Sandwich Celery and Carrot Sticks Date Squares	Braised Liver Spanish Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Kernel Corn Cherry Marlow
TUE 6	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast	Cream of Pea Soup Crackers Grapefruit and Green Pepper Salad Gingerbread (leftover)	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Baked Caramel Custard	SUN 25	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Coffee Cake Conserve	Open-face Grilled Sandwiches (Cheese, Tomato, Bacon) Sweet Pickles Citrus Fruit Cup	Roast Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Baked Squash Frosted Angel Cake
WED 7	Applesauce Whole-grain Cereal Toast Honey	Corn Scallop Carrot and Celery Sticks Citrus Fruit Cup Cookies	Mixed Grill (Sausage, Chop, Bacon) Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Spinach Fudge Cake	MON 26	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jam	Salad Plate (Cold Lamb, Tomato Aspic, Carrot Coleslaw) Raisin Bran Muffins Angel Cake (leftover)	Beef Patties Mushroom Soup Sauce Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Paprika Jellied Fruit
THU 8	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Marmalade	Poached Eggs on Toast Raw Relishes Ice Cream Fudge Cake (leftover)	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Green Beans Old-fashioned Coleslaw Peach Bavarian	TUE 27	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Raisin Bran Muffins Honey	Pizza * Tossed Salad French Bread Preserved Berries	Pork Chops Applesauce Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Peach Cobbler
FRI 9	Whole-grain Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toasted Muffins Jelly	Baked Croquettes * Waldorf Salad Preserved Raspberries Cookies	Salmon Loaf Cucumber Garnish Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Lime Sherbet Cookies	WED 28	Sliced Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Toast Conserve	Chipped Beef Shortcake Green Peas Pumpkin Tarts	Cabbage Rolls Fluffy Rice Mashed Turnips Apple Compote Cookies
SAT 10	Stewed Prunes Whole-grain Cereal Toast Cheese Jam	Cold Salmon Loaf Cottage Cheese Salad * Baked Apples	Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Julienne Carrots Plum Butter Pudding	THU 29	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Wieners in Rolls Dill Pickles Celery and Carrot Sticks Preserved Pears Fruited Cheese Cookies *	Boiled Dinner (Corned Beef with Vegetables) Tossed Salad Ginger Orange Bavarian
SUN 11	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Jelly Omelet Toast	Pepper Pot Soup Assorted Toasted Sandwiches Raw Relishes Butter Tarts	Barbecued Spareribs Riced Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Prune Whip Custard Sauce	FRI 30	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast	Clam Chowder Crisp Crackers Cabbage and Pineapple Salad Apple Spice Muffins	Baked Rolled Fish Fillets Lemon Butter Baked Potatoes Green Peas Cranberry Raisin Pie
MON 12	Orange Halves Whole-grain Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast	Onion Soup Jellied Apple and Celery Salad Hot Scones Peppermint Custard	Fruit Cup Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Diced Turnips and Green Peas Pumpkin Pie with Cheese	SAT 31	Whole-grain Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toasted Muffins Jam	Pancakes with Honey Apple-Date Salad Milk Sherbet	Cottage Cheese and Eggs in Curry Sauce Buttered Squash Fruit Salad Bowl Chocolate Jelly Roll
TUE 13	Apple Juice with Lemon Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade	Cheese and Chicken Sandwich * Cranberry Jelly Lettuce Wedges Iced Doughnuts	Meat Loaf Creamed Potatoes Savory Spinach Salad Bowl Maple Nut Tapioca				
WED 14	Mixed Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toast Conserve	Cold Meat Loaf Mustard Pickles Potato and Celery Salad Carrot Sticks Hot Biscuits Honey	Tomato Juice Crisp Crackers Broccoli Pickled Beets Chocolate Ripple Cheese Ice Cream *				
THU 15	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Poached Egg Toast	Vegetable Soup Peanut Butter and Bacon Sandwich Turnip Sticks Chocolate Pudding	Baked Stuffed Heart Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Pineapple Upside-down Cake				
FRI 16	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Jelly	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Lettuce and Tomato Salad Veiled Cottage Queen * Cookies	Macaroni Tuna Casserole Cauliflower and Green Pepper Salad Buttered Carrots Deep Plum Pie				
SAT 17	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Marmalade	Spanish Rice Green Salad Bowl Fresh Fruit	Mother's Night Off Father Takes the Family Out to Dinner				
SUN 18	Sliced Oranges Buckwheat Cakes Syrup	Cheese Soufflé Ring * Lettuce Wedges Bananas and Cream	Roast Beef Horseradish Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Brownies à la mode				
MON 19	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Muffins Jam	Curried Beef on Noodles Cabbage Salad Half Grapefruit	Sausage Rolls Apple Rings Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Squash Cranberry Crackle *				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

CRANBERRY CRACKLE

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups rolled oats
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted bread flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft butter or margarine
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 cups or 1 (15-ounce) can whole
cranberry sauce
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts

Combine rolled oats, flour, brown sugar, soda, salt and cinnamon. Add butter or margarine and work in with a fork until mixture is crumbly. Spread half of this mixture in a greased 8-inch cake tin. Cover with the cranberry sauce. Sprinkle grated orange rind and chopped walnuts evenly over the sauce and top with remaining half of crumbly mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve warm or cold cut in squares. Delicious with brown sugar sauce or ice cream or topped with whipped cream. Makes about 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

* Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

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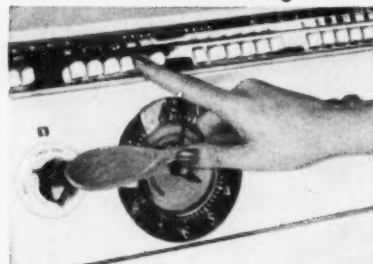
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TAKE TWENTY-TWO TURKEYS...

Learn from a veteran convener and her helpers how to serve a tasty dinner to over seven hundred people — and ring up a hundred per cent profit for your women's group

By R. H. MACDONALD

FOUR WOMEN stood around in the kitchen of the church hall looking dubiously at a small package of cooked ham. They were worried. "Mrs. Keedwell told me that one pound of ham would be enough to serve seven people," said one, but she didn't sound too enthusiastic. "Well, it doesn't look like enough to me," said another with determination in her voice. "I'll just slip downtown and get another pound. I'm sure we'll need it, the way men eat."

After fourteen members of the men's club had eaten their fill that night, there was exactly one pound of sliced ham left over. As Mrs. Keedwell had said, two pounds of cooked ham was enough to serve fourteen men.

That true story offers a clue to the growing reputation in the catering business of the women's association of the St. Thomas Wesley United Church in Saskatoon. The association is noted for its ability to handle large crowds, send them away full and happy and turn a neat profit at the same time.

There is another successful catering group in Saskatoon: the Hugh Cairns V.C. chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Delegates to IODE conventions in Saskatoon have remarked on the attractiveness and tastiness of the meals served by the committee in such an efficient and speedy manner.

Unless they have a workable and profit-making formula of their own, women's groups across the country might well profit from a close look at the routine built up by these two Saskatoon groups over the years.

There is a common factor in both organizations. The convener of both catering committees is Mrs. J. S. Keedwell.

Ask the women of the two organizations the reason for their success, and they have little

hesitation in naming Mrs. Keedwell. Ask Mrs. Keedwell, and she points back immediately to a large number of willing church and chapter workers and the organization they have built.

Mrs. Keedwell has had extensive catering experience over a period of twenty-five years, and the jobs she has tackled were usually big ones. Perhaps the successful catering job that shows best the results of her planning and organization is the annual dinner of the church. Last year close to eight hundred meals were served at a dollar a ticket, and the group cleared four hundred dollars. This year they limited the number to seven hundred and fifty in order to feed everyone in two large sittings followed by a small sitting for the workers themselves. Tickets were again a dollar each, and they cleared four hundred and seventeen dollars.

To hear Mrs. Keedwell describe the approach to the big turkey dinner is almost like listening to a general describe a large military operation. Many women might even say they'd prefer the general's job. The whole thing is a matter of sound planning from start to finish.

The churchwomen begin by saving stale bread for the turkey dressing, using one loaf to a bird. If they haven't enough, they obtain the remainder from a nearby baker. Bakers usually have a supply they are willing to donate or sell very cheaply.

Seventy helpers are involved in the St. Thomas Wesley annual dinner and that number includes ushers, ticket handlers, dining room staff, servers, carvers and so on. To handle a crowd of seven hundred and fifty, Mrs. Keedwell says that thirty helpers are needed in the dining room for serving and setting; four for carving, three making tea and coffee, four in the kitchen boiling vegetables, making gravy and heating dressing; four at each of three serving tables.

The annual dinner is held on a Monday. On the previous Friday things begin to move. A number of women assemble at the church basement kitchen to clean the turkeys, make dressing, stuff them and put them in roasting pans which they then store in a cool place.

On Sunday the women handling the turkeys come to evening

Continued on next page

MARIE HOLMES SAYS: On one of my trips through the West I heard about a remarkably successful catering job being done by a group of volunteer women in Saskatoon. "They can handle a wedding reception, a church banquet, or a supper stand at the Saskatoon Fair, attended by thousands every year," I was told. Thinking of the many Chatelaine readers who ask the Institute for advice on preparing food for a crowd, I met Mrs. J. S. Keedwell, their convener, famous for her organizing ability and knowledge of quantity food buying. Some of her methods, described in the article above, might be adapted to help inexperienced conveners work out their own efficient systems.

Should you need more large quantity recipes you may find the following booklets useful: Quantity Food Service Series (available at moderate cost for church, community and camp)—write to Nutrition Division, Dept. of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa; 100 to Dinner—write to University of Toronto Press.

For Institute menus and recipes turn to page 51

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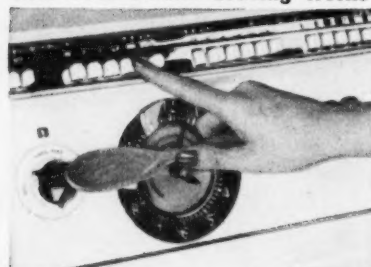
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This leg of pork served thirty-three.



Mrs. Keedwell adds the meringue to lemon pies.



Clubmen like pork and beans.

TAKE TWENTY-TWO TURKEYS...

Learn from a veteran convener and her helpers how to serve a tasty dinner to over seven hundred people — and ring up a hundred per cent profit for your women's group

By R. H. MACDONALD

FOUR WOMEN stood around in the kitchen of the church hall looking dubiously at a small package of cooked ham. They were worried. "Mrs. Keedwell told me that one pound of ham would be enough to serve seven people," said one, but she didn't sound too enthusiastic. "Well, it doesn't look like enough to me," said another with determination in her voice. "I'll just slip downtown and get another pound. I'm sure we'll need it, the way men eat."

After fourteen members of the men's club had eaten their fill that night, there was exactly one pound of sliced ham left over. As Mrs. Keedwell had said, two pounds of cooked ham was enough to serve fourteen men.

That true story offers a clue to the growing reputation in the catering business of the women's association of the St. Thomas Wesley United Church in Saskatoon. The association is noted for its ability to handle large crowds, send them away full and happy and turn a neat profit at the same time.

There is another successful catering group in Saskatoon: the Hugh Cairns V.C. chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Delegates to IODE conventions in Saskatoon have remarked on the attractiveness and tastiness of the meals served by the committee in such an efficient and speedy manner.

Unless they have a workable and profit-making formula of their own, women's groups across the country might well profit from a close look at the routine built up by these two Saskatoon groups over the years.

There is a common factor in both organizations. The convener of both catering committees is Mrs. J. S. Keedwell.

Ask the women of the two organizations the reason for their success, and they have little

hesitation in naming Mrs. Keedwell. Ask Mrs. Keedwell, and she points back immediately to a large number of willing church and chapter workers and the organization they have built.

Mrs. Keedwell has had extensive catering experience over a period of twenty-five years, and the jobs she has tackled were usually big ones. Perhaps the successful catering job that shows best the results of her planning and organization is the annual dinner of the church. Last year close to eight hundred meals were served at a dollar a ticket, and the group cleared four hundred dollars. This year they limited the number to seven hundred and fifty in order to feed everyone in two large sittings followed by a small sitting for the workers themselves. Tickets were again a dollar each, and they cleared four hundred and seventeen dollars.

To hear Mrs. Keedwell describe the approach to the big turkey dinner is almost like listening to a general describe a large military operation. Many women might even say they'd prefer the general's job. The whole thing is a matter of sound planning from start to finish.

The churchwomen begin by saving stale bread for the turkey dressing, using one loaf to a bird. If they haven't enough, they obtain the remainder from a nearby baker. Bakers usually have a supply they are willing to donate or sell very cheaply.

Seventy helpers are involved in the St. Thomas Wesley annual dinner and that number includes ushers, ticket handlers, dining room staff, servers, carvers and so on. To handle a crowd of seven hundred and fifty, Mrs. Keedwell says that thirty helpers are needed in the dining room for serving and setting; four for carving, three making tea and coffee, four in the kitchen boiling vegetables, making gravy and heating dressing; four at each of three serving tables.

The annual dinner is held on a Monday. On the previous Friday things begin to move. A number of women assemble at the church basement kitchen to clean the turkeys, make dressing, stuff them and put them in roasting pans which they then store in a cool place.

On Sunday the women handling the turkeys come to evening

Continued on next page

MARIE HOLMES SAYS: On one of my trips through the West I heard about a remarkably successful catering job being done by a group of volunteer women in Saskatoon. "They can handle a wedding reception, a church banquet, or a supper stand at the Saskatoon Fair, attended by thousands every year," I was told. Thinking of the many Chatelaine readers who ask the Institute for advice on preparing food for a crowd, I met Mrs. J. S. Keedwell, their convener, famous for her organizing ability and knowledge of quantity food buying. Some of her methods, described in the article above, might be adapted to help inexperienced conveners work out their own efficient systems.

Should you need more large quantity recipes you may find the following booklets useful: Quantity Food Service Series (available at moderate cost for church, community and camp)—write to Nutrition Division, Dept. of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa; 100 to Dinner—write to University of Toronto Press.

For Institute menus and recipes turn to page 51

Continued from previous page
church service early. With the help of their husbands, they take the birds to a nearby baker who cooks the entire batch in his ovens Sunday night. The cooked turkeys are brought back to the kitchen on Monday morning.

Saturday the salad committee appears at the church kitchen to make seventy jellied salads, which are stored in a cool place. On Monday they make seventy or eighty cabbage salads.

On Monday a committee of ten shows

up in the morning. Their job is to peel and dice vegetables.

Monday afternoon the vegetables are cooked on the two ranges. The gravy is also made by women whose specialty it is.

They start carving the turkeys at around two o'clock in the afternoon and at the same time the dressing is put in the ovens to warm. Throughout the day the dining room committee has been decorating and setting tables and arranging chairs.

Part of the secret of the success of the annual church dinner can only be explained by a step-by-step description of the preparations. After twenty-five years of catering to booths, anniversary dinners, Christmas dinners, wedding receptions, teas, picnics and suppers, Mrs. Keedwell and her helpers have come to adopt certain tried and true principles which have served them well. Let's take a look at some of these principles.

To make money, waste must be

eliminated. It is wasteful buying, wasteful planning and wasteful serving that cut down on the profits. Mrs. Keedwell has a few trade secrets that will help other groups.

First of all, you should know how much food you are going to need and buy just that much and perhaps a shade more—but only a shade more. It is leftover meat that eats up the profits many women have worked so hard to make.

Mrs. Keedwell has at her finger tips proportions of food necessary to feed groups varying in size from five or ten to one thousand and more.

For turkey dinners, two-thirds of a pound of turkey should be purchased for each person. Mrs. Keedwell buys her turkeys from a farmer she has known for years. For the annual church dinner this year she bought twenty - four twenty - pound deep - breasted bronze turkeys at thirty-five cents a pound.

She asked for twenty-two at first, but listened to the farmer when he told her she should take twenty-four, that some other groups had run out of meat at their turkey dinners. Result—she had three left over and proved that her original figures were right as they have been so many times.

Of course it takes more than that to throw a good planner out. Mrs. Keedwell has a standing list of customers to buy any leftover turkey meat, and this year she turned a profit on that, too. It sold for fifty cents a pound after the annual dinner was over.

Other points to keep in mind when purchasing are that one pound of potatoes will serve four people; one pound of coffee will make one hundred cups, and a pound of tea gives three hundred cups; two pounds of butter should be purchased for each hundred guests; two quarts of cream milk will put enough cream in one hundred cups; fourteen pounds of carrots, five cans of peas, and thirty-five pounds of roast beef or roast pork will serve one hundred people.

Those are the most useful among the long list of proportions Mrs. Keedwell can draw on at a moment's notice. If you are inclined to doubt them, just remember the little parable about the cooked ham at the beginning of this article.

Streamlined Planning

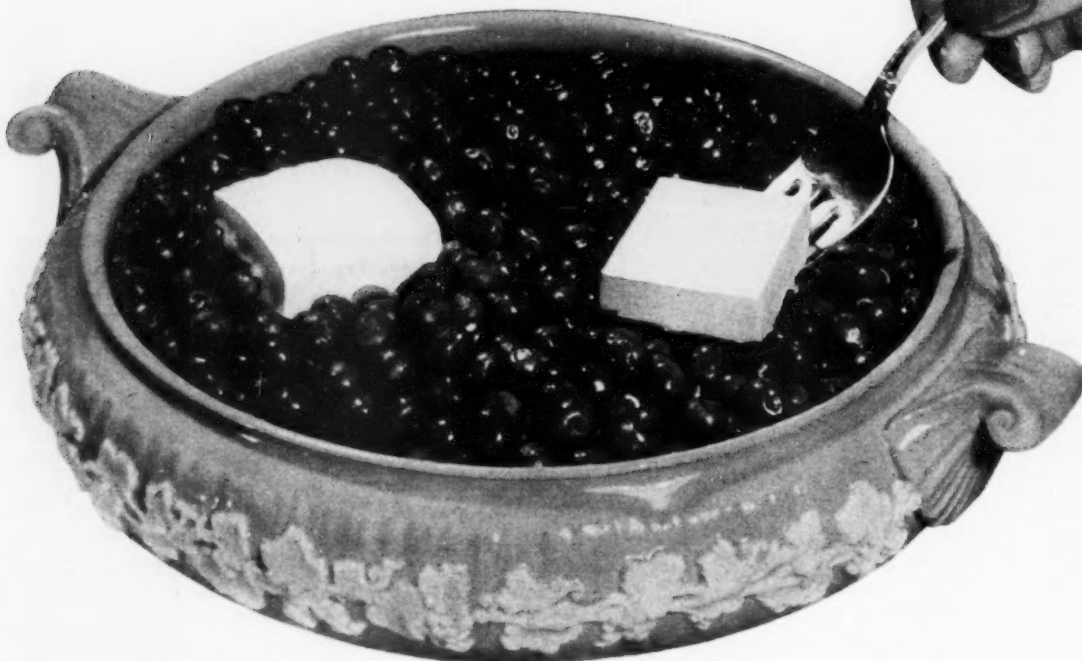
The women of St. Thomas Wesley streamline their planning, too. The workers' time is planned to produce the most without a moment wasted. This system, arrived at by trial and error, is now just about as smooth as it could be, although they analyze each catering job afterwards to spot any faults and correct them on the next occasion.

At one time almost all the food was prepared by volunteers but things are different now. The only donations asked for are the pies which are still baked in the homes of church women, although sometimes the making of pies becomes a group project; using an assembly-line technique, each step in the pie-making—the pastry, the filling, the meringue and the baking—is assigned to one or two women.

"In this way," Mrs. Keedwell explains, "no one member's task is too tedious. And we enjoy the companionship while we work."

This year for the annual dinner each of the eleven circles of the women's

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green peas, hot baked potatoes, all your vegetables; on bread, toast, rolls . . . and in cooking, too! Spreads costing half again as much can't give you finer flavour . . . more Vitamin A or wholesome energy. Made with pasteurized ingredients, GOOD LUCK is as pure and nourishing as a spread can be!

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The sweeter, fresher margarine!

association was asked to bake ten or eleven pies. Mrs. Keedwell says one hundred and sixty pies are enough to serve seven hundred and fifty people if each is cut in five pieces. At the dinner an assortment of cuts is offered on a tray and this has proved popular with the guests. Any pies left over are promptly sold after the annual dinner has taken place.

They don't bother asking workers to bake cakes. "You can get very nice cakes at the baker's these days which work out cheaper in time and handling," says Mrs. Keedwell. Her church group places less importance on supplying cake at dinners than do other organizations. Rather, they concentrate on good solid main courses well prepared and touched off by a nice piece of pie.

Ticket Sales

If it can be arranged, it is sound planning to sell tickets or to organize so that almost the exact number of guests is known beforehand. This makes it possible to cut purchasing to the bone, as the St. Thomas Wesley women have done for just about as long as they have been in the catering business.

They sell tickets up until the day before the annual dinner, then cut off the sale, collect unsold tickets and plan accordingly. However, the annual dinner has proved so popular that they can go ahead and purchase for the maximum crowd and they haven't been wrong yet.

But Mrs. Keedwell would recommend to other women's groups that they sell tickets and have a cut-off date far enough ahead to permit them to buy and plan economically. Ticket sales simplify planning for a large dinner but for smaller affairs, such as the men's club functions, seats are seldom sold by ticket. This adds to the convener's problems and the best solution Mrs. Keedwell can offer is to have the president of the small group phone the members the day before the dinner and then give an estimate of the number expected. Mrs. Keedwell has found that usually a few less than she had prepared for show up at such functions.

Picking the right person for the right job is another secret in the success of this group. Over the years they have developed an almost unbeatable team. Year after year the same women will be found carving turkeys (expert carving is vital if a neat profit is expected), the same few will be seen making tea and coffee; other specialist teams will be found handling the vegetables, in the kitchen, serving and so on down the line. Each group becomes proficient in its own field.

How Dinner is Served

The actual serving of the meal is another stage in the operation which, if not handled properly, can spell loss.

The church basement in which the successful annual dinners are served by Mrs. Keedwell and her women has a capacity of about three hundred and fifty. It is fatal to the organization of the dinner if people are allowed to come and go as they please, and almost impossible to serve them economically.

To get around this problem, the St. Thomas Wesley women have their own system of colored cards. As people arrive they are ushered into the main body of the church, and given colored tickets numbered from one to three hundred and twenty-five. The first

three hundred and twenty-five get red tickets, the next sitting blue and the last small sitting another color.

Almost as soon as the second hand on the clock reaches the announced starting time, the first sitting is led downstairs. As soon as every chair is filled the women start serving.

In the meantime the crowd gathering for the second and third sittings are being entertained upstairs by a musical program, and their wait for a delicious meal is made bearable.

When the first sitting has finished and left the hall the tables are completely reset and chairs put in order. Only when this is completed is the next group invited down.

Experience has taught that the most economical way to serve turkey is to carve it in the kitchen and offer it to the guests on large platters. In this way they select the kind of meat they like best and, strange to say, don't take as much as would have been put on their plate had it been served in the kitchen.

Many women are familiar with the traffic jams that occur in the kitchen during such a big undertaking but the ladies of St. Thomas Wesley have eliminated them as far as possible by sound planning. The only people allowed in the kitchen are those working on meat, gravy and vegetables: the rest are kept out. Serving is done at tables outside the kitchen and in the main hall. Tea and coffee are made in another small room opening off the main hall.

How much should be made on such

Three-High... Triple-Rich...

yet this **MAGIC**
Peanut-Butter Cake
is *thrifty*, too!



MAGIC PEANUT-BUTTER CAKE

2½ cups once-sifted pastry flour	½ cup peanut butter
or 2¼ cups once-sifted all-purpose flour	1¼ cups lightly-packed brown sugar
4 tps. Magic Baking Powder	2 eggs, well beaten
½ tsp. salt	1 cup milk
9 tbsps. butter or margarine	1 tsp. vanilla

Grease three 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine and peanut butter together; gradually blend in brown sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven about 20 minutes. Put cold cakes together with part of the following Peanut-Butter Chocolate Icing. Cover cake with remaining icing and decorate with salted whole peanuts.

PEANUT-BUTTER CHOCOLATE ICING: Cream together 4 tbsps. butter or margarine and 4 tbsps. peanut butter; add few grains salt. Work in 3½ cups sifted icing sugar alternately with about 9 tbsps. scalded cream, stirring in 2 ounces melted unsweetened chocolate after part of cream has been added and using just enough cream to make an icing of spreading consistency; beat in ½ tsp. vanilla.

This cake comes high — in everything but cost! High in the slice — perfectly risen with Magic. High in good looks, good eating, and food energy! Rates high in compliments, too, for it's *all your own baking!*

Yes, for baking that's richly different, really creative, you can't beat the good old time-tried Magic way! 3 out of 4 Canadian women use Magic Baking Powder. At less than 1¢ per average baking, Magic protects your investment and your success!

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Automatic Beyond Belief!

All you do is drop in the bread
Bread lowers itself automatically,
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This is the sensational new toaster that has completely changed people's conception of what an automatic toaster should do.

No levers to push—no popping or banging. Just drop in the bread and let the Sunbeam take over. This turns on the current and the bread silently lowers. When perfectly toasted, the current turns off and the toast comes up silently. It's that sensational!

Only the new Sunbeam regulates the toasting *automatically*, depending on the bread. You can take slices directly from the refrigerator and only the Sunbeam will toast them a little longer than if they were dry. If the slices are thin it toasts them quicker than thicker slices.

Moist or dry, cold or warm, thick or thin—you always get the same uniform golden toast you want—*automatically*. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster for you.



Only Sunbeam has patented **RADIANT CONTROL**. The toasting is always the same no matter what kind of bread you use.

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a dinner? Mrs. Keedwell can answer that question quite calmly and yet very definitely. "If you take in \$800 you should make \$400. If your expenses are \$200 you should clear \$200. If you don't, there's something wrong," is how she puts it, and judging by her success in catering, it should be a good rule for other groups to remember.

Many women feel the strain of preparing a meal for the average small but hungry family. How does the responsibility of catering to eight hundred rest on Mrs. Keedwell's shoulders? She takes it calmly and, whatever she feels inside, her calmness shows and seems to transmit itself to the helpers. But chief of all her reasons for success as convener of large and small groups of willing workers is that she is a willing worker herself.

Give Praise When Due

Mrs. Keedwell has this to say: "A convener gets best results working along with her committees, giving praise where praise is due, complimenting them on a job well done and thanking them for their co-operation, letting them know their services have been appreciated."

Her catering groups are kept busy the year around. The St. Thomas Wesley group last year catered to the Father and Son banquet, the CGIT banquet, the Men's Club annual affair and the bazaar tea. Their reputation is not confined within church circles, and a number of outside groups, who know a good meal when they see one, have asked the ladies of St. Thomas Wesley to cater.

"Pot luck suppers or luncheons are quite popular for ladies' executive or annual meetings," says Mrs. Keedwell. "At these affairs no charge is made and each woman brings her favorite dish, which always works out well and with very little work entailed." It's a big jump from the more or less formal annual turkey supper to the pot luck fare of women's meetings, but these women vary their menus as much as they do their tactics.

Fathers and sons like their good old reliable meat and potatoes and that is what they get when the St. Thomas Wesley women cater to their annual banquet. For this year's menu, which proved as popular as in former years, the women served roast leg of pork with apple sauce; mashed potatoes and brown gravy; white beans, carrots and peas; jellied salads; pickles, rolls and assorted pies; tea, coffee and milk.

One of Mrs. Keedwell's discoveries is that the boys like the white bean preparation better than most other vegetables and find it more filling. Her special recipe appears along with other tasty recipes at the end of this article.

To some it might sound as if this catering group is getting somewhat far away from home cooking, when cake is bought at a bakery and someone else cooks the turkeys. But these women have their own ways of retaining that "just like mother used to make" flavor in everything they do.

Without fail, after every dinner many people approach Mrs. Keedwell to ask, "Mrs. Keedwell, may I have that recipe for your lovely lemon pie—salad dressing—turkey dressing—really, I've never tasted anything quite so nice."

And here are some of the recipes that have made the St. Thomas Wesley

United Church women's association and the Hugh Cairns Chapter of the IODE in Saskatoon, well known for the meals they serve:

Cranberry Sauce

Take two cups of white sugar, add two cups of water and boil for five minutes. Add four cups (approximately one pound) of cranberries and cook for five minutes.

Salad Dressing

Six eggs. Two cups of flour. Two cups of sugar. Three cups of vinegar. Two tablespoons dry mustard. One tablespoon salt. Mix all together and add boiling water and cook to right consistency. This will make four quarts of dressing.

Dressing for Turkeys

Ten quarts of stale bread crumbs. One-half cup of minced onion. One cup melted dripping or lard. One small tablespoon salt. One teaspoon of pepper (small). One tablespoon of sage, home grown. Mix thoroughly and add cold water until crumbs are damp, not wet. (Mrs. Keedwell says home-grown sage makes all the difference in the world.



Compared to it, the canned sage has no flavor, no aroma.) This will provide enough dressing for twenty-five turkeys.

Lemon Pie

(Filling for fifteen pies)

Twelve lemons. Fifteen eggs. Ten cups sugar. Eighteen cups water. One box cornstarch. A piece of butter. Boil water and sugar hard for five minutes. Add butter. Mix grated rinds and cornstarch with two cups of water and add to boiling syrup. Cook five minutes slowly. Mix egg yolks and lemon juice and add to cooked mixture. Cook very slowly for five more minutes. Will fill fifteen pies or more. (Mrs. Keedwell recommends making filling in aluminum kettle because other type tends to burn easily.)

The Beans the Boys Like

To serve two hundred and twenty-five boys with beans as an additional vegetable along with roast pork, mashed potatoes, carrots and peas, Mrs. Keedwell provides fifteen pounds of white beans and prepares them as follows: Soak beans overnight. Drain in morning and cover with hot water. Add white sugar (approximately one-half cup) and a large tablespoonful of dry mustard to taste. Add one sliced onion, salt to taste and a few pieces of fat bacon. Boil till soft, then put in roasters and cover with the bacon. Place in oven until bacon is browned. Serve as vegetable. +

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COOKER & DEEP FRYER

MORE TIPS ON COOKING FOR A CROWD

by Marie Holmes, Director of Chateleine Institute

HERE ARE some helpful pointers professional food service experts have for volunteer groups:

1. When planning a menu consider how the food will look on the plate. Avoid thin sauces, too many white or drab-looking foods. Vary flavors and textures (one crispy food and only one highly flavored food is a good rule).
2. Consider the kitchen equipment and spread the work so there will not be too much going on in one spot. For example use both oven and top of the stove.
3. Spread out the time for preparation so there will not be too much to do at the last minute.
4. For a large group avoid foods that may not be generally liked. Feature popular meats such as beef, chicken or ham and the simple vegetables such as peas, green beans and carrots. The same will apply to desserts.

If you are just beginning to collect information on volunteer group catering you can start with basic menus such as these, adapting them to suit your facilities, budget and tastes:

SUPPERS

I

Noodles or Spaghetti
with Meat and Tomato Sauce
Jellied Vegetable Salad
Rolls
Ice Cream Cookies*

II

Baked Cheese and Rice
Cabbage Carrot Slaw
Apple Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce
or Raisin Pudding*

DINNERS

I

Tomato Juice
Meat Loaf Parsleyed Potatoes
Peas and Corn
Rolls
Lettuce, Cucumber or Celery Salad
Thousand Island Dressing
Cherry Pie
Coffee Milk

II

Fruit Juice
Chicken Pot Pie*
(Extra Biscuits)
Jellied Tomato Salad
Mince and Apple Pie
Cheese
Coffee Milk

'PASS AROUND' REFRESHMENTS

I

Corned Beef and Pickle Sandwiches
Date Squares Buttered Nutbread
Chocolate Brownies
Tea, Coffee or Fruit Punch

II

Salad-filled Rolls
Relishes
Angel or Sponge Cake
Ice Cream Fruit Sauce
Punch or Hot Beverage

RAISIN PUDDING

(The pudding cooked in the sauce)

9 cups sifted pastry flour	2 teaspoons salt
6 tablespoons bak- ing powder	6 to 8 cups seed- less raisins
6 tablespoons sugar	4½ cups milk
6 cups brown sugar	2½ quarts boiling water
6 cups corn syrup	¼ to ½ cup butter

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add fruit. Add milk. Pour into deep greased baking dishes. Mix brown sugar, corn syrup, boiling water and butter. Pour this mixture over the pudding. Bake in a moderate oven (350 or 375 deg. F.) for about 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot. Yield: 50 servings.

CHICKEN POT PIE WITH BISCUITS

8 (5-pound) chick- ens	Flour
2 tablespoons salt	1 quart top milk
1 teaspoon pepper	½ teaspoon nut- meg
2 teaspoons celery salt	2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 large onions, if desired	Tea biscuits

Cut chicken into pieces, place in cold water to cover, adding salt, pepper, celery salt and onion. Bring to the boiling point and then simmer until tender. Remove chicken from liquid and keep hot. Thicken this liquid with flour mixed to a paste with a little cold water (3 tablespoons flour to 2 cups liquid), adding top milk to the liquid in the pan. Add nutmeg and lemon juice. Bring to a boil and pour over freshly baked tea biscuits split and arranged with chicken. Yield: 50 servings.

Notes:

1. If desired add 3 cans peas drained and 1 quart diced cooked carrots to thickened gravy.
2. Cut tea biscuits in squares and serve extra biscuits with dinner instead of rolls.

PEANUT-OATMEAL COOKIES

1 pound (2 cups) softened butter or margarine	2 teaspoons soda
†1 pound 12 ounces brown sugar	12 ounces (1 quart) quick-cooking rolled oats
2/3 cup eggs	10 ounces (2 cups) chopped salted peanuts
1 pound (1 quart sifted) all-purpose flour	1 teaspoon salt
	2 teaspoons vanilla

Combine ingredients in the order listed. Portion the dough onto baking sheets using a No. 40 scoop (1 3/5 tablespoons). Place portions about 1 inch apart and flatten with a fork. Bake at 375 deg. F. (moderate) for 8 minutes. Yield: 50 portions.

†This amount equals 4 cups firmly packed. +

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 - 5 WHITE SAUCE
 - 6 WHIPPING POTATO
 - 7 BEATING MAYONNAISE AND SALAD DRESSING
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You have the perfect scientific-ly-correct mixing speeds right at your fingertips. Easy-to-See. Easy-to-Set.

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with these new, exclusive

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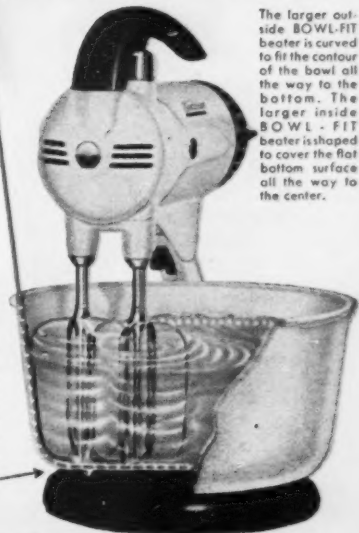


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Only the famous standard Sunbeam Mixmaster gives you ALL the advantages of an automatic food mixer, because of its exclusive features. You get more EVEN, uniform mixing because the bowl revolves automatically in direct relation to the speed of the beaters—all the batter is carried into and through the exclusive Bowl-fit beaters automatically. Thus you get the EVEN mixing that is the success-secret of higher, lighter Mixmaster-mixed cakes. There is nothing to hold—your hands are free at all times. See your dealer.

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With the new Mixmaster, bowl speed is automatically controlled by a nylon button on the end of the outside beater. This button turns the bowl automatically for EVEN, uniform mixing.



The larger outside BOWL-FIT beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl all the way to the bottom. The larger inside BOWL-FIT beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface all the way to the center.

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how **Foxy** can you be?

According to the old fable, a black Crow took a piece of delicious cheddar cheese from a cottage window and flew into a tree top to enjoy it.

A Fox, lured by the smell of the cheese, stood under the tree and spoke to the Crow:

"I never noticed it before, but what gorgeous feathers you have!"

The Crow was tickled with the compliment but could not answer for fear of dropping the cheese.

"What lovely eyes!" said the Fox, "What pretty feet!" Still the Crow did not reply.

"I have heard," said the Fox, "that yours is the most beautiful voice in the forest. Won't you let me hear you sing?"

Overcome with pleasure, the Crow opened her beak and cawed loudly. The tasty piece of cheddar dropped right into the Fox's mouth.

"Thank you," cried the Fox. "Your singing is dreadful but your cheese is delicious!"

Yes, a good piece of cheddar cheese is worth a little scheming! Yet all you need to do to enjoy delicious, natural Canadian cheddar is to select it from your grocer's—packaged or by weight.

And the foxy part of it is—Canadian cheddar cheese is the most economical source of life-giving protein and Vitamins A and B, you can buy. So serve it often!

October is Cheese Festival Month

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JOHN ADAMS

YOUR GARDEN INDOORS

Continued from page 22

deg. F. days) are quite satisfactory for the plants discussed here. But if you are growing plants on window sills remember that the air around the plants may be much lower than room temperature when the drapes are pulled across the windows—and leaves touching the window pane may be frost-damaged on cold days.

Plants need moisture in the atmosphere as well as in the soil, and the relative humidity in most houses in winter is low. Additional moisture is helpful but not absolutely necessary because of the tolerant nature of the plants suggested. Knowing when to water the soil is much more important and is almost an art—but it can and must be mastered.

You can judge by the color of the soil—dark when wet and lighter when dry—and by feeling the soil. The old gardeners did it by tapping the sides of the pot—a hollow ring meant watering was needed, a solid sound meant the soil was still wet. Overwatering is to be avoided because the excess water displaces air, without which plant roots cannot function.

Most soils possess some nutrients but as these are used up by the plant they must be replaced. Most of the packaged fertilizers in liquid, pill or powder forms are satisfactory. And the city dweller who does not have access to good garden soil can take advantage of the prepared soil mixtures, packaged in various quantities and sold in seed and department stores.

Now, to start your indoor garden, bring some of the plants in from outside before frost threatens. You may want to save some geraniums and other tender plants. Pruned back to a desirable height, these will grow in a sunny location in the house but only a few flowers may be expected. Note that in poor light the plants soon become thin and spindly. Excellent plants to bring indoors would be garden 'mums, especially those which are late flowering. Before they are touched by frost, lift the plants into pots, being very careful to have large balls of roots intact.

Planning Your Garden

You should provide your indoor garden with a few plants which will form the backbone of the garden proper, then supplement with bursts of color timed to carry through till spring. In the following suggested list, check those that appeal to you—and read on to find the procedure described for each.

Permanent Plants

1. *Foliage and cactus plants*—in dish gardens, specimen plants and wall planter.
2. *African violets* (Saintpaulias), to provide continuing color.

Seasonal Plants

1. *Strawberry plants* for an unusual touch of color in February.
2. *Dutch bulbs*—tulips, paper whites, daffodils, hyacinths etc., will see you through March into April.
3. *Amaryllis* will bring April brilliantly to life.
4. *Gloxinias* in May give promise of the glories to come in your outdoor garden.

Foliage and Cactus Plants

The lush greens of foliage plants and the intriguing shapes and spines of cacti have made both increasingly popular in recent years. Equally attractive is their durability despite the adverse growing conditions in most homes.

Foliage plants comprise a large list of tropical and semi-tropical plants. The larger types are striking in large rooms but small plants will make a better showing in the average modern home, particularly if used in dish gardens. The wide choice of plants and the many different containers available can be combined to create dish gardens of endless variation. If you will glance back to page twenty-two, you will see two attractive designs illustrated.

In the upper left-hand photograph, a plain yellow container is planted with *Nephthytis*, *Dracaena sanderiana*, variegated *peperomias*, *Philodendron Cordatum* and English Ivy.

In the adjoining picture the planter holds *philodendron* and Chinese Evergreen growing in water. The dish garden below it is made from a piece of driftwood hollowed out to serve as a container and the plant material is *Sansevierias*, variegated *pothos* and *Dracaena*. In making up your own garden, choose an interesting container and ask your fa-



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BREAD HAS NEW IMPORTANCE IN CANADIAN DIET

Enriched Bread Assures Higher Intake of "Protective" Elements

Practically everybody eats bread—in greater or lesser amounts each day. If that bread is enriched white bread, made (as it must be, to bear that label) from enriched flour, then the daily intake of "protective" food elements is greater than it was before enriched bread was introduced last February.

Three important B vitamins (thiamine, niacin and riboflavin) and the useful mineral, iron, are now being added to Canada's fine white flour. Whole wheat bread is also, of course, a good supplier of these important vitamins and iron.

No Added Calories

How is the new enriched loaf different from its predecessor?

Only in one thing—its greater nutritional value. The new bread is the exact equal of the old, as the likeable, broadly useful, low-cost energy food that may play a part in every meal of the day. But the new bread has added vitamins and iron, which are rated as "protective" food elements. These add *no calories* to the loaf, are not fattening. Their function is to promote and help maintain sound health.

Naturally, bread offers very great scope for the easy inclusion (at no added cost) of these necessary vitamins and iron to the common diet.

Why not check up, then, on a few of the many ways in which you might include enriched bread in daily meals—beyond the basic serving of bread and toast?



Fondues—how good they are, with their big soft cubes of bread, savory custard and a character-ingredient like cheese!

Toast Cases

bread slices spread with butter or margarine, pressed into muffin pans and baked (or thick oblongs of bread scooped out to take a filling and similarly treated), add attractiveness and bulk to foods like creamed salmon, curried chicken and mushrooms, eggs and cheese à la King, etc. Food with a flair!



French Toast and savory or sweet sandwiches similarly dipped in seasoned egg and milk and fried to tempting golden color, will make a notable main dish or substantial sweet course.

Meat or Fish Loaves and patties you have liked for their open, porous texture, have probably been made with a good percentage of fluffy soft bread-crumbs in the egg-bound mixture.

Stuffings—their flavor is legion, but their chief base is bread! Dice and toast the bread sometimes, for a delightful difference.

Scallops—small toasted bread cubes layered with fish, poultry, white meat or vegetables and all layers moistened generously with a good cream or cheese sauce—are among the finest casseroles; be sure the top layer is a thick covering of big soft crumbs that have been tossed in melted butter or margarine, the whole dish baked until golden topped and thoroughly hot.

Croûtons—cubes of crisp leftover toast or newly-toasted diced bread—add to the appeal of a bowl of soup.

Sandwiches are "musts" for the carried lunch—excellent, too, for serving at home meals. Don't overlook the endless variety of double-decker sandwiches. Dainty sandwiches remain the best friend of the successful hostess.

Afternoon Tea Treat—spread toast with butter or margarine blended with sugar and a flavor-giver like ground cinnamon, grated orange rind, grated maple sugar; or use a honey or maple butter. Reheat the toast in the oven after spreading. Delicious!

Fancy-up those Menus ...with dainties from your Baker's assortment!



You've *so little time* to plan for variety on the table . . . and yet it's variety that turns *meals* into *menus*! So call on your baker—he'll be your menu-maker! Pick out a luscious pineapple-filled *Coffee Ring* . . . add a plateful of those munchy iced *Fruit Buns* . . . put in a rich fluffy *Chocolate Cake* for dessert tonight! Choose a treat from your baker for every mealtime!

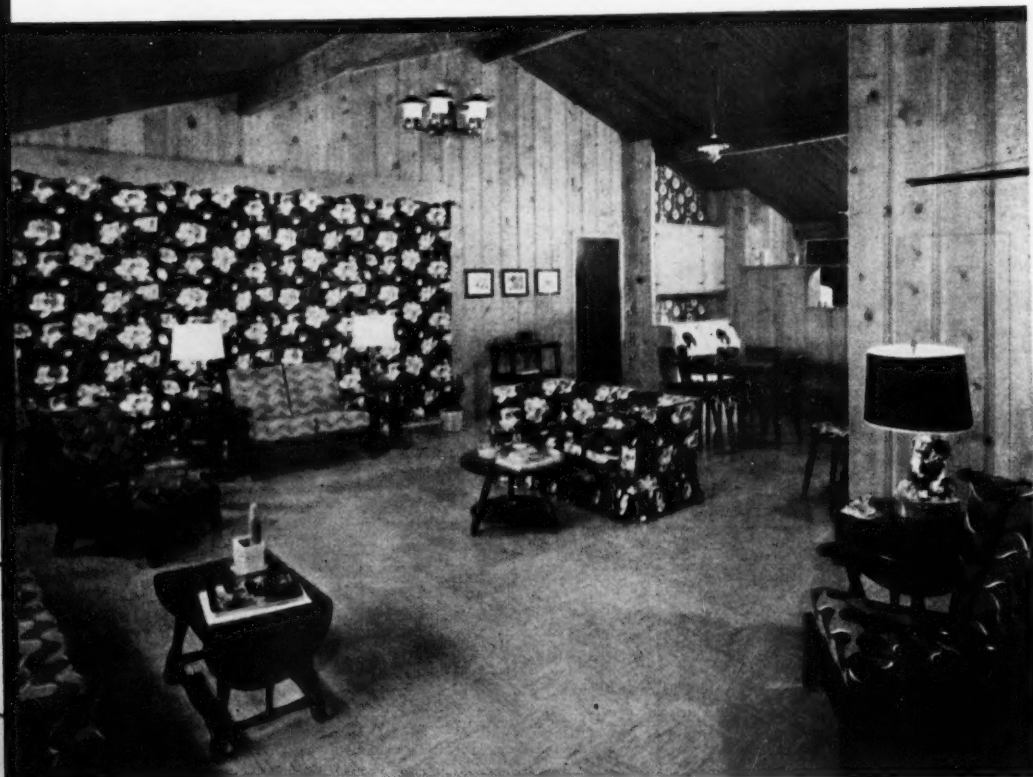
Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.



Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

...and functional FLOORS complete the picture

"We wanted a home where we'd all be happy," says Mrs. M. Breton of her interesting new bungalow at St. Hyacinthe, Que. "With a growing family that meant it had to be practical as well as attractive. We built it to be really lived in, yet easy to keep up without endless housework. For our floors, we found that Dominion Inlaid Linoleum fitted our thinking and planning perfectly. We used it all through the house."

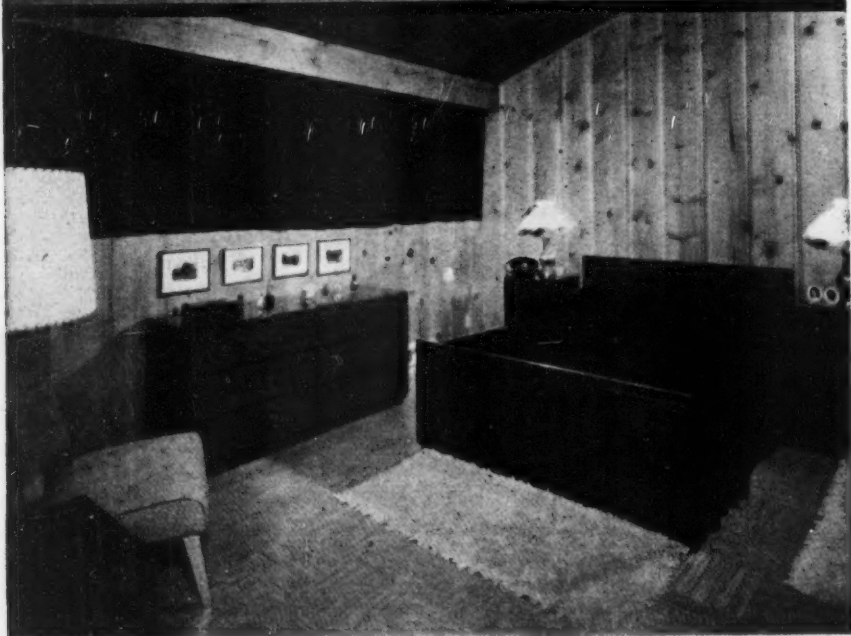


The Bretons chose Dominion Jaspé tiles, pattern No. J/736 to create a restful, harmonious effect throughout.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is the truly modern flooring preferred in more and more style-setting homes. Its satiny surface is charming to the eye, easy on the feet, a washable work-saver for busy hands. Its complete colour range, in four different patterns, tiles or by the yard, make it an ideal decorating material, adding life and beauty to every room. And it's economical. When building a home you use it instead of hardwood. Use scatter rugs if you wish, but they are not really necessary.

Use linoleum to beautify old floors, too; it's simple, speedy, dollar-saving.

For facts and ideas on functional floors, write for illustrated booklets. Address your request to Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited, Home Planning Department, 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.



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favorite florist to help you with the plant material. Balance of design is essential for a pleasing combination. Since most containers used for dish gardens do not have drainage holes, a handful of gravel or charcoal at the bottom is helpful.

Cactus plants are very hardy in the home. They should be watered well but not often. Once a week is sufficient in the house in winter months, but more frequent watering may be needed during the summer. Cacti do best in a sunny location. Do not mix foliage plants and cacti in the same dish garden because each group has different watering requirements.

Flowering Plants

African Violets: No other flowering house plant can compare with African violets, or Saintpaulias, for ease of culture and abundance of bloom. A native of South Africa, they naturally thrive under conditions of diffused light, warm temperatures, and high humidity. The first two can be satisfied in most homes. The humidity factor is seldom satisfied but the African Violet seems to be affected but little by it.

In the late fall and winter months it will use all the sunlight obtainable—not very much in most parts of Canada. In the spring and summer the light intensity is too high. The plants should then be placed in north windows or behind windows which are partially shaded. If you do not have bright windows in the winter months, supplementary illumination is very useful. A small fluorescent tube installed across a window so it will shine down on your Saintpaulias will heighten their attractiveness and promote better flowering. On page twenty-two Malak has photographed an African Violet growing under a table lamp in the writer's own home. If the lamp is located at a distance from a window, the plant should be moved to a window during the day.

There seem to be two schools of thought on how Saintpaulias should be watered—some say from the bottom of the pot and others, equally convinced, only from the top. Actually it really doesn't matter how you water them—provided you understand a few "do's and don'ts." If you water from the bottom *don't* leave the pot standing in water for a long period. If you water from the top *don't* use cold water. Even water at room temperature is often too cold if the temperature of the leaf is slightly warmer than the surrounding air. This is often the case if the sun is shining on the leaves. The best method is to use warm water (90 deg. F.) and once in a while place the plant in the sink to wash off lint and dust.

If the plant is growing vigorously and the pot has not been changed within a month it will require fertilization. Most of the commercially packaged formulas are satisfactory but should not be applied more than once every other week.

Unless you are growing Saintpaulias for competitive exhibitions, do not be in a hurry to divide your plants. Most exhibition rules state that the plant must have a single crown. However if you are interested in growing plants for their bloom, multiple crowns will give you more satisfaction. Remember that each time you divide a plant you check its growth and reduce flowering for a while.

Strawberry Plants: An interesting novelty and certainly a conversation piece is the common garden strawberry forced into bloom and fruit in the middle of winter. The ideal way is to get small plants started in pots from runners or young plants, in the summer; but it is possible to pot up young plants in early fall for forcing purposes if you can find a strawberry grower who will part with one or two. Two plants are planted in a five-inch pot and kept growing outside as long as possible without

danger of frost. A little protection on cool nights will permit the plants to stay outside until November first. After that date they should be brought into a cool storage (40-48 deg. F.) for three to four weeks. Then bring them up into your indoor garden and allow them all the sunlight possible.

When the flower buds appear and open they must be pollinated with a small camel-hair paintbrush. This is done by touching each open blossom lightly. Do it several times on each

blossom and if possible do it on sunny days. Normally bees do this work but in the absence of these busy creatures pollination must be done by hand in order to have fruit develop.

A liquid fertilizer similar to the one used for Saintpaulias would be necessary every two or three weeks when the plant is actively growing. We have found that the best varieties to grow for forcing are Sparkle, Fairfax and Temple. The strawberry plant photographed on page twenty-three is the Sparkle variety.

Dry skin can be joy —or jinx!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is both a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!



The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the delicacy it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.



The difference was in the care they gave their complexions. There's no substitute for the regular use of the right care! But, cheer up, it needn't be expensive or time-consuming!

For as little as 25¢—you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy, and one that takes less than 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The thing that makes Woodbury remarkable is an ingredient called Penaten which carries the softening oils deep into the corneum layer of your skin. The average cream simply "greases" the surface, but Woodbury really penetrates!

Here's the simple routine
that makes the difference:

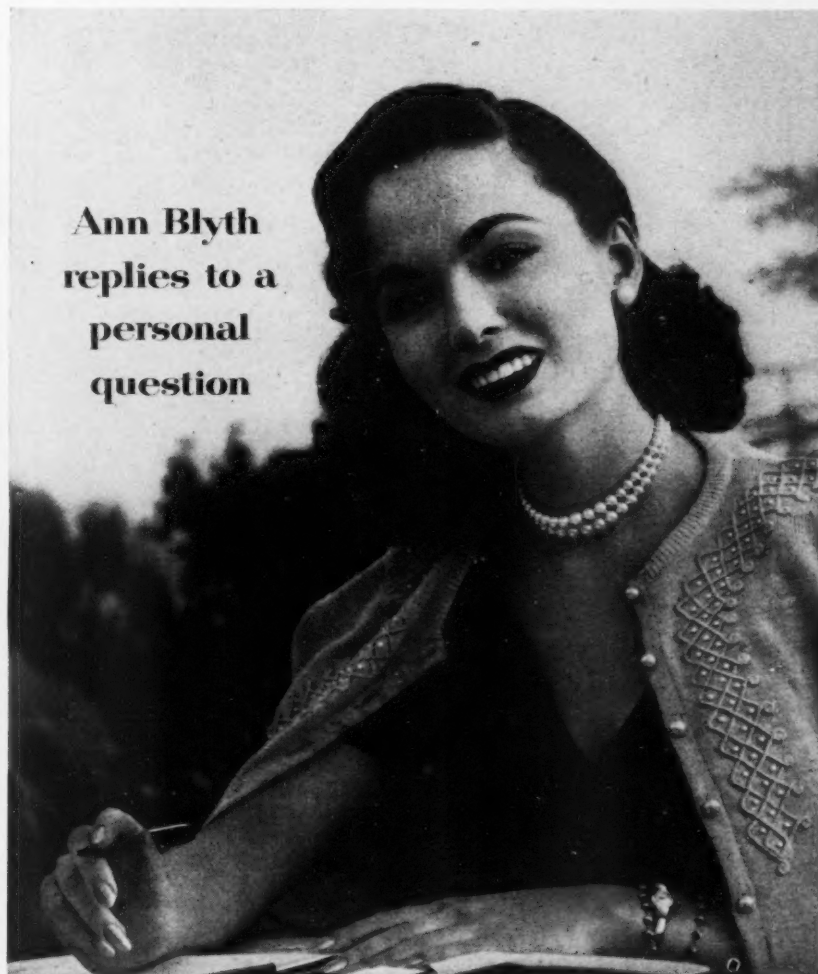
With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off.



Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢, 45¢, 78¢, and \$1.15.



Ann Blyth replies to a personal question



Dear Betty,
Wanted to answer sooner, but I've been so busy working on my new picture.
Course I've a "beauty secret"—it's Woodbury Cold Cream! The special thing about Woodbury is an ingredient called Penaten that makes it penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosens every bit of make-up. I've tried more expensive creams but never one that left my skin so clean, so fresh and soft as Woodbury Cold Cream. I'm sure you'll love it, too!

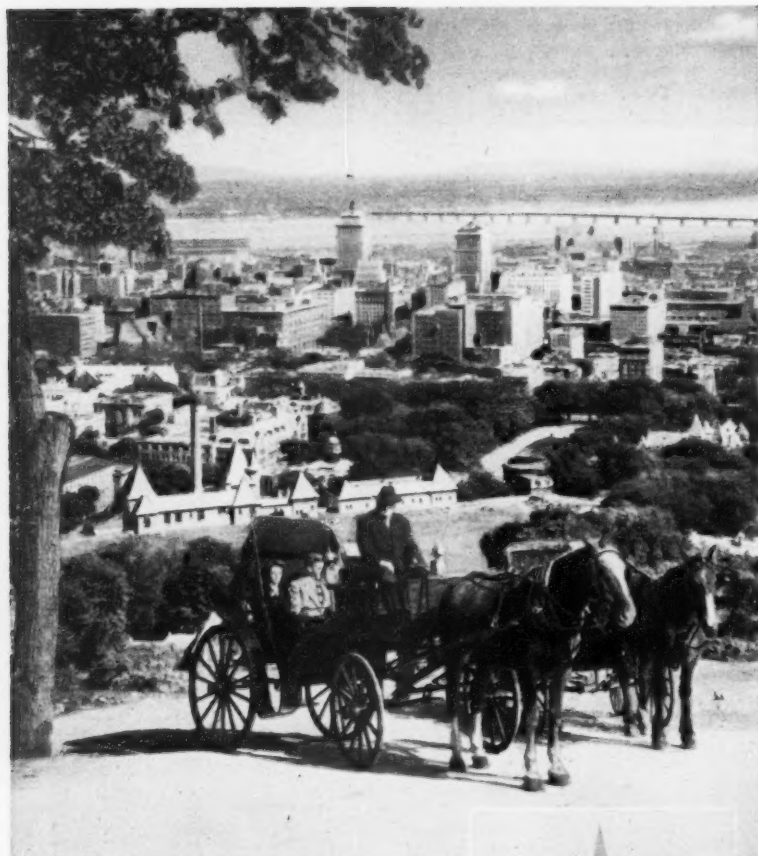
Sincerely, Ann Blyth

penetrates deeper because
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Visit Canada's Colorful Cities



Canada has many colorful, exciting cities that are fun to visit. You'll enjoy seeing cosmopolitan Montreal (above), Ottawa, Canada's Capital, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), Niagara Falls, romantic Quebec, the great seaports of Halifax and Saint John, historic Charlottetown, and St. John's, Newfoundland, oldest city on the continent. Full details from any Canadian National office. "We'll tell you where and take you there".

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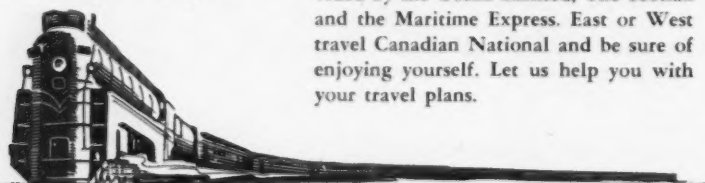
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EDMONTON, Alberta's capital is a bustling, thriving, exciting place to visit and the Macdonald Hotel (above) offers the finest accommodation and hospitality.



Dutch Bulbs: If handled with a little planning, no other plants can give you as many blooms with such reliability as Dutch bulbs. They will provide you



Face flat side of bulbs outwards.

with blooms for three months or more.

Dutch bulbs include tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, paper-whites (*Narcissus*) and a host of other exotic blooms. Of course they need not be Dutch grown but Holland is the main source hence the general collective term, Dutch bulbs.

Malak shows in the large color photograph on page twenty-three a group of Dutch bulbs. Here we see the tulip varieties, White Sister and Paul Richter; the daffodil, Covent Garden; and the hyacinth Ostara, in front of a window.

There are two ways of handling your Dutch bulbs. You can start from scratch and buy and plant the bulbs in September or you could wait until January and February and purchase potted bulbs which are rooted and ready for forcing from your local florist. Better follow the latter plan if you do not have cool storage (48-50 deg. F.) or a garden in which to dig a rooting trench.

If you buy your bulbs in September, plant them as soon as obtainable. The adjoining black-and-white photos show how tulips should be potted. The best soil for bulbs is a well-drained sandy loam. The soil should be fresh and moist and under no circumstances (unless it is sterilized) should manure be incorporated into the soil. Place a few pieces of broken pot over the drainage hole at the bottom of the pot. Then fill the pot with moist soil to about two and a half inches from the top of the pot for

tulips (deeper for larger bulbs like daffodils and hyacinths). Set the tulip bulbs in the soil with the flat side facing the sides of the pot to obtain a well-shaped pot of plants. Cover with soil until the noses of the bulbs are barely visible.

The planted bulbs are watered thoroughly and then placed in dark storage at 48-50 deg. F. Subsequently they should be checked from time to time to see if watering is necessary.

If dark storage is not available, choose a shady part of the garden for a rooting trench or pit. Dig out a trench deep enough to cover the pots. If the ground is warm soak it with cold water and allow to drain away. Set the pots in the pit; cover with a layer of sand three to six inches deep, then mound over the pit with a deep layer of straw or leaves. Lay branches or wire screening over the leaves to prevent them from blowing away by the wind. In a warm fall it will be necessary to spray the mound with cold water.

By January the ball of soil is covered with a great mass of roots, as shown in the third black and white photo. From now on the bulbs may be repotted and brought out gradually one by one or in groups for forcing. If the tulips have sprouts less than three to four inches in height, place them in a dark



Roots will cover soil around bulbs.

place at 65-70 deg. F. to draw them out. After this they can be brought into the light for flowering. Allow about six weeks from storage to flowering. This time is shorter as the season grows on and, of course, at higher forcing temperatures.

If hyacinths are wanted later (February and after) do not plant the bulbs in September but instead store them dry at 65 deg. F. and plant around mid-October or later. When the sprouts are about four inches in length in the storage or rooting pit, they can be brought into the house for flowering. Bulbs at this stage can be brought into bloom in about three weeks.

Paper-whites require no cool storage period for rooting. They are simply potted and left in a warm (70-75 deg. F.) dark place and brought into light for forcing when the buds are at the top of the bulbs. For a very satisfactory pot of flowers which is almost foolproof, you cannot beat paper-whites.

This is by no means a complete list of bulbs. Crocuses are dainty little flowers and particularly lend themselves to small containers. Grape hyacinths, Roman hyacinths, and various types of *Narcissus* are interesting subjects for

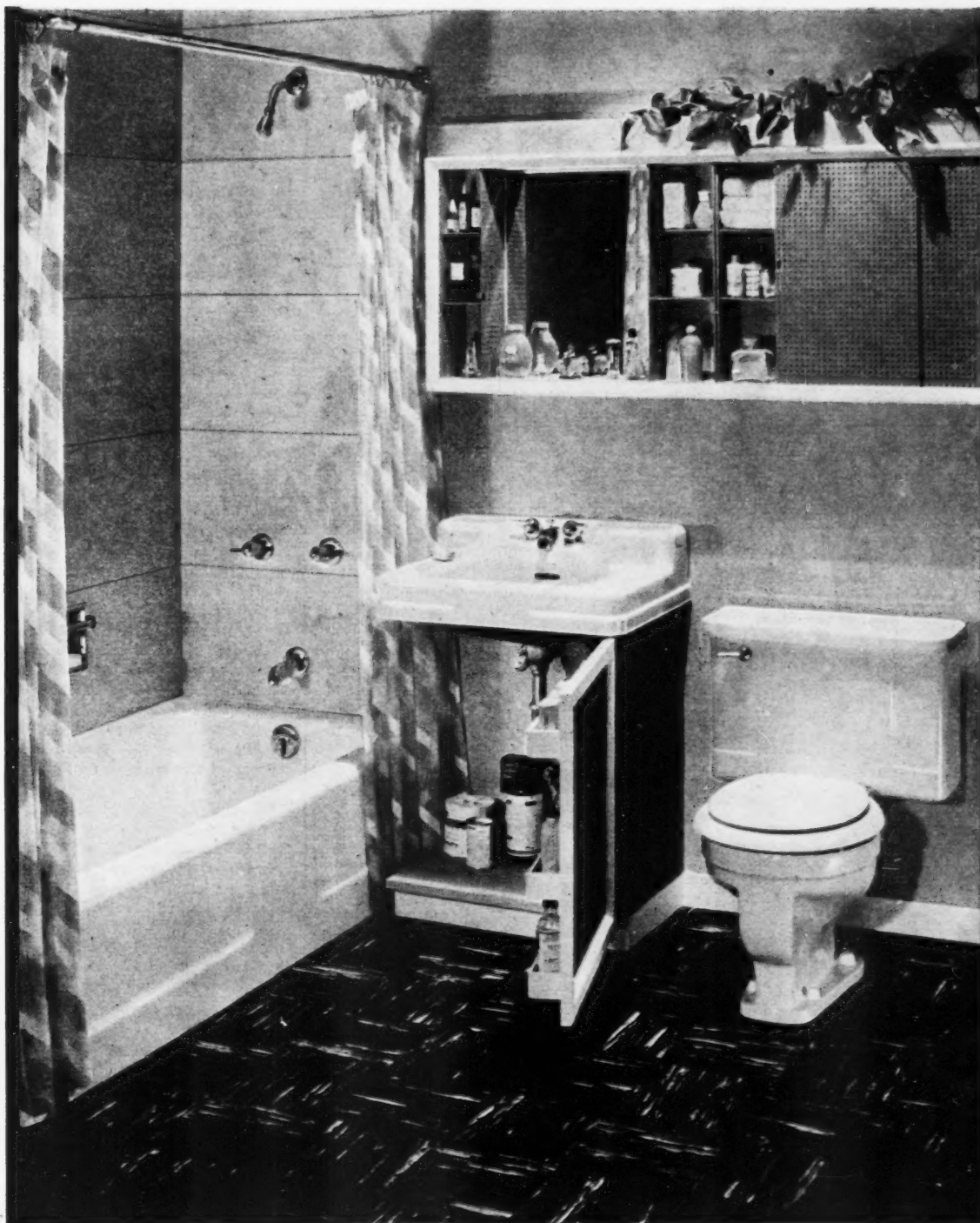


Fill up with soil to tips of bulbs.

*For small space
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modest budget*

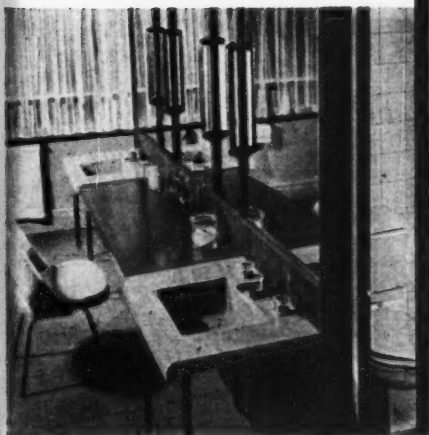
a CRANE economy bathroom

*is smart...
convenient...
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In the small modern home, economical fixtures (like those shown above, for example) provide a bathroom that's compact, neat and simple—yet with the lasting convenience and dependability of Crane quality throughout.

Tub, wash basin and toilet can be counted on for lasting usefulness. They have a gleaming beauty that endures. They are quickly, easily cleaned. Here they are shown in an inexpensive setting that is simple, attractive and practical.



A more elaborate installation is shown at left—with fixtures also from the Crane line, in which you will find a complete variety of materials, designs and sizes from which to choose, and a range of eight attractive colours as well as white.

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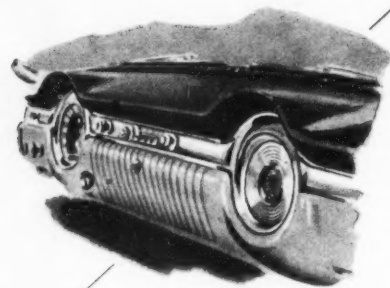
"A thing of
Beauty...a
joy to Possess"



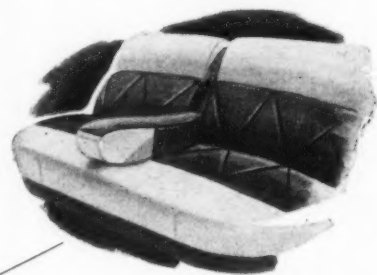
Illustrated—Oldsmobile Classic "98" 4-Door Sedan.

There's a bold, sweeping "eager-to-go" look about every Oldsmobile Super "88" and Classic "98",—and this superb Power Styling is enhanced by a wider-than-ever selection of glamorous new body colors and two-tone color combinations. They're sure to captivate the eyes—and the hearts—of all who see them. Interiors, too, are styled for beauty and luxury, with completely new instrument panels, squared-off seat backs, ultra-fashionable new fabrics and patterns. Superb quality and good taste are reflected in Oldsmobile's sumptuous appointments. Every single detail

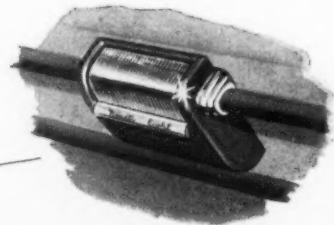
has a sparkle and a smartness of design that sets Oldsmobile apart from every other car on the road. And, of course, all this beauty is matched by brilliant performance, magnificent riding comfort and the sparkling power of the 165 horsepower high-compression "Rocket" engine. Remember, too, that Oldsmobile offers you a host of wonderful "Power" features as options at extra cost—features like Hydra-Matic Super Drive, new Power Steering and Pedal-Ease Power Brakes. Find out for yourself the sheer joy of possessing an Oldsmobile. See your Oldsmobile dealer!



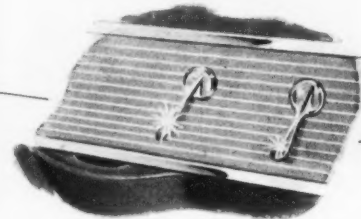
Oldsmobile's new instrument panel is ultra-modern in its symmetry and beauty.



The word luxury comes to life in Oldsmobile's seating appointments.



Gracious design is everywhere you look, even to the convenient, seat-back ash tray.



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Famous "Rocket" figurehead... symbol of Rocket Oldsmobile's swooping power.

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



CHATELAINE — OCTOBER, 1953

those wishing to try less common bulbs.

Just plant crocuses in small containers, leave in cool storage as for tulips and when the shoots are one and a half inches long bring into the light. They will develop much better in a cooler temperature than for tulips.

Amaryllis: At the time your Dutch bulbs are examined for root development (early January), your amaryllis bulbs should be arriving if you ordered them in time. They should be potted in pots only slightly larger than the bulbs themselves, with approximately one third of the bulb itself above the soil surface. The soil for amaryllis can be slightly heavier (more clay, less sand) than for Dutch bulbs. After potting, water thoroughly and place in a warm location with or without light, checking the soil periodically to see if water is needed. If in the dark, bring them into light as soon as growth is seen.

The first growth is usually the flower bud, although sometimes leaves appear before the flower bud. There are few flowers that can match a good specimen of amaryllis for sheer spectacular beauty. A good, top-size bulb can give you as many as five or six blooms. Malak's vivid photograph on page twenty-three shows a Dutch hippeastrum variety with the first flower; six more buds followed, each one developing into a perfect flower.

After the flowers are all gone, fertilize the soil every two or three weeks until the leaves themselves turn yellow and die down. The bulb is then stored intact in the pot until next December when it can be started up again. If the pot is too small, repot just before forcing; otherwise grow in the same pot for another year.

The California Giant varieties are very satisfactory but if you want to treat yourself to a super de luxe amaryllis, invest in one or more of the Dutch hippeastrum strains. They are a little expensive but you will not regret the price when you see them in bloom.

Gloxinias: There are few flowers that surpass the velvet texture of gloxinia

blooms for richness. At the same time it is a fairly simple plant to grow from bulbs. It can be grown from leaf-cuttings (like African violets) or from seed but it is not worth the trouble.

Gloxinia bulbs are usually ready for sale in January. There are many beautiful varieties—the ones shown in Malak's color photo on page twenty-three are Emperor Frederick and Mont Blanc. Other varieties are Emperor Wilhelm (blue and white), Etoile de Feu (scarlet) and Viola (purple).

The best way to start them is in a box three inches deep. The box is filled with a mixture of half peat and half soil. The bulbs are pressed into the soil mixture until the tops are just slightly above the soil surface. Water the soil thoroughly but avoid wetting the tops of the bulb. Then the box should be placed in a warm place with or without lights (75-80 deg. F.) until the leaves begin to develop. They can then be carefully lifted from the box and carefully planted in pots containing a rich soil mixture. The gloxinia plants can be handled just like African violets.

Planted in January, they will flower in May. One or two applications of fertilizer after the blooming period is over will improve the bulb for next year. By midsummer the leaves will begin to turn yellow. When this happens stop watering, and when the tops die down completely store the bulbs at 50-60 deg. F. until late fall, when they can be started up again.

One nice feature about indoor gardens is that you can change the design several times during the winter—indeed you can change it at will because the plants are in pots and therefore readily movable. Sometimes it is more effective to group the plants together such as the group of Dutch bulbs, although this design would be spoiled if some other plant were placed amongst them. On the other hand you could make a very interesting study by grouping your Saintpaulias with the gloxinias. Similarly, appropriate groupings of foliage plants might be a background to your spectacular amaryllis. There are endless possibilities for the indoor gardener. +



BLUE WILLOW CROSS-STITCH MAT

The old-world charm of blue willow will add grace to your breakfast tray or table. Make them too as gifts or even pictures. White linen, 75c; cream linen, 50c; sufficient threads 25c extra. Order No. C101.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Magnificent Parma blue gown by Philip Hultar. Her deodorant: safe, gentle new Fresh.



The "moisture-shield" in new Fresh is a gentle extra-effective astringent that acts just like an invisible shield to protect your clothes from perspiration stains, stop embarrassing odor.

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Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," when used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor! Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is far superior in anti-perspirant action; acts

instantly like an invisible shield, keeps you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants... and it's the astringent action that keeps your underarms dry.

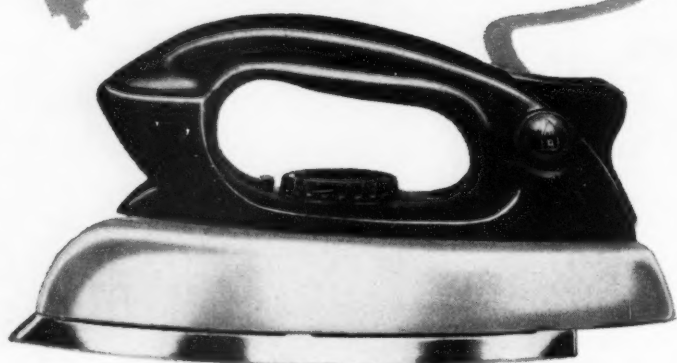
Creamy-soft, Fresh is gentle to skin, not sticky or greasy. Try new Fresh today.

*FRESH IS A REG. TRADE MARK OF THE PHARMA-CRAFT CORPORATION



New keeps you Lovely to Love Always

first
with the world's
finest lightweight
coloured irons



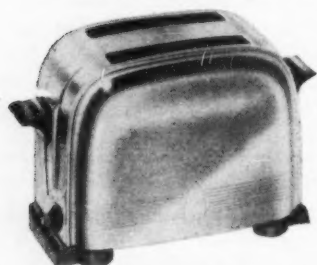
MORPHY-RICHARDS *Atlantic*

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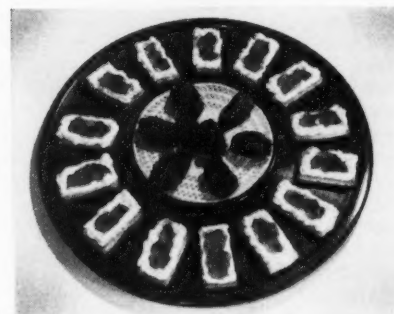
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ROUND THE CLOCK

By JEAN BYERS.

There's a cheese for every taste

for parties...



■ Cream cheese canapes.

and cheddar, the favorite food

A RECENT Chatelaine Consumer Survey made it plain that cheese rates high with the Canadian family—father likes bulk cheddar for its real "he-man" flavor, mother likes cream cheese for its creamy texture and party adaptability, and everyone likes cottage cheese for low calories and low cost. Try cheese in some of these Chatelaine Institute approved recipes.

FRESH CREAM CHEESE

Cream cheese looks rather plain and ordinary but it can be changed into so many delicious and interesting forms that no wonder we call it a "party perk-up."

■ PARTY PERK-UPS

Stuffed Fruits: stuff prunes, dates, figs, apricots, with cream cheese for a favorite after-school snack as well as a party frill.

Nutballs: delicious with a salad are cream cheese balls rolled in chopped nutmeats or coconut.

Canapes: toast bread rounds or fingers in oven. Force cream cheese through pastry decorator and make an edging on toast rounds. Fill in the centre with a tart jelly, such as crab-apple or cranberry. These are pretty as pictures and twice as good to eat.

Strawberries: for the perfect garnish for that salad try forming cream cheese in pyramids, rolling in desiccated coconut and dipping in red sugar (add a few drops of food coloring to fine granulated sugar and work in with fingertips; repeat until you get the desired color). Then top each with a sprig of parsley.

FRUITED CHEESE COOKIES

1/3 cup butter or margarine	2 teaspoons baking powder
3 (4-ounce) packages cream cheese	3 tablespoons cut mixed peel or glacé pineapple, chopped
1/2 cup sugar	3 tablespoons glacé cherries, chopped
1 teaspoon vanilla	1/4 teaspoon powdered ginger
1 3/4 cups flour	
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Thoroughly blend butter or margarine, cheese, ginger and sugar; add vanilla.

CK

BYERS.

WITH CHEESE

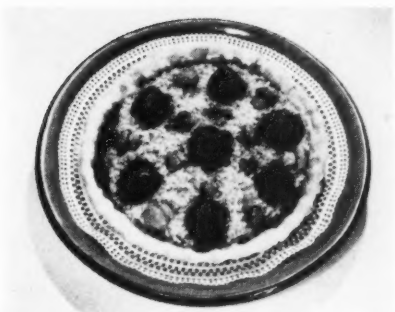
Chatelaine Institute



* Cottage cheesecake.

...cream cheese

cottage cheese for keeping slim



● Pizza, with cheddar.

of mice and men

Gradually work in the sifted dry ingredients. Add glacé fruit. Form the dough into a roll and chill overnight. Slice in thin cookies and place on greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 5½ dozen cookies.

Note: These keep indefinitely when frozen and are nice to have on hand for that unexpected teatime caller.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHOCOLATE RIPPLE CHEESE ICE CREAM

1½ (4-ounce) packages cream cheese	1 pint table cream (18%)
2/3 cup sugar	1 tablespoon vanilla
	2/3 cup thick chocolate syrup

Cream cheese and sugar until well blended. Gradually add cream and mix well. Add vanilla. Partially freeze in a refrigerator tray. Remove to a deep chilled bowl and beat until smooth and light. Return to the freezer until the mixture is a thick mush. Then pour chocolate syrup in evenly distributed streaks over the surface. Cut the syrup in with a knife until the ice cream has

a marbled appearance. Refreeze until firm. Serves 8.

Note: Seasonal variations as Raspberry or Strawberry Ripple are delicious too. Just make a heavy berry sauce and follow the regular method.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHOCOLATE CHEESE FUDGE

1 (4-ounce) package cream cheese	¼ teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups sifted icing sugar	Dash of salt
2 (1-ounce) squares unsweetened chocolate	½ cup chopped nutmeats

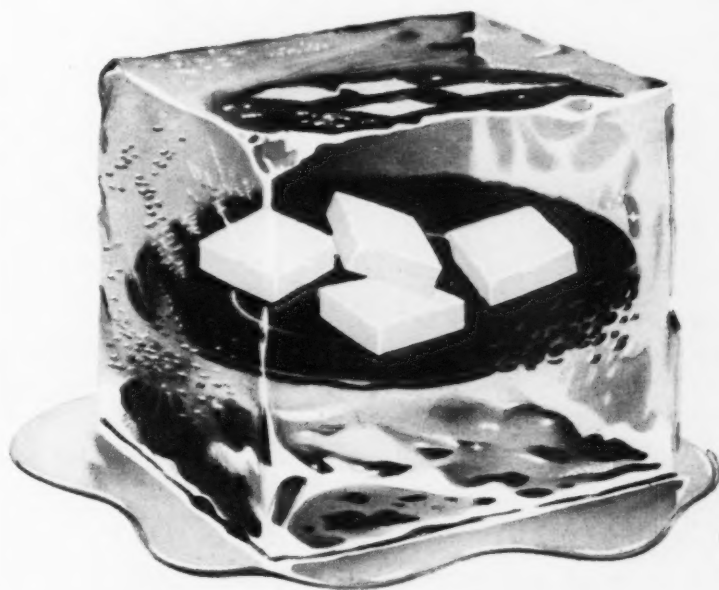
Cream the cheese until soft and smooth. Slowly blend in the sugar. Melt the chocolate and mix well into the cheese-sugar mixture. Add vanilla, salt and nutmeats and mix until thoroughly blended. Press into a shallow well-greased pan. Place in refrigerator until firm. Cut into squares.

Note: Try adding raisins or, as a special Christmas treat, glacé fruit and nuts.

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For cheddar and cottage cheese recipes turn the page.

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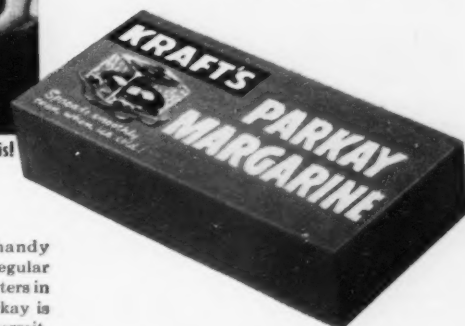


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CHEESE RECIPES

Continued from pages 62 and 63

COTTAGE CHEESE

Waistline watchers, here's news for you—cottage cheese will fit into any dish from dessert to dinner.

CHEESE TOMATO BAKED ONIONS

1/2 cup cottage cheese	2 tablespoons grated nippy cheese
1/4 cup chili sauce	2 tablespoons bread crumbs
1 tablespoon minced raw onion	6 medium onions
1/4 cup chopped celery	

Parboil whole onions 25 to 30 minutes or until almost tender. Slice off tops and scoop out centres, leaving 1/2-inch casings. Combine cottage cheese, chili sauce, minced onion and celery. Fill onion cases. Top with grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in a small amount of water in a shallow pan, at 375 deg. F. for one hour. Makes 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

VEILED COTTAGE QUEEN

1 cup cottage cheese (dry)	1 cup tart apple-sauce
1 cup heavy cream	2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons sugar	1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	1 cup bread crumbs

Whip cream; fold in two teaspoons sugar and vanilla, blend in cottage cheese and chill. Place cinnamon, remaining sugar and bread crumbs together in a small heavy frying pan. Stir with a wooden spoon over very low heat until an even rich brown. Remove from heat and allow to cool on a plate. When cool, break up with the back of a spoon or rolling pin. To assemble dessert: In tall glasses place a layer of crumbs, a layer of applesauce and a layer of whipped cream and cheese mixture. Repeat once again using about one tablespoon of each, each time. Top with crumbs and a cherry. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COTTAGE CHEESE AND EGGS IN CURRY SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter	1 cup cottage cheese
2 tablespoons flour	Salt
1 cup milk	Pepper
1 teaspoon curry powder	4 hard cooked eggs
1/2 teaspoon grated onion	2 cups cooked rice

Melt butter, add flour and blend. Add milk gradually and cook in double boiler stirring constantly, until thickened. Add curry powder, onion, cheese and season to taste. Slice eggs, then cut slices in halves. Arrange in a nest of hot rice (or individual nests). Top with hot curry sauce.

Variations can be made by omitting eggs and using a vegetable, leftover meat or fish. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

1 package lime jelly powder	1 cup grapefruit sections
1 cup cottage cheese	1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup orange sections	1/2 cup chopped celery

Prepare lime jelly according to directions on package. When partially set fold in remaining ingredients. Allow to set firmly either in ring mold or individual molds. Unmold and serve on lettuce with cottage cheese balls rolled in coconut. Makes 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

* CHEESECAKE

Crumb Mixture

1/3 cup melted butter	3 tablespoons sugar
1 1/2 cups zwieback crumbs	3/4 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine ingredients; press 2/3 of crumb mixture into greased 9 in. spring form pan (or other round pan with deep sides). Chill until set.

Cake Batter:

2 cups cottage cheese (dry)	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar	4 eggs, separated
2 teaspoons lemon juice	3 tablespoons flour
Grated rind of one lemon	2/3 cup light cream
	1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar

Mix and beat together by hand, or medium speed on mixer for 10 minutes, the cottage cheese, 1/4 cup sugar, lemon juice and salt. Blend in four egg yolks. Mix in flour and add cream. Beat at medium speed three minutes or until well blended.

In a separate bowl beat egg whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar and remaining sugar and continue to beat until soft peaks form. Pour cheese batter over egg-whites and fold in gently. Pour into crumb-lined pan; sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Bake in 300 deg. F. oven for one hour. Turn off heat; let cake stand in oven for one hour (don't peek!). Remove cake from oven, let stand 4 to 5 minutes, then remove from tin. Serves 12.

(If dry cottage cheese is not available, pour off the cream from creamy cottage cheese.)

Note: Imagine, a low calorie but rich tasting cheesecake. Dry cottage cheese and light cream make the difference. If you don't care about calories, try it with marshmallow or cranberry sauce.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHEDDAR CHEESE

Perhaps the most versatile cheese of all is bulk cheddar, either natural or process, but it is particularly famous as the mainstay of main dishes. Since men prefer it, women serve it and its variety, ranging from mild to very old, from hard to spready, gives a wide field of choice.

GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES

1. Butter fresh bread, spread with peanut butter, top with a pineapple ring and surmount by a slice of creamy process cheese. Grill 15 minutes.

Continued on page 66

NOW-get the kind of sleep you dream about

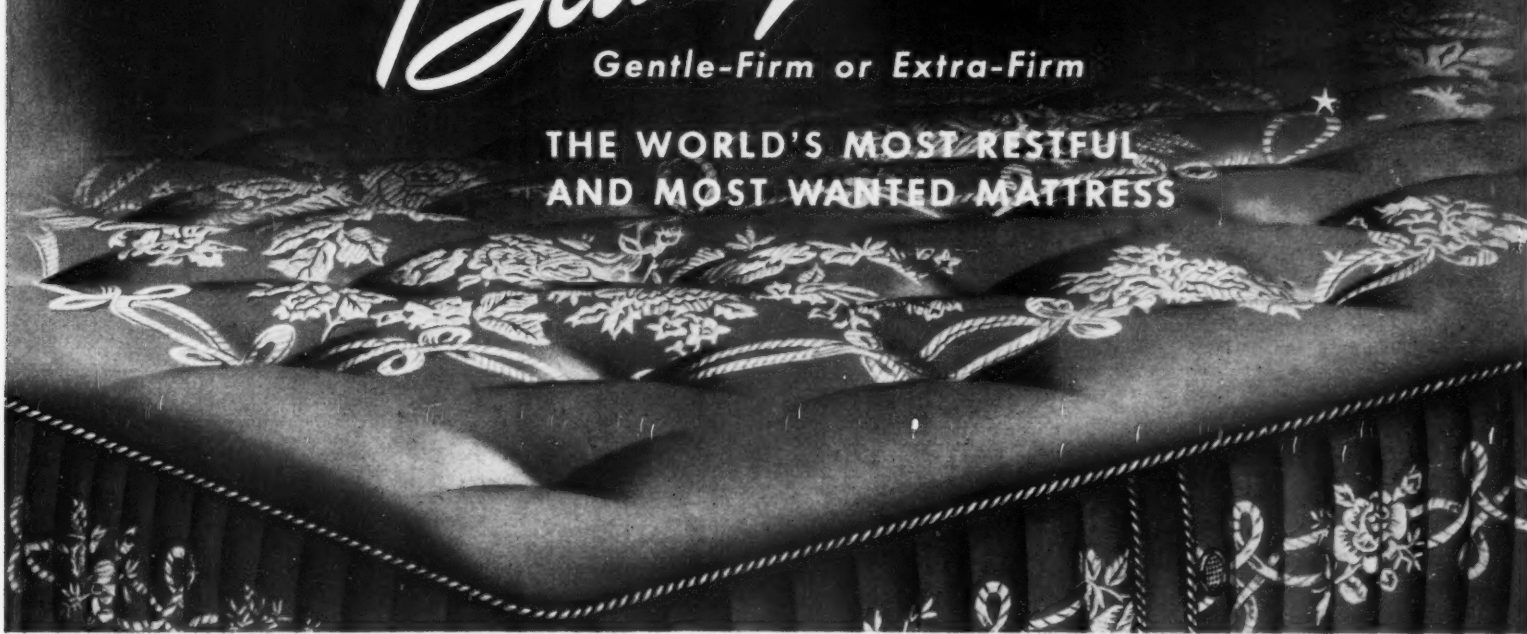


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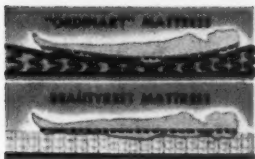
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Continued from page 64

2. Butter fresh bread, add a slice of juicy-sweet onion and a slice of back bacon. Grill until bacon is cooked. Add a slice of creamy process cheese and grill 5 minutes more.

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PIZZA

1 package fast-rising yeast	2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup water	1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon sugar	Salad oil
¾ cups bread flour	

Dissolve 1 teaspoon sugar in 1 cup lukewarm water. Sprinkle dried yeast on top and let stand 15 minutes. Stir well. Beat in 1½ cups flour. Mix in shortening with salt. Stir in remaining flour; knead until smooth and elastic or for about 10 minutes. (Dough will be very firm.) Place in a greased mixing bowl; turn to bring greased side up. Cover and let rise in a warm place until more than double in bulk or about 1¾ hours. Punch down and chill in refrigerator. Cut dough into two parts. Roll into 2 (10-inch) circles and place on greased cookie sheets. Gash edges about every inch and press edge up slightly. Gash bottom to prevent bubbles. Brush with salad oil.

Filling:

1½ pounds ground beef	½ cup minced onion
2 (6-ounce) cans tomato paste	1 (10-ounce) can sliced mushrooms
½ teaspoon ground sweet basil	3 1/3 cups grated cheddar cheese
½ teaspoon oregano	2/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
Pepper	

Form beef into small balls and brown. Drain. Sauté mushrooms in butter. Combine tomato paste, basil, oregano, salt, pepper, with onion. Spread each dough circle with about ¼ of the tomato mixture. Cover with meat balls and mushrooms. Sprinkle with cheddar cheese; top with rest of tomato sauce. Then sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) 20 minutes. Garnish each wedge with a mushroom cap. Makes 16 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHEESE AND CHICKEN SANDWICH

1 loaf sliced bread	½ (10-ounce) package sharp spreading cheese
1 (10-ounce) can cranberry jelly	Chicken salad filling
1 tablespoon butter	

Trim crusts off bread. Place in piles of three. Butter centre slice. Spread bottom layer with Chicken salad filling. Slice cranberry jelly in ¼-inch slices and place a jelly slice on the second layer. Top with the third slice of bread and cover top and sides with a mixture of creamed butter and cheese (not on the fillings). Chill until ready to serve. Then bake on a greased cookie sheet at 350 deg. F. for about 20 minutes.

Chicken Salad Filling:

1 cup cooked ground chicken	1 hard cooked egg, chopped
¼ cup pickle relish	3 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
¼ cup chopped celery	

Combine all ingredients together. Spread mixture evenly on bread.

Note: This unusual sandwich gives a new cheese thrill. Make a note of it for Christmas entertaining.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHEESE SOUFFLE RING

3 tablespoons butter	½ teaspoon mono-sodium glutamate
4 tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup milk	Salt
½ cup grated cheddar cheese	¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
3 eggs, separated	

Melt butter and stir in flour; add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Add cheese and stir over low heat until melted. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time; add seasonings. Beat egg whites to a froth; sprinkle with cream of tartar; continue beating until stiff but not dry. Fold cheese sauce into egg whites, blending gently, but thoroughly. Pour into well-greased 5-cup ring mold, set in shallow pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 50 minutes to 1 hour or until firm. Remove from oven and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Loosen gently from sides of mold with spatula and turn out on heated platter. Fill centre as desired and garnish with parsley. Serves 6.

Cream Filling:

½ pound breakfast bacon	1 tin green beans
1 (10-ounce) can sliced mushrooms	1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 can mushroom soup	Salt
	Pepper

Cut bacon into 1-inch pieces and sauté lightly in a frying pan. Remove bacon and sauté mushrooms until tender in bacon fat. Drain mushrooms, add with bacon to other ingredients in top of double boiler and heat. Fill cheese soufflé ring. Garnish with parsley. Serve at once.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BAKED CHEESE CROQUETTES

2 cups boiled rice	1 chopped green onion
1 cup grated nippy Canadian cheddar	¼ teaspoon mint
½ cup thick white sauce	Cayenne
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	Salt
½ teaspoon paprika	Pepper
	1 egg, slightly beaten
	1 cup bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients except bread crumbs and egg. Shape into croquettes. Roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg, then roll again in crumbs. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 30 minutes. Makes 8 small or 6 medium croquettes.

Note: An excellent way to use up leftovers—just vary by adding meat or vegetables to the original recipe.

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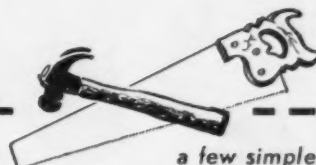
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SUMMER'S END

Continued from page 19

lake but left her out of parties—but, though nothing had ever been said, Celia knew that that was because Don so resolutely refused to enjoy himself in Barbara's house, and she could not very well be invited without him . . . and she did not care. It would have been difficult to try to meet Barbara's hospitality on equal terms, and all she wanted from Barbara was her friendship, which she had. They had been friends all their lives, best friends; they could talk to each other as they could talk to no one else.

She washed the dishes, wiped the white stove, the white icebox, the pale pink breakfast table, and the pale pink countertop, cleaned the sink, turned on the light and swept the waxed cobalt blue linoleum floor. But it was still light outdoors, and it would not stay light forever. She went outside.

The world was luminously green, sweet-scented, and dewy; and from the edge of the lawn she could look down on the lakeside cottages and the pale lake and the yellow sparkles of light on the far shore; and she could see in the middle distance to the right the white rails of the fences at the Erlich's farm and the lights of the big house. She turned and looked back at her own home, commonplace but solid, a wonderful place for the children summer and winter, which quite made up to Don for his thirty miles' drive to town against the sun every morning, his thirty miles through crowded suburban traffic in the

evening. "It's worth it," he said over and over, when the two little girls came in red-checked from sliding in the winter, brown-faced and bleached-haired from swimming in summer . . . A good father, a good husband . . . She suddenly pressed her hands against her face, not clearly understanding what she felt and not wanting to understand it, and almost at once took them down and started along the path winding downhill to the narrow black-topped road.

Ginny and Sandy were running after her. "Where're you going, mother?"

"For a walk."

"Can we come?"

"I guess so," she said, glad of their company. She felt anchored by them, tethered by them. They would bring her safely home again that night.

They could not talk on the path; it was too narrow, too steep, but once on the black-top road, Sandy took hold of her hand with a small hard hand that felt very unclean, and suggested that they all sing three songs . . . and stopped dead in the middle of the first brave shrill note because they were no longer alone on the road. "There's Aunt Barbara," said Ginny, and it was; but it was not Leonard with her because Leonard was very tall and thin and stooped and this man was stocky and not much taller than Barbara. Apart from that, not much could be seen of him in the twilight.

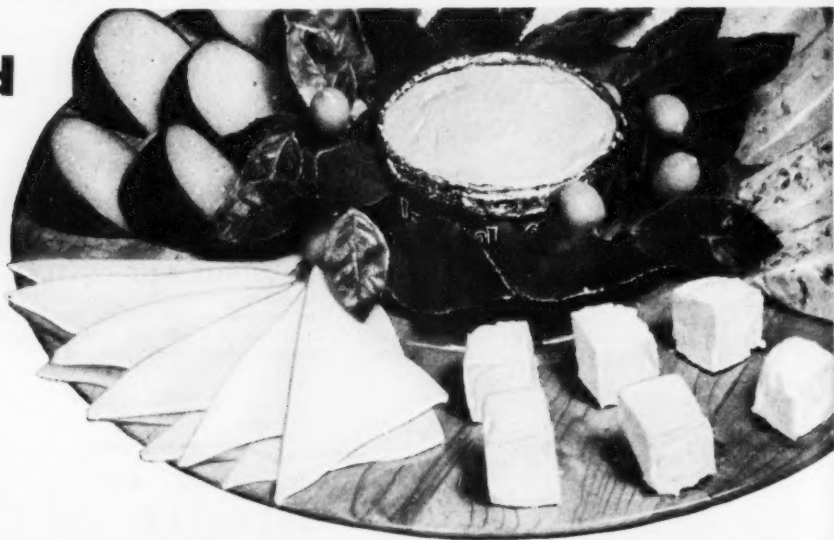
"Celia?" said Barbara questioningly in her soft gentle voice.

"Look who's here ahead of time! Arnold Mott, flying in all unexpected-like. Aren't we glad we got that piano moved? Celia helped me oversee, Arnold. This is my cousin Celia

How to serve an assorted

Cheese Tray

Easy to serve, and always attractive, a tray of delicious cheese fits in with *any* gathering. Be sure to combine a good variety of flavors. Wedges of red-coated Gouda add color, and have a delicate flavor to contrast with nippy cheddar and salty Blue cheese. The sweet, nut-like flavor of Swiss and the freshness of cream cheese are popular, too. Serve fruit or crackers, or both . . . the keynote of cheese-tray entertaining is "everyone to his taste".



1. In the center of a wooden tray, place a half-pound or one-pound container of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese. Cut a Casino Gouda in half, and cut one half into six wedges. Arrange on tray.



2. Cut three Kraft Deluxe Slices of Swiss Cheese or Canadian Cheese into diagonal halves. Arrange on tray. Unwrap three portions of Casino Blue Cheese and place on tray.



3. Cut one 4-oz. package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese into six cubes. Arrange on tray. There's a Kraft variety of cheese to please everyone—so see them all at the food store and make your choice.

and her offspring, Sandy on her right, Ginny on her left."

"How do you do?" said Celia, and there was a spasmodic uncertain movement of hands in the darkness—she thought that he was going to offer his and started to offer hers and changed her mind because of the stickiness that Sandy had left on it.

"How do you do?" he said, and after a pause added, "The mosquitoes are terrible." He had a light voice and distinct diction.

"Oh, come," said Barbara, "don't start with criticisms. Celia and I are house-proud and land-proud and lake-proud, we won't stand for criticism, will we, Celia? Damn," she went on, slapping her arm. "No use standing still. Drop over tomorrow if you have time, Celia, why don't you? Let's trot, Arnold. Let's trot."

"Good-by," he said, "I hope—" but had no time to finish; Barbara was pulling him on.

"Good-by," Celia said, and her little girls called gladly, "Good-by!" She turned them firmly to the left where the road that ran past their house joined the lake road. "No, we've got to be getting back, it's getting late."

In the morning the alarm went off at seven-fifteen; at eight o'clock to the minute the garage door rolled up with a quiet roar and Don backed his car out and set off for the mystery of his day at work. She knew that he was head of the accounting department of the Merlin Manufacturing Company, which manufactured various kinds of gauges, but that was about all she knew; he did not like to talk about his job.

She suspected that he was too self-conscious to be a good manager of people; in every difficulty it would be the repercussions on himself, which must sometimes be very accidental, and incidental too, that he would be most aware of. But he had a shrewd clear head for figures, and he was not lazy; he was not the sort of man to be casually fired.

Ginny usually slept till ten or even later; but at five minutes past eight Sandy came down, having been awakened by the opening of the garage door; and as soon as she had eaten her cornflakes and milk and the breakfast dishes were washed, she followed Celia into the garden to help with the weeding and at long intervals ask grave questions about life and nature.

When they had made a good impression on the weeds, they went inside and did the dusting, and then Ginny came down wearing her bathing suit. She had made the beds, she said, and tidied the bathroom, and now she wanted them all to go for a swim before lunch, which would be her breakfast. So Sandy put on her trunks, and Celia hung her bathing suit and a towel over her shoulder, and they set off for Barbara's beach.

They had it to themselves today; no one came from the house to join them, though Barbara shouted hello from an upstairs window and Leonard waved at them as he hurried along the flagstoned path to the stables. Afterwards, the children went home directly; and when she had changed back to her faded pink dress in one of the two little ivy-covered dressing huts at the shore end of the wharf, Celia followed them. She went as usual by the path that she had made



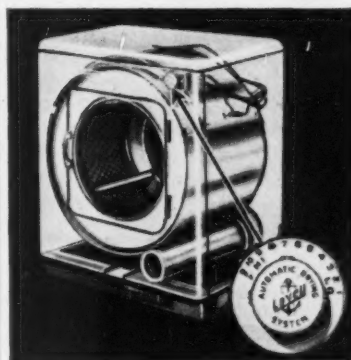
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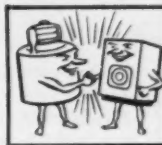
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How to add flavor and nutrition to everyday menus

Add nutrition to salads by adding strips of Velveeta, Kraft's famous cheese food. When you toss greens for a chef's salad, toss thin curls of Casino Brand Swiss right in with them. Or crumble Casino Blue and toss with a salad for distinctive flavor.



Top off a meal with one of the best desserts in the world—fruit and cheese! Almost all fruits and almost all cheeses go wonderfully well together, so you simply combine your own favourites. A dessert suggestion: grapes, apples, or pears with MacLaren's Imperial Sharp Cheese.



Remember that all cheese for a cheese tray is better served with no chill in it. The flavor's best when you take the cheese out of the refrigerator a few hours ahead, and serve it at room temperature.

Surprise your guests with hot cheese canapés. Cut small rounds from Kraft Deluxe Slices of cheese, and place on toast rounds, same size. Top each with an onion slice. Brush lightly with oil, and place under moderate broiler heat until cheese starts melting. Superb flavor!

In cooking with cheese, bear in mind that a double boiler is always kindest to protein foods—and that includes cheese. Too high heat makes cheese stringy. Overcooking is another error. When cheese is melted, it's cooked. Take it off the heat. Serve it at once.

Serve cheese often, because in addition to being delicious it has truly impressive food values! Cheese helps to supply high-quality complete protein, at low cost. It's an excellent source of milk calcium and phosphorus, a good source of vitamin A and riboflavin. Ounce for ounce, there is no other basic food that matches cheese for these important nutrients!

Make quick, delicious hot cheese sauce by melting a ½-lb. of Velveeta in the double boiler and stirring in a little milk. (Use a ½-lb. pkg. or cut this portion from the economical 1-lb. or 2-lb. loaf.) Season to taste. Then pour it over toast—vegetables—leftovers. Children really do love it.



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THE ORIGINAL - ALL FINE HAM - ZESTFULLY SEASONED

herself through the small wilderness of
bushes and trees that Barbara liked to
encourage between herself and the public
road, which took her close to the win-
dows of the old brick studio, as it was
called now—in the old days it had been
an icehouse—and as she rounded a
clump of untrimmed pines, she heard
the sound of the piano.

Nothing but scales were being played,
but the effect on her was astonishing
even to herself. She stopped where she
was and listened and a swift shiver
moved over her whole body. She had
not heard a live piano masterfully
played for more than four years, and
she had not realized before how much
she had missed hearing one.

The scales rolled on, swift, precise,
and stirring, though only scales, and she
left the path for a little knoll near the
windows of the studio, where sunlight
dappled the long grass, and sat down.
The scales ended and the music began;
and then tears came into her eyes from
the intensity of her pleasure. She knew
that she could not be seen where she
was by someone at the piano because
she had helped direct the placing of that
piano, and so she sprawled in comfort
on the thick turf and listened in open
surrender to delight. When it was over,
she got up and walked home on air.

The next day was different;
Ginny got up a little earlier than usual
and took Sandy off for a picnic, arrang-
ing to meet Celia after lunch at Bar-
bara's beach; and so Celia set off by
herself down to her private path through
the little wilderness. She hoped to hear
the sound of the piano again; and she
heard it and had to linger. And today
she was luckier than on the day before;
she arrived on the scene just as the
exercises ended and the music began.

Two Chopin preludes; a short serious
piece that she could not identify; three
of the Opus 33 Bagatelles by Beethoven;
then conclusive silence. She rose exila-
rated and walked on to the glittering
water and brilliant sunlight and high
blue open sky.

Ginny and Sandy, being obedient
children, were waiting for her on the
wharf; she did not like to have them
swim without some sort of supervision,
though they swam like fishes; and they
waited patiently while she changed into
her suit. Then they all three dived in
together from the edge of the wharf,
plunging down into cool green gloom to
dig their fingers and toes in the cool
soft grey sand before rising again to the
glitter and warmth on the surface of
the lake. As she blinked water out of
her eyes, she saw the man who played
the piano standing on the wharf looking
curiously down at her. And Don was
right; he was perfectly ordinary—me-
dium tall and rather more broad-
shouldered than usual for his height,
which made him seem shorter; dark
hair; dark eyes; smooth chest; hairy legs;
a round face; and uneasy smile. "You
must be the cousin with the offspring
that I met Monday night," he said.

"Yes," she said, shy about saying her
own name, but he said, "Mrs. Ham-
mond," and she said, "Yes," again,
treading water and squinting up at him.
She pause. "Where's Barbara?"

"She had to be in town at one o'clock
for some reason. She said I could
—should—ask you to lunch if you
turned up—she saw the children here
and thought you might."

"Oh, did I keep you waiting that
long?" she said to Ginny.

"It didn't matter," said Ginny. "We
were talking . . ."

"Well, I got delayed, I'm sorry," she
said, and she looked up again at the
man on the wharf, feeling shy than
ever because he played the piano so very
well. "And we've already had lunch
. . . We eat awfully early."

"I eat awfully late, I'm afraid. Well—"
he said and dived in, a very bad dive,
making a great splash.

"I think that must have hurt," said
Ginny when he came up, and he laughed
doubtfully and said it had. "Should
I show you how to dive?"

"I wish you would," he said. "I was
brought up by a very prim aunt and
didn't learn to swim till I was twenty."
So Ginny showed him, but the water
had slapped his chest red by the time
he stopped trying to carry out her ideas
on the subject.

"It takes practice," she said, flipping
herself off in a neat somersault from the
low board, and Celia climbed up on the
wharf feeling that she ought to dis-
courage him from doing any more, since
he had been ill and looked tired now.

"I'm afraid you're getting sun-
burned," she said.

"Oh no," he said ungratefully.

She was disappointed; she wanted to
beg him to be as nice as his music; but
she could not be angry with him after
her private concert. "I . . . I don't
suppose you have any cigarettes?" she
said.

"In the pocket of my robe, over there
under the tree . . . Oh well, I'll get
them," he said, ungraciously resigned
at first then pretending to be amused
by her manoeuvre, and she followed him
quickly and sat down on the grass in
the shade of the tree, glad of the shade
whether he was or not. He stayed on
his feet. "In the pocket," he repeated.

"I don't really—" she said uncon-
fortably.

"I know, you only wanted to get me
out of the sun, on some motherly
impulse best understood by yourself,
and now," he went on without pause,
"I wish I could go back about five
minutes and start over. I don't know
why I'm so cross."

"That's all right," she said, surprised
but relieved and glad.

"I mean, I do know, but it's rather
hard to express," he said, sitting down
on the grass and taking a cigarette case
and lighter out of the pocket of the robe
that lay there. His dark bright eyes
were now friendly and apologetic, but
they met hers hesitantly, though hope-
fully, and turned quickly away again.
She had an idea that he was very
impatient with the cautious prelimi-
naries of possible friendship but was
not enough of an egotist to dispense
with them boldly, and she did not know
which quality she liked best in him, the
impatience or the modesty.

"Isn't Leonard home either?" she said
after a moment.

"Oh yes, but he's already had lunch.
I'm the only late-riser in this household.
It's inconvenient, and very rude, too,
I suppose, but I cannot get up early."

"You're like Ginny."

"Which is Ginny—the bold one or the
deaf-mute?"

"Think how you'd feel," she said,
startled, "if Sandy really were!"

"In a purely selfish way," he said,
leaning back on one elbow and clicking

the cigarette case open and shut, "it might be a relief. I would humble myself in apologies so comprehensively and conclusively that you would have to forget what a short time we've known each other and try to comfort me. I think I'd like that."

"I don't think you would," she said, laughing. "I never really know what to say to comfort people. It always seems so silly to me to cry over spilled milk."

"How unattractive of you," he said, and she laughed again. "Well, I think I'd better go and change . . ."

When she came out, he was talking to the children, who were keeping their distance; Ginny was answering him flippantly with a pleasant friendly grin on her small tanned face, but she stayed with Sandy, who was determined to stay as far away from the strange man as possible. He said good-by to them and to Celia as if he had enjoyed their company, and she thought about him all the way home.

Barbara had had well-known people as guests before but they had never been so easily accessible as Arnold Mott. She had been invited to lunch to meet them, so that (as Barbara candidly explained) Barbara and she could have the pleasure of discussing them in detail afterward, but the peculiar thing was this: she had been half in love with the glamour of all of them in anticipation; and having been held off by the defenses which that sort of people kept built up against her sort—the quick uncaring smiles, the deliberate unimportant confidences, the self-reflecting mirrors that shielded them

from spectators—she had been half in love with them afterward too. Seeing them close and hearing their voices and observing their mannerisms had given her more material for her daydreams. But now, walking home from a meeting with Arnold Mott, she was uncomfortably aware that she was not going to be able to make a daydream around him. He was too real for such liberties to be taken with him. She could not make him say interesting things to her in her mind because he had already spoken for himself. He had noticed her; he might be thinking of her now; and the thing important to the success of a daydream was, it had to be completely one-sided.

Barbara dropped in that afternoon on her way back from town. "Put on the pot," she commanded, pulling open the screen door, vividly pretty in cherry-red spun silk that looked like linen. She had black hair and large brown eyes, and she always wore bright lipstick; and she was tall. She was used to having people call her beautiful, but she disagreed with them. As she said, Celia was the beautiful one; she herself was coarse, overblown, exaggerated. But no one, or very few, noticed the perfect features hidden in Celia's face by the freckles and general beigeness of her coloring, and everyone was immediately impressed by Barbara's large velvety eyes and geranium cheeks and black glossy hair. "Did you have lunch with Arnold? Did you talk to him?"

"We'd already had lunch," said Celia, measuring coffee into the pot. "But I talked to him. Easy to talk to, he is."

"Yes! Isn't he nice? He was like that the first time I ever met him—so

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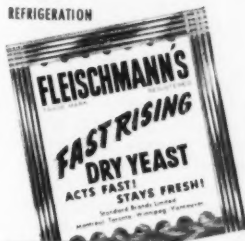


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Basic WHOLE WHEAT Dough

Scald

- 3¾ cups milk
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 4½ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

- ¾ cup lukewarm water
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

- 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

- 6 cups whole wheat flour
- and beat until smooth and elastic; work in 4 cups more (about) whole wheat flour

Turn out on board sprinkled with whole wheat flour and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead 10 minutes. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

Shape one portion of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased loaf pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until just doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 35 to 40 minutes, covering loaf with heavy brown paper after first 15 minutes of baking.

2. PAN BUNS

Cut one portion of dough into 16 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball and arrange in a greased 8-inch square cake pan. Grease tops. Cover and let

rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 30 minutes, covering buns with heavy brown paper after first 15 minutes of baking.

3. SALAD OR WIENER ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a slim roll 4 to 5 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Split rolls and fill with salad or heated wieners.

darned pleasant . . . Mr. Paccioli thinks he's going to be in the first rank of pianists some day, I mean, another Gieseking or Schnabel. Isn't it fun? Oh, Celia, what would I do if I didn't have you here to enjoy it with me, I mean in the same way I do—naïve and thrilled . . ."

Celia laughed, and Barbara laughed too, but she had meant what she said, and Celia knew what she meant. Pleasant and exciting as it was to be in the company of a pianist who had played at Carnegie Hall, it was almost more fun to sit here and talk about it, because neither of them could really feel prosaic about knowing him, but when they were with him they had to pretend it was all very ordinary.

During the next week or so she managed, except when it rained, to take the little path to the knoll outside the studio in time to hear the music that followed the morning's exercises and scales, and one day she was so bold as to take a shopping-bag of mending along with her to the knoll, feeling more like a normal housewife, a normal resident of the neighborhood, when she could darn socks as she listened.

Afterward, she fished a small plane

out of the bottom of the bag, left the bag on the knoll, and took the plane around to Leonard's workshop at the back of the house and left it to be sharpened.

She heard movement inside the studio as she returned past its open door and she walked very softly, but Arnold Mott called out, "Who's there?" She stopped. "Could you give me a hand, whoever it is?" he went on. She hesitated for a second or two and then went bravely into the dimness. "Oh, it's you?"

"Me," she said. "What—what did you want help with? Can I help?"

"I wanted to move this table square with the carpet," he said, "and I think I might pull the legs off it if I try to do it alone—would it be too heavy for you?"

"Oh no," she said, moving to the opposite end of the table and taking hold of it.

"That's better," he said, moving off to look at it. "It was as bad as a crooked picture." He was wearing a white shirt and dark blue shorts, and he was sweating.

"It's hot in here," she said.

"Hot everywhere," he said, "but I don't mind. Don't go. I've got iced tea with lemon in it in my private

icebox. Haven't you time to sit down for a little while?" His dark bright eyes were so honest and friendly that she wanted to stay.

She sat down in an old wicker chair near the table. He sat down on the piano stool, facing her, his back to the piano. "The thing is," he said happily, "I told Barbara so often that I had to have solitude, solitude, solitude, that now I have too much. Only I don't want to relax the rule because I really do want solitude. But you won't be hurt when I tell you to go." It was a statement.

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said, smiling.

"You are so intuitive," she said gravely. "But I wonder if you'd be pleased by the reason."

"It's your respect for the musician," he said promptly. "I don't mind. I like to have my talents appreciated as well as any man. And since it got to be recognized, you know, I don't feel that it's me so much as something that belongs to me. You can worship it freely. I worship it myself," he said, closing one eye at her. "I serve it. And I'm perfectly willing to have you serve it too."

"Oh, good for you," she said half seriously, and he laughed.

"Now you don't know what to think," he observed. "Only one thing that you do think is that I'm more of an egotist than I am. Or at least you're afraid of that."

She thought, after all he's done nothing but talk about himself; but she did not say it aloud, which was what he might deserve. She had never in her life taken any pleasure in hurting anyone's feelings. And for no special reason she particularly did not want to hurt his.

By the time she finally came to that conclusion, she began to fear that more time had passed than she was aware of. The air seemed thickened by the heat, in a way that not only inhibited gestures but slowed thought. He sat on the stool, his knees crossed, pensively waggling one foot and watching it move; squarely behind him was the shining black piano, its ivory keys glimmering with a light of their own in the dimness of the room; behind and above the piano was a long mirror. But since the piano was at an angle to the wall, the mirror reflected not the piano but the windowed wall on her right. It

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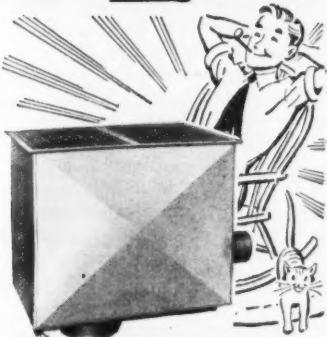
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seemed to be, in fact, a window smaller than itself, a rectangle of green leaves and daylight doubly framed in window-frame and mirrored wall. She saw her sun-dappled knoll, her pink- and - tan shopping bag, the flash of her scissors in the grass, and reminded herself not to forget them when she went; and then she felt profoundly shocked but did not know why for a moment. The reason lagged behind the little explosion that it made in her mind, or rather in her heart—it was a physical sensation that she felt. Before she well understood her feelings, she set her glass down on the floor and said, "I really must—" and she was still trying to drag her eyes away from the mirror when he looked up, glanced over his shoulder to see what she was staring at, and looked again at her with a grin.

"Honestly, I could kill myself," she said quietly.

"If you go on like that I'll regret luring you in here and making a confidante out of you."

She knew that she was being silly, but she could not help it. All those days of sitting in attitudes of ecstasy (as she put it to herself, to exacerbate herself) under his amused eyes, but ignorant, rose up before her, all the more punishing because she could do nothing to make a joke of them now. "Oh, I could shoot myself. You don't know what I was feeling out there."

He laughed. He was enjoying himself. "Feeling some pleasure, I hope. You looked as if you were."

"Oh, don't," she said, shaking her head violently. "And I've got to go. Yes, I did feel a tremendous amount of pleasure, you've no idea how much, and it was awfully nice of you."

"That's better," he said. "All right, you're excused. Tomorrow at the same time, then."

She smiled and said good-by, neither accepting nor declining the invitation, and went, stopping at the knoll to pick up her shopping-bag and scissors, still involuntarily smiling. She felt like another woman entirely, being teased like that by a pleasant man who obviously liked her, though he laughed at her, and who had, after all, stopped his scales to play Beethoven and Brahms for her whenever the mirror reported her arrival. Some of the accumulations of drabness on her seemed to have been rubbed off; she felt that she would gleam

a little to the eye of any passer-by.

Then Don came home, pale and tired after his hot day in town, and she was herself again. "Is dinner ready?" he said, coming into the kitchen, where the blinds were drawn against the evening sun and the droning fan on top of the refrigerator vibrated at regular intervals on the turns.

"As soon as the girls have set the table . . . How are you?"

"Oh, fine," he said mournfully. "Fine . . ." He carried his coat and hat, and his shirtsleeves were turned up halfway to his elbows. "Hot," he said.

Dinner was fried ham and potato salad, milk-and-ginger-ale for the children, iced coffee for the grownups; it was eaten in lethargic silence. Afterward, Don switched back and forth between the two active channels on their television set for a while, then gave up and went outside to sit in a lawn chair in the back yard, where she joined him when she had done the dishes. The heat of the day was still with them, but it was bearable outdoors; and the sky was deeply blue. She looked at Don's pale thick hand hanging listlessly, the veins in it filling and

bulging. "What about a swim?" she said.

"Too tired."

"Oh, let's," she said, "I'm longing for a swim."

"You don't mind going alone, do you?" he said plaintively. "I just want to sit. I've had a hell of a day."

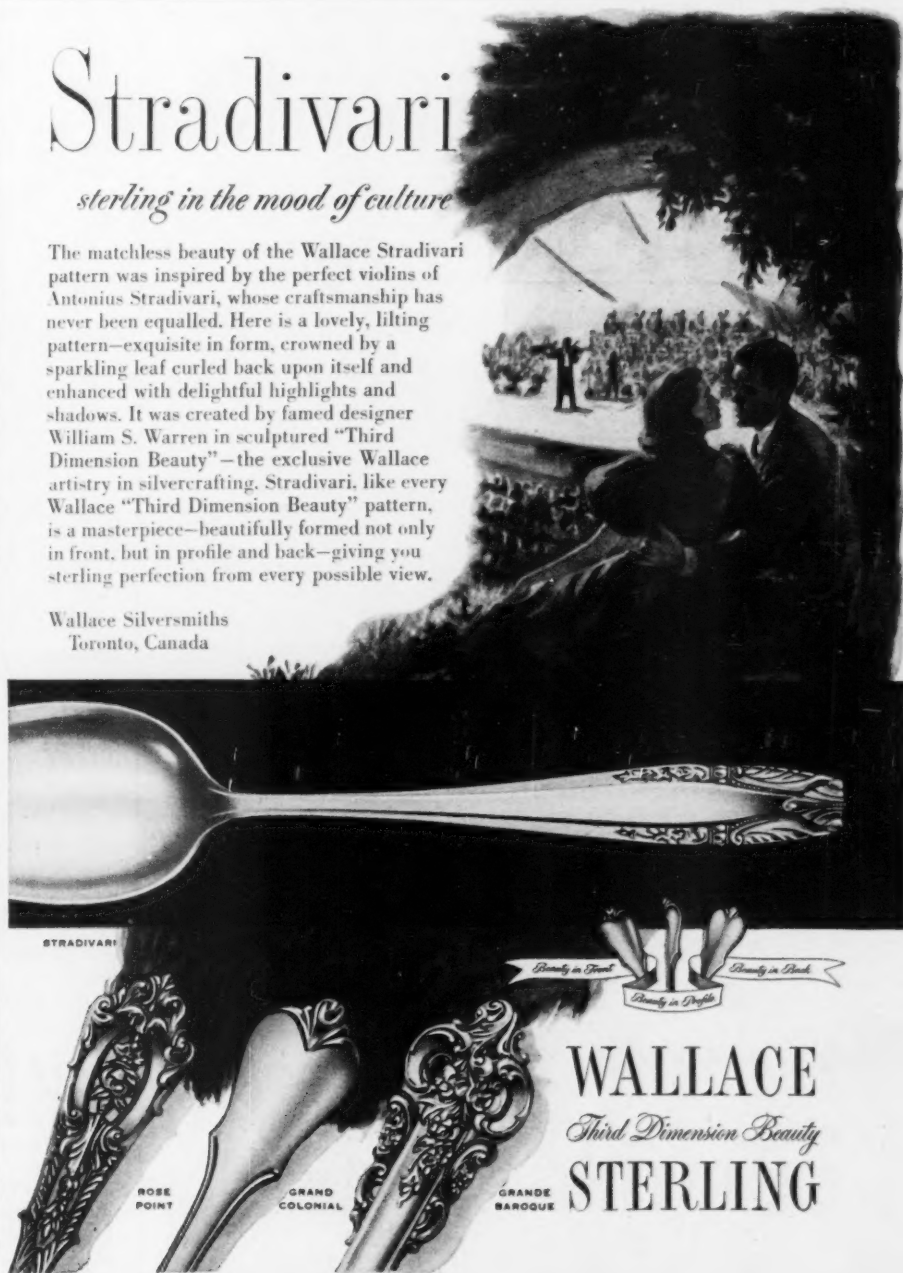
"Oh?" she said encouragingly, but he said nothing more. It made her feel uneasy and sad to see him sitting so heavily still and remember what he had been ten years before, at twenty-six—active, eager, and pleasantly irreverent, a tireless swimmer, a fearless diver, good at all sports and fond of them all, and decidedly not fond of sitting still. She remembered his fairness made dramatic by a deep tan, his erect and easy way of walking barefoot along a beach, the look of aliveness that he got when dance-music was really good, his silent agonies of laughter at a funny movie—what had become of the man that he had been then? She put a good part of the blame on the army, remembering what he had been before the army got him. He had been drafted into a desk-job in the quartermaster corps and it had been his first taste of wilful arbitrary authority that could not be

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softened by protest or pleading and from which there was no appeal, and he had had no armor of hidden talents to protect his most private self from damage when a superior casually raked him over the coals for the good of his soul. The army had subdued him, and it had made him timid. And time and promotion had probably done the rest. He was afraid of his job now; it was almost too much for him, though not quite; and yet he could think of himself as successful, because he had been promoted.

And finally, they had moved out of town, where he had had habits of friendship with determined tennis-players and bowlers and conversational beer-drinkers and bridge-players, where movies and concerts and wrestling matches and basketball games were close at hand, where home was not so attractive of a hot summer evening that he would choose it in preference to a swim at a city beach. Now he had habits of staying-at-home and television and long sleepy hours in a lawn chair in the back yard. It had been a mistake to move.

"Thank God for this," said Don, yawning profoundly.

"For what?"

"This." He waved limply at the lawn, the sky that was paling to turquoise overhead, the trees, the cool encompassing shadows. "Compared to the city—"

"But . . . sometimes I wonder if that long drive morning and night doesn't tire you out . . ."

"Oh, I don't mind it," he said comfortably. "I'm used to it. Hi," he added to Ginny and Sandy, who were approaching across the lawn. That was about all he ever had to say to them—"Hi" and "Bedtime." And soon it was bedtime.

Next morning when swimming was over and she and the children walked up the path from the lake Arnold Mott came to the door of the studio and invited them in. "No!" said Sandy desperately under her breath. Ginny, on the other hand, was delighted. She struck a note on the piano, followed him behind the screen to see the refrigerator, and then, with a glass of iced tea in her hand, looked the whole place over methodically. At last she asked him in an equalitarian way if he wouldn't play something; and when he agreeably did, she stood close beside him, watching his hands. Celia, sitting dignified and aloof in the wicker chair, envied her; she too would have liked to watch his hands.

But before long, with the novelty of it gone, the hands had to move fast to interest Ginny; when they moved slowly, she left the piano to look around the room again, smiling at her mother to imply that it was all very entertaining and informative but perhaps it was time to go?

He turned around suddenly on the piano stool and gave her a look of enquiry. "As far as I'm concerned," she said spontaneously, "you could wear your fingers down to the knuckles playing and I'd still be here entranced . . . but the children . . ."

He smiled at Sandy and turned to Ginny and said, "I suppose you've got other things to do?"

"Well, yes," Ginny said apologetically. "This has been lots of fun and I liked the tea, but—why don't you stay

for a while, though?" she said to her mother kindly. "It's not nearly time for lunch yet. We'll see you at home, mother."

"Come again," he said.

"Oh, sure," said Ginny, smiling, and she took Sandy off, and he turned round to face the piano and went on playing.

Celia went over to lean on the piano and watch his hands. He paid no attention to her; she could not only watch his hands but also glance occasionally at his serious preoccupied face, noticing there a fineness of detail that she had not seen before. The face was youthfully round, the mouth was youthfully relaxed, but in the finely carved curves of the eyesockets and in the tranquil arches of the dark brows there was a maturity and experience and control that explained the maturity of his music.

She was aware of the hot bright stillness of the summer noon outside and the subdued warmth and motionlessness of the attentive shadowy room, but she lost the music, the middle movement of Beethoven's sonata in F minor, in the strangeness of her standing there about two feet away from a man who had played at Carnegie Hall, at the Academy of Music, at Symphony Hall, at the Albert Hall, in Paris, in Rome, in Stockholm, and who was playing privately for her what he had played for great audiences of strangers. Nothing like it had ever happened before to her, and nothing like it would probably ever happen again, but it was happening now—because Barbara made the best of her life by collecting people, because Barbara in all her collecting had never been able to find so comfortable a companion as her cousin Celia. She owed it all to Barbara, and she was very grateful.

"I don't think you're listening," he remarked.

"I'm sorry," she said, flushing painfully.

"It doesn't matter. The moment is sometimes more than the music . . . as long as you're enjoying yourself," he concluded with a philosophical shrug of his shoulders.

"Well, I am."

"I believe you," he said with a brief

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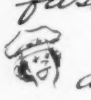


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upward look. "Though you stand all twisted like a pretzel—as if your shoes were too tight."

"I'm relaxed, that's all."

"Take them off if they are, you know, make yourself at home." She laughed, and he smiled, more to himself than to her. "Speaking of homes, Barbara tells me that you are the finest housekeeper she has ever seen—are you?"

"Average. I'm neat and clean and I don't let things pile up."

"You're just about what I'm looking for. I want someone who'll worship at my feet abjectly and breathlessly, as you're doing now, and yet at the same time take care of my housekeeping so that all I have to do is happily exist. But this worshipful housekeeper also has to be able to talk to me on a variety of light and serious subjects, awed but equal, when I feel in a mood for conversation. I think you'd do. But I understand you're bespoken."

"Yes," she said, laughing. "It must be fun to be a man."

"It has its pleasant side. On the other hand, I'd contribute a fair amount of security, as much as death and taxes permit—a decent home, food, clothes, advice on clothes, companionship, conversation, and one fit of bad temper a week to make things interesting."

"That I don't believe."

"Oh, things are going well with me now, I'm quite placid. You should have seen me last spring, when things weren't going well. I'd have bitten your head off three times a day."

"How weren't they going well?"

"I wasn't very satisfied with myself. I was recording the Brahms D Minor, and I couldn't seem to hit it clean on the button or anywhere near. I could have cut my throat. It's bad enough when it's a sonata that doesn't go right, but when you're balling up a whole orchestra as well..."

"But you're all right now."

"At moments, yes. And really moments are all I've got a right to ask for, at this stage. I can't expect to understand Beethoven better than Beethoven understood himself every day of my life. Can I?"

"I don't suppose so," she said, meeting his laughter with laughter. "And I must go now."

"I dare not protest. I don't want Ginny to be cross with you."

"Thank you," she said, laughing, and she laughed again at intervals as she walked back along the blacktop road, resilient in the heat of the day, hot underfoot. That easy talk and easy laughter seemed a natural element for her; she left it feeling refreshed and relaxed.

She was gay with Ginny and Sandy at lunch, and they enjoyed it and were impudent and teasing with her. She was even gay with Don when he came home that night, so gay that by the time dinner was over he was puzzled and irritated, not being much in the mood for that sort of thing after a day of difficult problems.

She told him, "I'd had such an interesting talk with Barbara's company—the pianist, you know—it went to my head. Just like champagne," she said soberly. Don turned on the television and came to sit down heavily beside her on the sofa.

"Yes, the pianist—what's his name?" "Arnold Mott."

"Oh. Well, even so. I thought it

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was Alan Mott. I was telling the boss that he was visiting out this way, and he'd never heard of him."

A hesitant little brag, a firm little squelch... "All he's ever heard of are movie actresses."

"That's right," said Don with a sport of amusement. He watched the picture for a minute or two; then he said, "All the same, if I'd said—oh, Paderewski, he'd have opened his eyes."

"Well, I should think so," she murmured. He did not see the little joke, which was just as well, because he would have seen unkindness instead of humor in it. He liked to laugh at such things in other people, and he was hurt by being laughed at, for whatever reason. The play had begun, and it was a wartime British movie, severely cut to fit into an hour, and she had already seen it. "I guess I'll go and wash the dishes," she said.

In the kitchen, with the door closed, she stood very still for a moment or two, astonished and disturbed by the sudden depression that drooped over her, separating her from all the joys of her world, a darkness and emptiness of spirit that it seemed impossible to drive away. She felt lonely, as lonely as an explorer stranded on the distant moon.

A week or two later, she walked over to Barbara's. She had a shirt that Arnold had commissioned her to buy for him after she recommended it as a particularly cool type. He would have no need of it on this day, however, which was typically untypical for early July—cloudy and chilly. The colors of the world were grey and green—green trees, green lawns, grey lake, grey sky—and she needed the long-sleeved white sweater that she was wearing over her pink cotton dress.

As she crossed the damp lawn toward the studio, she heard a rapping on the window of the house behind her. She glanced around and saw Barbara beckoning to her. She turned and walked toward the steps. Was it going to be an invitation to lunch?

Barbara met her on the steps and said, "I just wondered, were you going to the studio?"

"Yes, I have a—a—" began Celia, reaching into the shopping-bag for the shirt in its paper sack, but Barbara interrupted her.

"Well, I wish you wouldn't. You're always in and out of there and it's very awkward because I promised him there wouldn't be any of that kind of bothering if he came—"

Celia felt herself turn white, and she was afraid that her voice was going to fail her, but it came steadily enough, though what she said sounded too hurried and startled to please her. "But he's invited me in over and over, he's told me to come—"

"How could he tell you not to? But I'm telling you not to. I promised him he'd have absolute quiet, and you've made it very awkward, always running in and out. I hoped you'd catch on by yourself, but if you're not going to catch on I'll just have to tell you, that's all, and you shouldn't take offense because—"

Celia interrupted her, and this time her voice was low and trembling. "Just give him this, will you? It's a shirt he asked me to get him. Tell him he owes me \$4.95, the sales slip is inside—" She pushed the package into Barbara's

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arms and thought she heard it fall on the steps as she turned away but did not look back to see. As she crossed the lawn, she was conscious only of the passionate turmoil of thoughts in her head: "I'll never trust her again, this is it, that does it, I'll never trust her again, never, never, so long as I live . . . turning on me without warning." And her memories of all the other times that Barbara had betrayed her, all the other times that she had resolved never to trust her again, returned to reinforce her resolution now. Barbara was a gigantic ugly figure of treachery to be left behind forever.

She missed the path and went plunging through the overgrown shrubbery, catching her sweater on a twig and becoming aware of that only when the caught thread tightened around her arm, then pulling it recklessly loose, breaking the thread. It seemed that all the anguish of final renunciation was crowded in her throat, hurting her as if a hand were tightening there. "Never again," she thought, "never again . . . I'll never put myself in her power again . . . she can find someone else to be her friend." She thought of all the times when as a child she had run home from Barbara's house, tears jiggling on her cheeks, promising never to return . . . but then someone had always made peace between them, her mother, or Barbara's mother, saying, "Now, you don't want to quarrel, you're such good friends, you couldn't get along without each other, you know that, you don't mean what you say . . ." And then there had been a shamefaced meeting, a subdued exchange of favors, great politeness, and soon the old friendship, the old trust, as before, exactly as before.

But what their mothers had said in the old days was still true: they couldn't get along without each other. Before she had got home, while she was still climbing the steep path to her own lawn, she realized that this quarrel must be made up too, as all the others had been. Theirs was too old a friendship to be replaced; life was simply not long enough for another such friendship to be made.

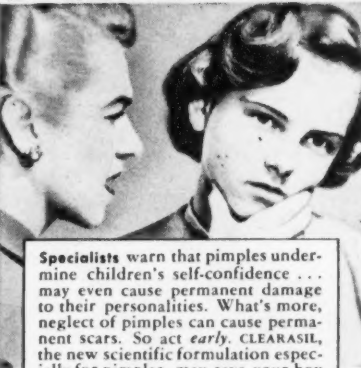
But when she was within a few steps of the haven of her own door, the humiliation of what had happened overcame her again. "The indignity of it," she thought, her lips trembling, "the indignity!" And she held off only long enough to make sure that the children were not home. Then she stumbled upstairs and fell across her bed and cried.

After a while she got up, washed her face, went downstairs, and made coffee; and she was sitting at the kitchen table drinking it and gradually becoming matter-of-fact again when someone rapped on the frame of the screen door. She looked up and saw Arnold, unfamiliar in grey tweeds and a necktie. He was smiling, but his eyes under the serene dark curves of the brows were grave and shadowy. "Hello, how are you?" he said, coming in.

"All right," she said, but her late emotional upset combined with the strangeness of having him in her house made everything quite unreal.

"Oh, you're having coffee . . . Where do you keep the cups?" He opened a cupboard door at random, closed it, opened another, and took out a huge

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white cup, one of the cups that the children liked to eat soup out of for lunch, and filled it with coffee. "Lunch was not very satisfactory," he said, sitting down opposite her at the pink-topped table. "Barbara didn't come down, and when Leonard went up she was a-crying like everything. She said she had offended you, and she was very sorry." Celia put her elbows on the table and her hands over her face and held her breath for a moment to see if that would do any good. "Celia . . ."

"I'm all right!" she said, furious with herself. Her lips were trembling and tears were welling up in her eyes; it was all going to be awful again. "Behaving like children! Don't encourage it!" she said wildly.

"The three of us are going to drive downtown to a movie, we thought you might come along. They're going to pick me up here. Barbara was afraid to ask you so I said I would."

"Honestly—" Celia began to protest, but her arms were wet with her tears, and her breath came in ragged irregular little gasps, and her nose was running, and there was nothing that she could do about it. She was dissolved; she was helpless.

After a moment he moved, his chair scraped a little on the floor, and then his arm came around her shoulders, a firm gentle enclosing pressure, holding her steady in the storm. "My dear Celia," he said patiently in the neighborhood of her ear, but his arm was the comfort, not what he said. She did not even try to listen to what he said, she only let his arm take the place of her self-control in holding her together while she got her handkerchief out of the pocket of her sweater and wiped her face and blew her nose.

"I'm sorry," she said at last, remembering how Don hated the mess of tears in his presence. "Inflicting this on you . . ."

"Good Lord, I don't mind!" said Arnold, standing up, and he sounded really startled. She looked up at him to make sure and saw something strained about his eyes.

"You haven't been crying too?" she said involuntarily.

"All but," he said, laughing. "I'm so easily carried away. I'm a soft touch. Everything all right now, really?"

"Yes," she said. "A grown woman making a fool of herself like this." But she had never been farther from tears than now, with tears still damp on her face. He had been so nice to her, he had been so kind.

"I liked the shirt very much, by the way, though why it was left on the front steps like a foundling child . . ."

"Well, the quarrel broke out just then," she said, laughing a little, watching him opening his billfold, which was brown with a gold clasp, and he smiled without looking at her.

"Have you got a nickel?" he said, laying a five-dollar bill on the table.

"Oh yes," she said, opening a cupboard door and taking out the little tin can in which she kept funds for the paper boy and the laundry man.

"Other people's lives . . ." he said softly. He took the nickel and turned slowly around, looking at the four walls, the ceiling, the mysterious doorways. "How long have you lived in this house?"

"Five years."

"I can't imagine it. Some people,"

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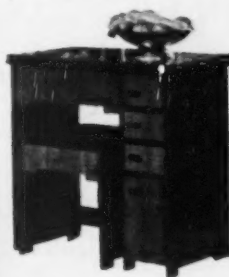
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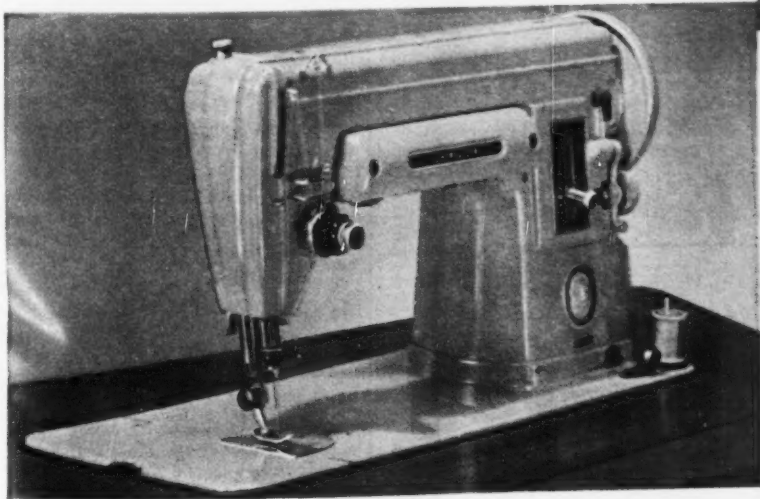
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he said, moving about, peering into the dining room, opening the basement door and closing it, "some people hardly exist without their surroundings, their families, their occupations—they're imbedded in all that, you can't get hold of them by themselves. But other people walk free . . . I can't believe that this is where you live, where you belong, keeping money in a tin can in the cupboard and washing dishes at that sink and knowing your way around that dark basement, feeling at home here

. . . It's strange. It makes me rather uncomfortable. I thought I knew you pretty well, but there's all this to know too."

"I don't know, is there?" she said wonderingly, looking at the room for an illuminating instant as if she were a stranger to it too.

"Of course there is!" he said sharply. "This is where you live, this is the life you've made for yourself—there's the car. What about that movie?" he said, relaxing and smiling.

"No, I couldn't, I wouldn't get back in time . . ." She felt somewhat awkward: in a moment she would have to face Barbara. "Do I . . . do I look as if I'd been crying?" He shook his head, looking at her sidelong, his lower lip caught in his teeth, his eyes amused. Then she said in a rush but very casually, or so she hoped, "Did Barbara tell you what it was all about?" He nodded, and his eyes were merry. "Oh, for heaven's sake," she said, pushing open the screen door.

Barbara looked ravaged; there were splotches of greenish pallor around her eyes, and her mouth was twisted as if in a severe effort at composure. Leonard, who was driving, looked anxious. Celia leaned in at the open window, put her hand over Barbara's gloved hand, and shook it a little. "It's all right, silly," she said insincerely. "Don't give it another thought."

"It was unforgivable," said Barbara. "No," said Celia, too much aware of Arnold behind her and listening to want to go on with the subject. "Leonard," she said, smiling at him, "I can't go to the movie, you know that. It's almost three-thirty and Don gets home at six."

"Some other time, then," said Leonard.

"Some other time," she agreed, stepping back.

Arnold opened the front door. "Shove over, Barbara," he said, getting in and slamming the door shut. "Be seeing you," he said to Celia, smiling, and they all called good-by to her as Leonard twisted about to back the car down the drive.

Celia felt that she ought to go on just as before, all the more because Arnold knew what the fuss had been about; that was the only way to show that the fuss had been about nothing. But she could not.

When Barbara invited her to lunch one day, she went, having fed the children early at their request, and she was as bright and pleasant as possible, and as natural as possible, teasing Leonard as he loved to be teased, meeting Barbara's eyes without hesitation, talking freely to Arnold, who talked with his usual easy self-possession to everyone. Barbara was very attentive, very polite. But when Celia took her leave, Arnold offered to walk part way with her, and then Barbara said impulsively, compulsively, "Celia doesn't mind walking alone, and it's going to rain!"

Leonard frowned uncomfortably. Arnold took Celia's arm, said, "But I don't mind rain a bit," and marched her out of the door into the warm grey breathless gloom that did smell like rain. "What is it with Barbara?" he said before they were halfway across the lawn. "She honestly acts as if she were jealous, but she's not in love with me—she likes me, and I like her—very much, as a matter of fact—but I'm not the sort of man that arouses passion in her . . . or in most women, for that matter, I suppose . . ."

Celia jumped a little; this was not the sort of thing she was used to talking about with anyone but Barbara herself, and rarely with her; but she pulled herself together and said bravely, "I suppose it's because you're too likable." But that seemed to be the wrong sort of answer, too serious, perhaps, or too personal; he was slightly taken aback, and so she was embarrassed.

They walked past the studio door in silence and were halfway along the path when the tense stillness of the world relaxed at last in a long sigh of rain. "We'd better go back," said Arnold, taking off his coat, "and wait. It can't go on long at this rate . . ." They had to cross about twenty feet of open ground before reaching the studio door, his coat was some protection for her dress, but her hair hung in wet garlands



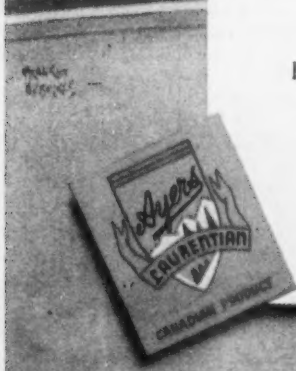
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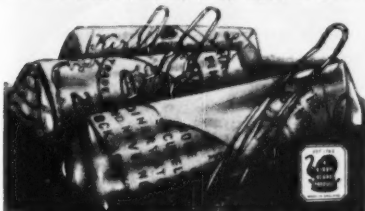
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around her face by the time she was inside. She got out her handkerchief and stayed by the door to watch the great grey veils of rain blowing across the lawn and bringing with them the cool clean sweetness of wet summertime. "Want a towel?" he said, tossing her one so that it draped itself over her shoulder. "They put a fresh one in here every day . . . and a charming bowl of flowers on the table . . . and they apologize for the weather. It's never made me uncomfortable before," he said with an odd sort of resentfulness in his voice. "Does Barbara really dislike you? Does she envy you?"

"Envy me?" said Celia, turning to stare at him, her hair all tousled, the towel in her hands. "Why on earth would she?"

"I don't know. That's what I'm asking you."

But she realized that she was giving away too much. "You've got it wrong," she said. "You don't understand. It's probably not very nice, but it's natural and understandable. I mean, sometimes she . . . seems to be a little irritated when other people share her pleasures without having shared the hard work of earning them." But she saw from his expression that she was giving him the wrong idea entirely; he looked shocked and hurt and disbelieving. "I mean the pleasures that she's earned by marrying Leonard," she said baldly and unhappily. "That's all I mean. That's all I'm talking about. It has nothing to do with you. You don't enter into it at all except as a faraway indirect result, in a way—nothing more . . . The result of marrying for money," she added at last when he still did not seem to understand.

"Did she?"

"I know, you like Leonard, and so do I, he's sweet . . . but he isn't a man a girl could fall in love with. She can't respect him or rely on him or even talk to him about most things—so many things he doesn't understand . . ."

"And what did you marry for?"

"For love," she said steadily and truthfully.

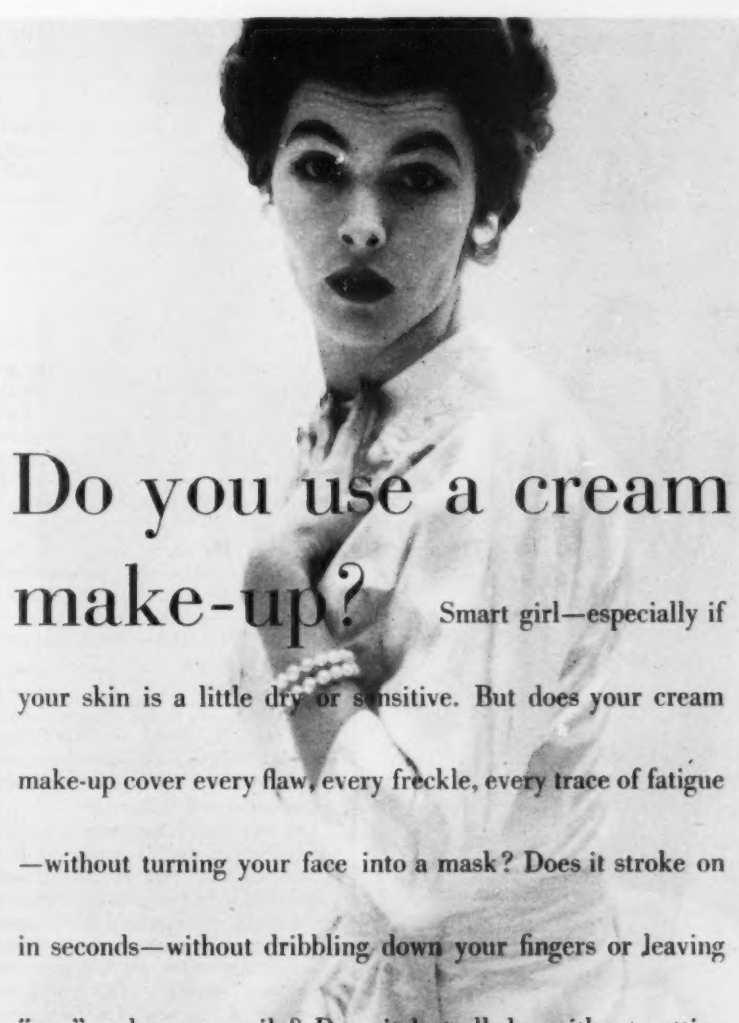
"Well, that's what I was getting at, in a way," he said, leaning against the opposite side of the door frame, looking at her across the three feet that separated them. "Why shouldn't that make her envy you?" She had no answer for that, of course. She felt that she had to answer something, but minutes passed, and finally it was too late to speak. Then he said, "I've never met your husband, of course—"

"It's awkward," she said hastily, "I mean not inviting you over for dinner or something—I never have, with Barbara's guests, even when I met them—this is the only time I felt perhaps I ought to—"

"I haven't met him and I don't want to meet him. I don't want to know anything about him, why should I? What would be the point?"

She was not hurt but she felt that she ought to be, and she wondered whether she ought to pretend to be. She thought of Don, pale and tired, holding on to his job by the skin of his teeth, doing his best to provide for his family, devoting himself wholly to them; and she said, "There'd be no point at all, except that I'm sure Don would enjoy meeting you." She said it mildly, but he took it as a reproof and blushed.

"I doubt that," he muttered, and the



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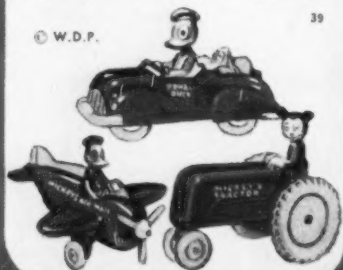
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ice appeared to her to be so thin at that moment that she did not argue with him. Curiously enough, when he added, "Why should he?" the ice became less thin.

"Oh, it's always interesting to meet well-known people," she said easily, "and I've told him so much about you..." As much as I could, she told herself in justification. As much as he was willing to hear... "Well, I must go, rain or no rain," she said, moving decisively toward the door.

"You can't, you'll get soaked."

"Never mind that," she said firmly.

"No, wait a minute—if you must go, I'll get you something to wear from the house," he said, and he was out of the door before she could answer, and out of sight around the corner of the building before the door banged shut again. She waited; it was her best summer dress.

He came back with Barbara's new nylon hooded raincape over his arm. She looked at it, appalled. It had never yet been worn even by Barbara. "Where did you pick that up?"

"Barbara found it for me," he said, helping her on with it. "Don't worry, it looks thin, but it will keep you dry."

She could not decide whether he had really misunderstood her dismay or not, and she did not wait to find out. She said good-by and went.

The rain ended suddenly when she was halfway home; it was now the kind of summer day that she loved best. Leaves and lawn were washed clean, and drops of rain still sparkled in the greenness; the sky had cleared to a soft deep blue; the air was warm and still, and birds were singing. There was not much left of summer. The hard frosts of autumn would come; the world would wither under an iron sky; Barbara would take Leonard off to town; they would sit in the populous dimness of a concert hall, everything hushed as Arnold walked out on the lighted stage, unimaginably prim and dignified in black and white; loud distinct claps from the few people who saw him first would be lost in the soft pattering of polite preliminary applause from everyone, a roar of sound despite its mildness because so many people were making it... And afterwards a different roar, spontaneous and warm and pleased; and Barbara would take Leonard backstage to see him, sure of a welcome from friendly likable Arnold, and he would ask after a while, "How is Celia?" because he would not have forgotten her... There was no sense in being modest and humble and false about this; he would not forget her, because she would not forget him. This was no one-sided daydream, as flat in one dimension as shadows on a screen; this was something shared. What she felt, he felt. And it was a rather dangerous thing to feel, for both of them, though more dangerous for her, because he would be going away to interesting excitement, and she would be staying behind. It was time to stop feeling it.

And so, when Barbara astonished her by telephoning one morning to invite her and Don and the children to Sunday lunch, Celia accepted the invitation with relief, though she knew that Don would hate it. He did hate it; he complained all evening. "Why did you have to spoil my one day of rest, roping me into something like this."

"I had to, honestly, I couldn't turn her down."

"Oh, you could have made some excuse..."

"But why don't you want to go?" said Celia.

"Because I'll be bored to death!" he said loudly. She understood his reluctance perfectly; and what was worse, she felt that he understood it too. He was only half deceiving himself, she could tell that by the note of bluster in his voice, the flare of resentful rage in his eyes. She wondered what it would be like to hear him answer honestly, to hear him say, "Because I'm bashful, because I feel ill at ease with people who have servants, because I'll feel awed and feeling awed will make me feel like a failure..." She took a further step and imagined him answering like that and yet being quite prepared to face the ordeal because it was silly to fear it. It would be like opening the windows in an unused room and letting free winds blow away the stagnant air... "I can't sit around and worship at shrines the way you can," he said. "It's just not my line."

"I don't worship at shrines," she said.

"Well, you know what I mean. You get a kick out of seeing celebrities. I don't." He had found his impervious defence and he was growing calmer. "They don't interest me."

"But just this once," she said. "You can stand it just this once."

"It looks as if I'll have to," he said gloomily.

"That's a good lad," she said, and he reluctantly smiled.

"Poor Celia," he said, gently triumphing over her in his defeat. "I suppose you'll take your autograph book along?"

By Sunday he was well in the groove. He dressed exactly as he would for the office and wistfully regretted that they must miss seeing the informative Sunday afternoon programs on television; and he came up to watch with an ironical smile her rather nervous preparations, remarking at last, "You aren't going to be presented at court, you know;" until she wished with all her heart that she could see him as a callous selfish hard-shelled boor, instead of as a timid and self-doubting man who was doing what she wanted him to, much though he dreaded it.

They were all ready at half-past twelve: Don in his grey lightweight suit, Celia in her second-best summer dress of grey shantung, Ginny and Sandy in starched white pique. Don insisted on taking the car; his armor would have jolted loose in the trudging stroll with his family along the black-top road and up the limestone drive; and Celia was glad for his sake that the car was a new one.

It was another fine day, and Leonard, Barbara and Arnold were out on the lawn. "Oh, you drove," said Barbara, coming toward them smilingly, and Leonard said, "You're going to lose the use of your legs if you aren't careful, Donald," but Arnold only looked,



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examined, and studied with his clear dark eyes under the calm thoughtful curve of his dark brows; and from that moment Celia felt with Don's senses as well as her own. She felt his anger with Leonard, who might be making fun of him, his recovery from anger as he noted with satisfaction that he was better than half a head taller than the celebrity, the famous pianist of whom his boss had never heard. She felt his uneasiness in the dining room, his impulse to make a little joke when the maid served him, his decision not to do so, his anxiety not to be cowed into silence, his happy thought that the conversation was beneath him, being a foolish exchange of trivialities about the kind of weather they had been having that summer as compared to other summers. She stared down Arnold's hostile stare on his behalf; she exchanged murmured family phrases with him with a smile, so that they sounded like jokes and she could have murdered Barbara for serving the very rich and wonderful homemade ice cream with forks instead of spoons, completely spoiling the pleasure of her family in it . . . and she could also have murdered Don for taking up the fork as if that were exactly the tool he expected with ice cream, instead of asking boldly for a spoon, as Ginny did . . . because then he said, "as a matter of fact I'd just as soon have a spoon myself, Barbara, if you don't mind . . ."

"Why, of course," said Barbara as if surprised.

"Shall I?" said Celia, not waiting for an answer, and she got up and went to the sideboard and came back with a handful of spoons. She gave one to Sandy, one to Ginny, one to Don, kept one for herself, and dropped the rest with a clear silvery chime in the centre of the table. Leonard reached for one eagerly. Barbara continued with a fork—but she had never realized that ice cream was at its best when it had just melted. Arnold ignored his; he sat in silence, his elbows on the table, his clasped hands under his chin, but he no longer watched Don.

They went outside after lunch, and Barbara, who now seemed overcome with the tedium of it all, said, "Have you seen the workshop lately, Don? There've been some changes . . ."

"Oh, the workshop . . ." he said, smiling. "What's the latest hobby, Leonard?"

"Bookbinding," answered Leonard in all good faith.

"That sounds interesting," said Don, looking toward the wrought-iron chairs on the lawn. They had thick comfortable cushions.

"Well, come along and see," said Leonard, and Don shrugged his shoulders, grinned, and followed him indulgently.

"Let's sit down," said Barbara in a sleepy voice, "and not say a word."

"But I've got so much to say," said Arnold.

"Well, don't say it to me," said Barbara, lying down carefully in the long chair. "I think I ate too much."

"What a pig," said Celia. Arnold was pulling two of the chairs further away, not too easily; the legs caught in the turf. Ginny and Sandy were wandering toward the wharf, hand in hand, on their best behavior, their short white pique skirts badly creased in back.

"Come and sit down, Celia," said Arnold. "I've missed you." But he said

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it lightly, and she went and sat down.

"Why haven't you been over?"

"Well, busy, you know . . ."

"I'll bet," he said, watching Ginny and Sandy, who had now seated themselves on the wharf with their legs dangling and were gravely conversing.

"Do you remember the first day we met, when you kept them waiting, and Ginny said it didn't matter because they were talking? And they were, too, I saw them. Talking away, and having a very pleasant time. They got it from you."

"Well, I do like to talk," she said, making it an apology.

"So do I," he said. "But what really made me like you was the fact that you apologized to them, for keeping them waiting."

"Well . . ." she said, embarrassed.

"And there they are, talking away again, and here we are, talking away. What did you do for talk before I came?"

She was taken by surprise; she answered before she could think, "Barbara—"

He turned his head lazily toward her, met her eyes, and looked away.

"Do you . . . do you have any cigarettes with you?"

"Yes . . ." he said, holding out a nice silver case, unopened. But when she reached out to take it, he let it fall to the grass and seized her hand and held it firmly. "I've met him now," he said, "I know what he's like."

"Well," she said, shocked and disturbed, pulling her hand free, "there's more to living than talk—"

"But is there really more to living together than talk? Isn't that the sum and substance of it, being able to talk? I'm not talking about love affairs, I mean long companionship."

"The sum and substance of it is love," she said.

"I don't know what love is, but I know that it isn't pity."

"Pity has the same effect," she said. "The same . . . same power."

"I don't pity you, I love you. And you don't pity me."

"I don't pity you at all, and I like you very much, and I admire you greatly. And if you couldn't play the piano well enough to please audiences in Carnegie Hall, I probably wouldn't look twice at you. I never see you without seeing a grand piano behind you and hearing the lovely expectant hush that's an audience paying its respects to your talent . . . and flowers in dressing rooms—I don't know if men ever get flowers, or if pianists have dressing rooms, but—"

"Would you like to find out? Would you like to see Paris? I'm flying to Paris in October, but we could go by boat if you'd prefer, and Ginny could learn French—I think she'd pick it up fast . . ."

"On a Sunday afternoon," she said reprovingly, "with my husband just around the corner!"

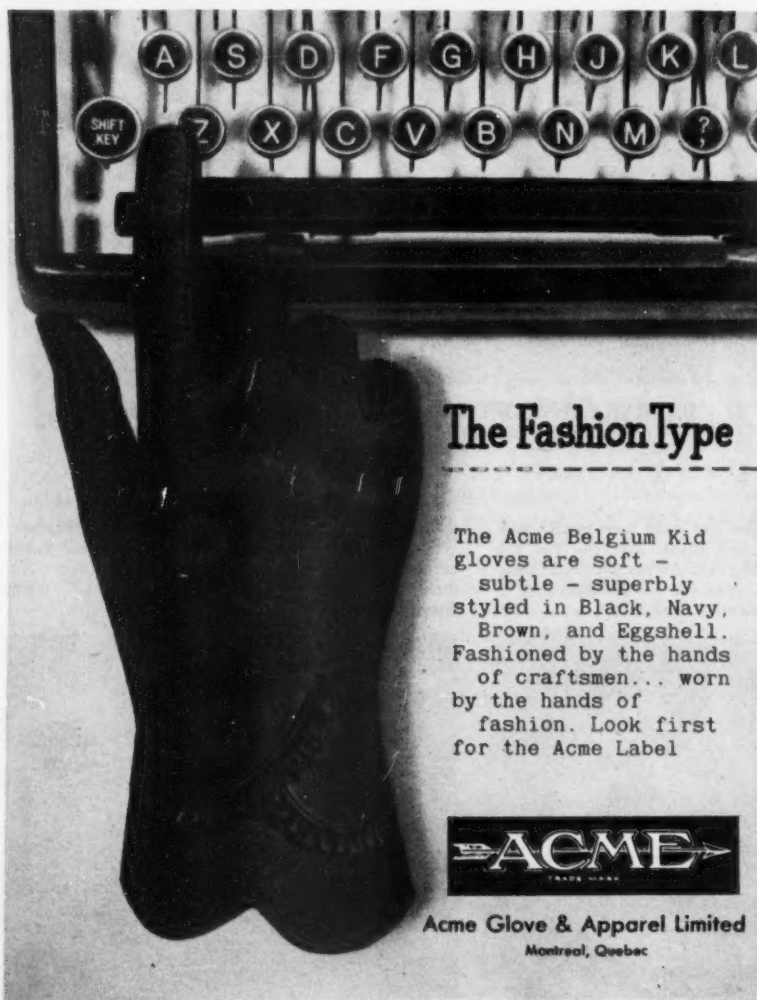
"We'd stay at the France et Choiseul, which is inexpensive and obscure and has flowered plumbing and red plush sitting rooms and fireplaces, and we'd hire a car and drive out to Saint Cloud and Versailles, to show Sandy how royalty used to live . . . We wouldn't have a great deal of time, only about a week—then London, then Manchester, then Edinburgh and Glasgow. Then a breathing space. Five of those lovely expectant hushes—at least we'll hope



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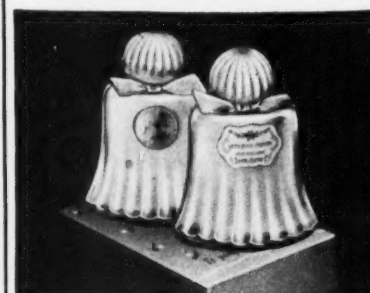


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they'll respect my talent—then a breathing space. Paris again?"

"Mephistopheles tempting Marguerite," she said. She merely spoke the words; she did not attempt to put any coloring of irony or amusement or reproof in them; the ice was too thin for games. Don had no desire to travel. He spoke no foreign language, and he was self-conscious; he saw himself being laughed at, cheated, and despised abroad. He said, "What do I want to go abroad for? This country's good enough for me. I'd just be bored . . ."

But Paris was like a casket of jewels as far as temptations went; it was extraneous payment; it had nothing to do with the man that offered it. Anyone could offer Paris; no one but Arnold could offer himself; and he was enough in himself. If he had been head of the accounting department of the Merlin Manufacturing Company, enjoying Barbara's friendship with her, fond of foolish funny good-hearted Leonard, talking to the children, saving up the odd events of his day to tell her, eager to puzzle out motives and characters with her, always enjoying a good idle gossip over a cup of coffee, wanting to know her well, wanting her to know him, bad-tempered once in a while, but always honest . . . She remembered another offer of his, not Paris and London but . . . what was it? Advice on clothes, companionship, conversation . . . That was a temptation that almost broke her heart with longing.

"Paris or Rome or Switzerland . . . I wouldn't have to be back in New York before the new year. We could rent a car and drive all over France and see the chateaux along the Loire and Carcassonne and Avignon and the Pyrenees and Nice and Cannes and then into Italy and walk on the beach where Shelley walked . . ."

Barbara opened her eyes and called out, "What are you talking about?"

Celia half expected him to say, "I'm trying to talk Celia into running away with me," blandly concealing truth behind truth; and she became really

convinced of his determination—it was like walls falling, like reality emerging bare and frightening—when he answered, and quickly too, "About the war . . ."

"Why make yourselves miserable over that? Life is too short for vain and futile grief," said Barbara lazily.

"Life is real, life is earnest," said Celia foolishly, not clearly knowing what she was saying or why.

"Life is too long for unnecessary suffering," said Arnold, staring.

But Don and Leonard were strolling around the corner of the house toward them, and Don was ready to go home. Celia was willing. She called to the little girls, and they got to their feet and came across the lawn, hand in hand, Sunday style. They got into the car. "It wasn't even a very good dinner," said Don, halfway home; and as they turned into the drive a minute later, he said, "The little man who plays the piano didn't have much to say for himself, did he? . . . Well, home again,

thank God! It's good to be home, isn't it, kids?"

"Yes!" said Sandy, and Ginny grinned and shrugged her shoulders. Ginny would pick up French fast, yes, and she would love being on a ship, and Paris . . .

"Do you think," said Celia, when the children had gone upstairs to change clothes, "that we ought to move back into town?"

"Don't you like it here?" said Don, amazed, turning toward her from the open icebox as she went on talking.

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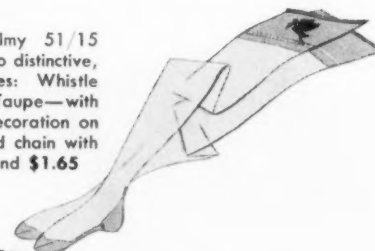


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"But I wonder if it's good for us."
 "I know it's good for me," he said, subsiding into a kind of impatience with such useless philosophical discussions on his day of rest. "I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't look forward to getting away from it all at the end of the day, really getting away from it all, out of reach . . ."

He went to the living room to gather up the Sunday papers; then settled himself in a chair on the lawn. She was going to follow him and sit in a chair beside him and present to the neighbors the picture of a companionable couple enjoying Sunday together; but she went into the living room and sat down on the sofa.

The phonograph across the room looked at her with its grilled face, silent, but a promise. She would have that when winter came and Barbara went away. And she would have the thought that Arnold Mott had come out of his distant mysterious glamorous world to meet her and want her, incredible though that seemed, and had gone back to busy streets and accomplished talented friends and concert halls at night hushed and expectant, still wanting her, though gradually wanting her less as this summer was buried under summers to come . . .

Arnold came over the next day just after his lunch and about an hour and a half after hers; he was constrained and uncertain; a night and morning of ordinary routine had made the position he had taken on the day before very strange to him, whereas she had daydreamed herself far beyond that extreme and could look back on it almost with calm.

He came to the back door, and she took him at once into the living room, resolving to behave as conventionally as possible. He glanced around as a normal guest would do, and she had her first good look at him—she had been able to see very little when he was silhouetted against sunlight in the kitchen door—and she was hurt by the haggardness of his face.

"Leonard tells me," he began uneasily, making a beginning with the first thing at hand, "that you've practically rebuilt the inside of this house all by yourself . . . I wondered where your feelings went, where you . . . expressed yourself, to use a tiresome phrase. It's very nice," he said, looking at the brown-and-white striped walls dimly reflected in the golden floor, the blue-and-white porcelain jars on the hearth, green leaves against darkness, "and very calm . . . not at all feverish, though a lot of feverishness must have gone into it."

"Listen," she said, deciding not to put off anything any longer, "sit down for a moment," sitting down herself. "I just want to say this—it's been a—a wonderful thing to happen to me—to be thought well of, I mean and—liked, by someone like you—I'll think of it all my life, and feel like a princess in disguise, no matter how shabby and old I get. I'll feel different because of it, I mean, in my heart—and that's a lot to do for someone."

He sat down, leaning forward in the chair, but quietly, without urgency, his elbows on his knees, his hands loosely clasped. "You know that I would never have said anything if you'd been happily married. You know that, don't you?"

Barbara never seemed to like him much, but I didn't believe her, I waited to see for myself—"

"How much could you see during a Sunday lunch, an—an unnatural occasion—"

"We're going to be honest, aren't we?" he said, faintly smiling, peering up at her. "He must love you, in about the way a person loves his own right hand, but he doesn't know you as well as I do, and he's had ten years to learn. He shuts himself away from you, and shuts you away from him—he's living with another woman, not with you at all. There was no . . . no communication between you—it doesn't take long to discover that. So be honest."

She sat in her chair folded up like a jackknife, her feet tucked under her, feeling oddly calm. "All right."

"And the children would go with you wherever you went. You're the one they look to."

"No, you're wrong there," she said, rubbing a rough place on her hand thoughtfully, gazing at nothing. "He's simply the axis of their world, and they'd be shaken to the core if he disappeared from it."

"I don't believe that. All you'd have to do is offer a trip to Paris to Ginny, and tell her to bring her bathing suit along because the ship has a swimming pool. She'd go in a flash, and more power to her for knowing that we ought to be happy while we live, instead of binding ourselves down with pity, which is the most weak and wasteful and—deteriorating of emotions that ever was! Oh, Celia, Celia. Here you are—thirty, aren't you? Think what you'll be in ten years' time if you stay here . . . more and more shut in on yourself, more and more starved, having let ten more years of your precious life, and the finest years too, go down the drain with nothing . . . knowing only this small corner of the world, neglected and unappreciated, with all your enjoyment of life wasted and everything that you had to offer unused. And you've got so much to offer. So much warmth and wit and kindness and understanding . . . you could give me everything I want in the world."

After a moment Celia said, "Where is your aunt now, the one who brought you up?"

"She died last winter . . ."

"Oh! . . . Did she travel with you?"

"Not in this country, but she always went abroad with me—she felt she had to protect me from the foreigners, dear woman . . . Why? Oh no, if you're thinking that I feel lost without her, so I'm hastily shopping for a replacement—it was the other way round, I took care of her, from the time I was twenty. She depended on me, she couldn't bear to have an ocean between us . . . she was a burden at last that I can't help feeling a little glad to be free of, though I miss her too—it was a shock . . ."

"But you stayed with her, as long as she needed you."

"Because I owed her so much, because she made such sacrifices for me. What sacrifices has he made for you?"

"No, you'd have stayed with her as long as she needed you, whether she sacrificed or not. If you'd lived with her for ten years and she depended on you, you'd have stayed."

"I would not!" he said fiercely. "Not if it meant sacrificing myself!"



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"Yes, you would. Out of pity."
"I would not!" he repeated, but the screen door banged, and Ginny called, "Mother? Where are you?"

"Here," said Celia, hoping that she would come, but Ginny said, "I want a cup without a handle that I don't have to bring back, can I?"

"In the bottom cupboard on the right," said Celia, and in a moment the screen door banged again.

"And here I sit as if I were trying to sell you some insurance . . ."

"Well, go, and don't ever darken my door again," she said, but she felt weak and afraid, so that her laughing voice sounded not her own but someone else's, perhaps that of the other woman that Don lived with.

"Listen," Arnold said, getting up and coming toward her, but he did not say anything more, he only pulled her to her feet and kissed her. She was surprised that being kissed by him should be so unimportant and yet so important; she was not surprised by the separate, sudden, and weakening warmth of sexual excitement that rose in her as if a candle had been set aflame. That had been there all along, waiting for its moment, and it created simplicity out of a confusion of arguments about obligations and desires and points of view. This was the firm fundamental rock that supported and unified everything; and the only question that she had to answer was, could she, did she have enough strength and enough resolution to end this elemental contact of two bodies and two mouths? Everything leaned to keep her where she was; the effort of moving away was like resisting the motion of the earth.

Alone ten minutes later in her calm beautiful living room she was enraged and miserable to think of the tears and petulant incoherencies that had spoiled the real emotion of that moment. It had all been snapping and snarling and rudeness, both of them too excited for general self-control, he so sure of a time of agreement and reconciliation afterward, when he could make everything smooth again, that he made free use of every kind of prod—scorn, mocking insult, scoffing disbelief—and she so afraid of giving in that she did not dare to be honest about anything at all. It had been ugly, and it was over, and surely it had been a great misfortune.

She had sometimes barely managed before to force down her impatience with the life that she led; how was she to manage now, with the door of her cage wide open and the wide free world inviting her out? The children would be shocked by Don's disappearance from their lives, but they would gain advantages that he could never give them, not just travel and foreign languages but the company of grown-up people who were responsive and aware and alive. They would grow up feeling sorry for their lonely father far away, but they would grow up feeling sorry for him here, too; they would see him at last for what he was and feel sorry for him, and feel sorry for their mother too, perhaps. And they could visit him—no, he would not enjoy visits from children who had had experience beyond his, he would feel ill at ease with them, he would snub them . . .

And where would he be? He would not keep this house and drive thirty

miles home every night to silence and solitude, the peculiar stillness of a house deserted all day long.

His life had been enlarged by his family; what would happen when his family was removed and his life shrank back around him, when he had for a while nothing to live for but himself, when he stood trembling, disbelieving, and alone after an event that he had never dreamed could happen to him?

He had not given her very much of what was valuable to a human being—fidelity without understanding, love that was really no more than a child's instinctive selfish dependence on home—but he had made himself her responsibility, and that was that.

When he came home, when she heard the car moan up the drive in second and the garage door rolling down with a little echoing roar, tears welled to her eyes as she stood at the sink peeling potatoes: she was thinking of what those sounds would be with no one standing where she stood to hear them. He noticed her tears when he came in, which was not strange, because they had spilled over on her cheeks by that time, and he said "Onions?" sharply, because he did not like onions.

"No, potatoes," she said. "I was just trying to suppress a sneeze."

"Oh."

It was very ironic. Celia went away with the children on a picnic the next day to the other side of the lake; they did not get back till five-thirty, and she seemed to feel in the house, when she entered it, the exhausted stillness of a telephone that had got tired of ringing in vain. But she knew that he was more likely to have walked over and knocked fruitlessly on the door, and she hoped he had not. Early in the morning of the day after that, Barbara telephoned to ask her to lunch. "Oh no, I couldn't—" she began, but Barbara interrupted her.

"Yes, you've got to, Celia, to say good-bye to Arnold. He's leaving—he got a wire, it's a great rush," said Barbara in her soft slow way. "It's about making a recording—they were going to make it in January and for some reason they want to make it now. So you've got to come."

"All right," said Celia, feeling hollow and strange. "Are the girls invited too?"

"Well, of course," said Barbara. "Twelve-thirty."

"All right," said Celia.

At twelve-twenty-five they set out for Barbara's house in the dusty August sunlight. The trees were stiffly green now; the leaves were very dark and dry; they rustled in the faint winds with an autumnal whisper. But the sun was still hot; the hard blue sky was still a summer sky. Arnold met them at the end of the drive; he had been waiting for them there. He looked tired, and his eyes were hard and dark, a stranger's eyes, looking at her without seeing her, seeing only an image of incomprehensible resistance. The children walked with them a little while, but the pace was so slow that they grew impatient and ran on ahead; and then he said, with a bitterness that startled her, "Are you still set on sacrificing your life to that clod?"

She stopped in the large thin shade of an elm tree. He was still in the mood of their last meeting; he had gone



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squirreling on in blind angry protest for almost two days, while it was again becoming old history to her. "Please don't," she said.

"That clod, that great emptiness of a man—"

"I may as well go home again right now," she said, actually turning around. His words did not quite touch her, but they almost did, and they made her afraid.

"Yes, you coward you coward . . . That's all it is, cowardice," he said with bitter unkind anger. "You're afraid of what people will say. You're afraid of being blamed by people who know nothing whatever of the facts in the case . . ." She turned again and walked on toward the house, toward the shelter of Barbara's company. "Isn't that it?"

She slipped into lies again—and was not wholly sure that they were lies. "Yes, I suppose that's partly it."

"That's all it is. Because you do love me, you do!"

"No, I don't. Not enough."

"A coward and a liar."

"Oh, please," she said, stopping again, this time between shadows, in the white dusty glare of sun on limestone. "I don't want to tell lies. I want to tell you the truth, if only you'd accept the truth . . ."

"Go ahead."

"No, you'll just try to use the truth against me, somehow—you want your way, and all's fair, you think . . . And I suppose it is, only this is the last time I'll ever see you, and I wish it could be different—not argument and fierceness and separateness—"

"This isn't the last time you'll see me. I'm coming back as soon as this job is over, or if I don't have time before I have to leave for Paris, I'll be back in January."

"Well, then," she said, feeling that she was cheaply deceiving someone, being expedient when she wanted to be uncompromising, "couldn't you put all this off till then, so that we can just—well, say good-by?"

"But I don't want to wait till January —I don't want to wait at all, I want you with me now!"

"Oh, please," she said, walking on. "Obstinate," he remarked finally, and she hoped that he was softening.

"We both are, I think," she said, but he did not laugh in acknowledgment of that. He was still aloof and in opposition, when what she loved him for was his sympathy. But she did not love him the less now.

"But I'll win," he said thoughtfully, "because you want what I want, as much as I want it, and when you see what a barren sacrifice it would be . . . You think he can't live without you. Aren't you over-estimating yourself?"

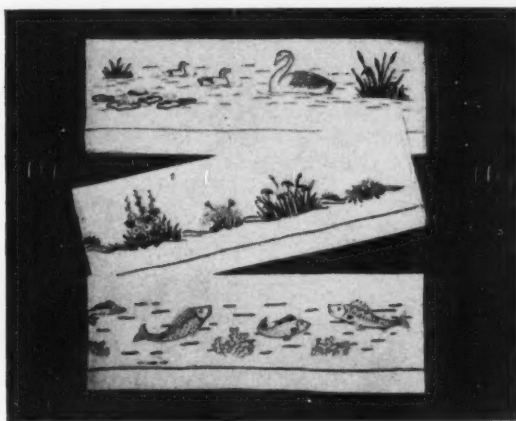
"I don't know. If I knew, one way or another, it would be so easy now, because you'd have to accept it too. You wouldn't want to rob him of anything that was really important to him."

"Oh, wouldn't I . . ." he said, but the power of single-minded anger was no longer in his words; he was, however reluctantly, seeing the other side too. And he was also seeing that his time was over, for now, at any rate. Barbara was on the steps, waiting for them, vividly pretty in green linen, with a green ribbon in her dark hair. "And I love you so much . . . Oh, my God, Celia, I love you so much. I'm so fond of you . . ."

"Well, hurry!" said Barbara brightly. "Lunch is ready!"

Lunch was green peas and chicken salad, long pauses in desultory conversation, and a feeling of sadness, vaguely felt and vaguely expressed, because Arnold seemed so uncheerful about leaving, because they were so sorry to have him go. He sat across the table from Celia; she looked at him; he did not look at her. She wanted one last laughing friendly glance of interest and love and agreement; she did not get it.

After lunch she shook hands with him and said good-by, and the children said good-by, shyly, but with real feeling



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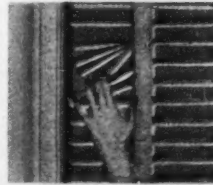
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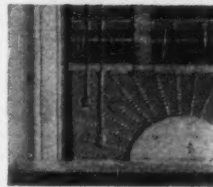
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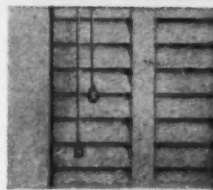
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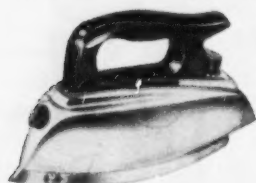
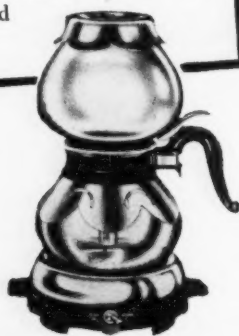
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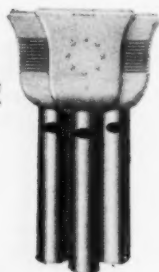


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— even Sandy waited to meet his eyes before she spoke; and he was far kinder to them than to Celia. He smiled at them and said that they would certainly meet again and that they were not to forget him in the meantime. The hardest thing to bear, Celia thought on the way home, was that love had made him her enemy; he was at war with her for something he wanted, and she wanted and needed peace—but not at any price.

She could pretty well control her thoughts, by feeding her mind a task that absorbed it. She got an idea out of the blue on the way home for a sort of built-in china cupboard, long and low, in the dining room, that would give her more room there by eliminating the sideboard, which she could then move upstairs for more drawer space there; and when she got home, she took the measurements and made some sketches, sitting at the kitchen table; and her hands were steady with pencils and ruler and triangle; but her breath kept quickening with a sense of foreboding; there was a spectre at her shoulder all the while; and once, when she looked up, she could not quite believe for a moment the sunlight on the lawn outside the windows, because something had made her expect the ominous hushed darkness of a coming storm.

At a few minutes before three, a car drove up outside and a horn sounded; when she went out, she saw Leonard and Barbara and Arnold, on their way to the airport for the four o'clock plane. Barbara did not want Arnold even to get out of the car; there was so little time to spare; but he got out anyway and said good-by once more in a formal way, shaking hands, pressing her fingers together in a hurtful clasp for a moment. He wore a grey suit and carried a grey felt hat; his dark receding hair was neatly brushed; his dark eyes were dull with resentment and unhappy longing. Then he got into the car again, and they drove away. He had hardly been there for more than a minute.

She went to pick some string beans for dinner; she cooked them with bacon and vinegar, made a salad of chopped lettuce and hard-boiled eggs and celery, sliced some meat from yesterday's roast, and put on the coffee; and Don came home. The car whined in second up the drive, the garage door rumbled down, he came in the door and said, "Is dinner ready?" And he looked pale and tired and utterly uninterested in anything that might have happened that day, so long as no signs of it remained. The house came into existence for him as it came into sight; its life began when he entered the door.

"Almost," she said. "How are things with you?"

"All right," he said, and he seemed to mean it.

They ate dinner in silence, and Celia felt more aloof on a raft than ever, facing him across the table, trying to imagine herself telling her troubles to him, trying to imagine what his response to them might be. He would not believe them; she could scarcely believe them herself now. Don would smile to think that she could imagine that a well-known concert pianist had fallen in love with her and had begged her to run away with him. She could imagine Don saying "He was joking, Celia." She could also imagine him feeling vaguely complimented by Arnold's liking for his

wife, even while he was using that liking as a new evidence of the unworthiness of famous people. But she could not imagine him being disturbed or shaken.

"Well, Mr. Mott's gone, daddy," said Ginny over dessert, having given her mother a fair chance to tell the news herself.

"Who's Mr. Mott? Oh, the little man who plays the piano. So he's gone."

"He's not so little," said Celia.

"He just looks short beside Daddy and Uncle Leonard, because they're so tall," said Ginny, and Don met Celia's eyes over that remark, which pleased him. He even flushed slightly, his pleasure was so great.

"So he's gone," he said again. "Gone for good?"

"Oh no, he'll be back some time, he said," said Ginny. "To see us."

Don laughed, and Celia found herself holding on to a fold of the tablecloth, as if she were in danger of drifting away, of being suddenly not there for her family. They seemed far off and left behind already. Their voices were distant.

Later, after the dishes were washed, Barbara came strolling over, a red sweater over her green linen dress because the August night was chilly, and she and Celia went outside to sit in the lawn chairs in the dusk and talk things over, to spare Don's temper and themselves the scorn of that kind of talk.

"Arnold got on the plane all right," said Barbara. "But we just barely made it. He simply had to stop in to say a last farewell here, though we warned him there wasn't time... We just barely made it. We had to drive fast. He really liked you, Celia. He really fell for you..."

She said that quite placidly, but there was something questioning in her voice. She wanted reassurance. She had been dimly suspicious that the door of Celia's cage had been open for a while; she had felt a change in the currents of air that moved past her, a change that had made her restless behind the closed door of her own; and she wanted it to be confirmed that she had been mistaken about that.

Celia shrugged her shoulders slightly and shook her head. "He just wanted someone to talk to," she said. "He over-estimated his longing for solitude."

"Yes," said Barbara, chuckling, "he did, didn't he? Yes, I felt that too," she said happily. "But wasn't it wonderful, having him here?"

Celia moved her hands in a little gesture of anger and despair—the last protest of a dreamer awakening. The summer had been a misfortune. It seemed to have stirred up all the bitter dregs in what had always been a fairly palatable cup. It had opened her eyes. Now she saw everything clearly. Now she knew exactly where she was, and why she was there.

But an odd thing happened. Her feeling of despair did not grow; it dwindled. Seeing clearly was a shock; in a moment it became a relief. She felt new power in her hands and new purpose in her heart because she could see clearly, because her feet were solidly on the ground, because she knew where she was. She had never before felt so unhappy as now; and she had never before felt so free.

"It was probably a very good thing," she said soberly. +

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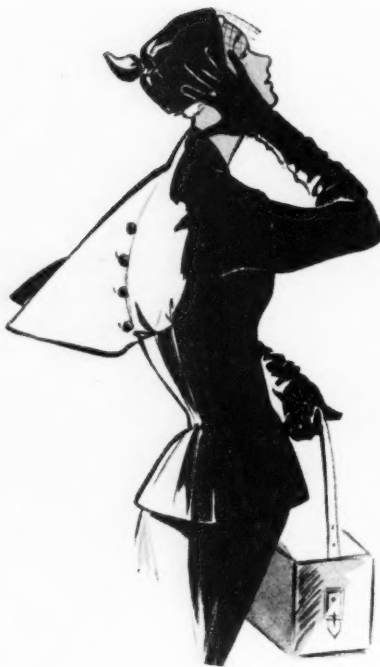
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ROME



1



2



3

1. GATTINONI. Silhouette inspired by the wings of a bird—pointed collar—rounded shoulders—wide neckline.

2. DERIGU. "In Flight"—the sleeves extend into a dramatic wing back and fall into a tailored jacket.

3. BARATTA. Flying paneled three-piece costume—Persian lamb collar—buttoned, scarfed neckline—stole loose or belted.

4. VOLPE DE SMAELE. Late-day dress—wrapped bodice—décolleté neckline—side-draped, slender skirt—pure silk.

5. GASBARRI. Three-piece fur-trimmed costume—tapered jacket features high neck, small shoulders, dolman sleeves.

6. FONTANA. Pleated chiffon molded to the figure. This designer is famous for her evening clothes.

7. CAPUCCI. Influenced by the wings of a dove, this evening gown is made of satin brocade.

8. FERDINANDI. Narrow rounded lines in velvet—scooped neckline—short sleeves—low placed hipline.

9. FERDINANDI. Deep-sleeved coat—the line of the sleeve continues from front to back, giving the appearance of a low-placed belt.



5



6



At twenty-two, Ivana Joli is already a veteran in the Italian fashion field, having started dress-designing at the tender age of fifteen, had her first sketches published at sixteen. In addition she speaks five languages, and holds her university degree in fashion history.

GIVES FASHION A BIRD



4

CHATELAINE'S artist-reporter, Ivana Joli, who was our eyes and ears in the European fashion theatre this year, found Paris in an uproar over the new hemline. But in Rome she found that the fast-growing Italian fashion industry was also making news with its new "Bird Woman" silhouette for the 1954 Woman. Her report and sketches are shown on these pages.

It's never been any particular secret that the Italian designers would like to lead the world of fashion and with the appearance this year of their "Bird Woman," they've at last offered Paris some pretty serious competition.

The "Bird Woman" is more of an atmosphere than an outline . . . it's romantic and elegant—more sophisticated than ever before. Wing influence is seen in high pointed collar treatments, at the back of skirts, on hats and even shoes. There's a feeling of free movement in floating panels, drapery effects and a softer sweep from shoulder to sleeve. Skirt lengths did go slightly higher in Rome too—about fourteen and a half inches from the floor, and designers favored muted colors.

By ROSEMARY BOXER, *Fashion and Beauty Editor*




7



8



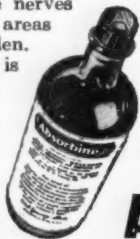
9



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SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES

Memo from Rosemary

THE BATTLE OF THE HEMLINE



Hobble skirts exposed ankles in World War I.



Knees came in with the postwar Jazz Age.



Hems dipped with the stockmarket in 1930.



1947's New Look saw a new low in hemlines.

THE SKIRT LENGTH WOMEN NOW LIKE — AND DIOR'S NEW DECREE (RIGHT).



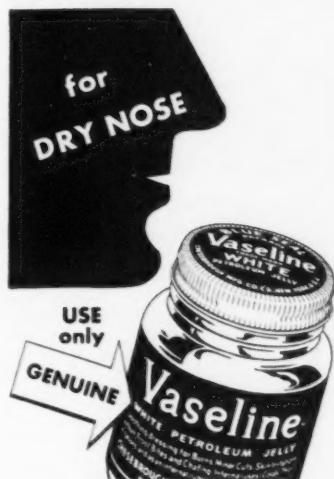
WE'LL SOON KNOW whether or not Christian Dior's new hemline, which will raise skirts from four to six inches, will be the fashion. If women accept this startling innovation, and legs become fashionable again, Dior chalks up another victory—even greater than his first when he put hemlines down around the ankles in 1947 and established his reputation as style leader of the world with the New Look.

This time there are rustlings of revolt, but my guess is that Dior will get away with it and the best intentions to resist will fade away. Remember how you said you'd never submit to the New Look... and remember how it finally did take over your wardrobe almost without your realizing it? I think by spring the effect of the shorter skirt will be quite marked.

It's a pity, too, that the change is coming at a time when many women feel that hemlines the way they are now are "just right." But fashion is a business and new styles are good for business.

Hemlines have been going up and down ever since the first world war when women decided to show their ankles and hobble skirts became the fashion—some as high as eight inches off the floor. Then in 1925 day and evening hemlines jumped to the knee and the era of the flapper got under way. By 1930, however, hems were down again to just below the knee. Severity reigned for the next two decades while fashion took a back seat to depression and war until 1947 when Dior, then a newcomer, introduced the soft and feminine New Look with hemlines some ten inches from the floor. Since then, they've come up again to about mid-calf.

And no matter how strong-willed we may be about it, no matter how much we may resent what we feel is a capricious edict, they are going higher. +



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LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING

Continued from page 12

"What women need is more faith in their good taste"—Margit Wognsbeck. "They are conservative, but I am constantly amazed at how quickly and how surely they pick out the best in new trends"—H. E. D. Irvine.

Good taste is something almost anyone can acquire. Fifty years ago it was limited to the wealthy who could travel, purchase expensive hand-carved furniture, beautiful china and rugs. But today it's the privilege of any woman who can read, observe and judge her own needs. Every housewife has, in effect, become an interior decorator.

This new approach is being felt all through the furniture and home building fields. In Victorian times a big house

Have You Tried

baking individual seasoned pepper squash halves in aluminum foil?



with many rooms such as library, den, drawing room, conservatory, etc., etc., showed off the family's wealth. Each room was separated from the rest by massive walls and heavy doors because there was no such thing as central heating and it was necessary to hold in the heat from the fireplace. But today houses and families have shrunk in size and rooms have to do double duty. The trend now is toward "open planning" with one room opening out onto another. Today's bigger living room is often a combination living room, dining room and recreation room with flexible furniture that can be moved about easily to accommodate the many different purposes the room serves.

Rooms are not only opening out into one another but they are also opening out into the backyard for summer months. Picture windows, breezeways, are a result of this trend. People have stopped limiting outdoor living to glassed-in porches and peering out at lawns that can't be stepped on except to be cut. Instead they're dumping gravel over part of the lawn and using it as an extra living room in the summer.

All this movement toward open planning, combined with the do-it-yourself trend in decorating, is part of our twentieth century movement toward a servantless, more casual life.

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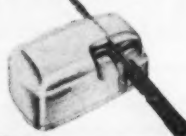
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Women are demanding draperies that can be washed and hung without ironing, place mats that eliminate a lot of laundering, oven-to-table casserole dishes that eliminate extra pots and plates, the banishing of dust-catching door panels and ornamental ledges, the use of big panes of glass that take less time to wash, prints that don't show the dirt and finishes that don't have to be polished.

But how is this movement toward a life more free of housework being served by present-day decorating trends?

As in so many things, there are two influences in Canadian decorating—European and American. The American influence is stronger, but in some respects it hardly touches Canadian life. For example, no American decorating magazine is complete without its Early American home complete with Welsh dresser, pewter pots, steeple clock, warming pans around the fireplace and fiddleback rocker in front of it. But this trend has hardly caught on in Canada at all. In fact many fine examples of our United Empire Loyalist furniture are being shipped off to the United States by dealers as Early American.

Another trend from across the border is to take an old building—an old barn, for example, and at great expense and work, turn it into a house. Typical accounts run something like this: "Like many New Englanders, the Rosmangers wanted to retain as much of the flavor of the old barn as they could so they kept the sliding barn doors, old stall windows and old cattle run. The bricks from the floor were carefully preserved for the living room fireplace and Clarence was delighted to find that the old feed bin could be saved for a bar at the end of the recreation room."

But in Canada when people convert an old house it's generally because they have found a good buy and they want to alter it to suit their needs.

From England we have inherited the traditional style of interior furnishings with massive pieces and classical carving. For people who feel the gracious air is worth the extra work, manufacturers have turned out good reproductions, cut

down to present-day room dimensions and with foam rubber replacing uncomfortable horsehair seats. "Canadians with money," says one of Canada's top furniture retailers, "still spend it on traditional furniture because they feel they are sure they are investing in a style that will always be good."

But in the United States people with money are furnishing their homes in good modern furniture. In Canada this trend has caught on among the young

☆ ☆ ☆

THE KNITTER

By GLADYS DEVLIN STACEY

Sleep — thou elusive phantom

Loitering in mystic shade —

Linger not.

My tattered sleeve of care

Is raveled and worn.

Knit, Sleep,

Lest bold-eyed Day come unaware,

And I go shame-faced in my rags.

Dreading his penetrating stare.

So haste, Sleep, knit.

☆ ☆ ☆

people. Black iron which has good lines but is inexpensive is especially popular. The trend toward texture which has been gaining momentum for the last ten years is in full swing now. Everywhere the housewife turns she finds texture in everything from curtains to rugs. In some cases this texture trend seems to be carried, like many fashions, to extremes. We have all seen the room that looks like a collection of trophies from an African safari, with its ash tray that appears to have been coughed up by a volcano, statues that seem to have been gnawed out by the sharp teeth of some African native, and the inevitable piece of driftwood resting on top of the radio.

The fashion is changing in color too. During the gay and giddy twenties light colors were in style. The thirties ushered

EIGHT WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS

The November issue of Chatelaine offers a whole special section of helpful colorful hints which will make your Christmas preparations easier and more successful. And you're getting them in plenty of time to use them, too, for the next issue of our magazine goes on sale October 21st at your favorite newsstand.

- Get your Christmas dinner ready in November
- Decorations you can make for the house for the table
- Special needlecraft ideas for Christmas.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

WATCH THE BIRDIE



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in a period of "safe" colors—beiges, greys and light greens. After World War II people longed for security and dark-toned walls seemed to supply this feeling. Decorators now say the trend is toward a softer monotone with bright colors used in small accent spots.

So much for the general view of the house. Now let us step inside the living room. In most homes this one room takes up the largest proportion of the family's furniture expenditure and most of the housewife's cleaning time, but very often isn't doing a good job as a living unit. Instead of being the leisure and living room of the house it is often just a battleground for wars about feet being put on the sofas, dogs being barred, ornaments being moved, ashes being dropped.

The movement toward easy living is a movement toward furniture that can take it—chair arms that can be sat on, tables that can be leaned against, surfaces that can take wet glasses and even burning cigarettes without disaster and lamps that really provide light, storage units such as desks and cabinets that have shelves and drawers that actually accommodate the things to be put in them.

The woman who wants to make living easier won't have cushions that have to be plumped every time someone sits down on a sofa. She'll choose from the endless variety of fabrics available, washable materials that won't require expensive cleaning processes. She'll avoid tables with legs that stick out to be kicked every time Dad gets up to turn on the radio, or flimsy tables that fall over at the slightest bump from Junior. Fireplaces that don't work don't add any hospitable and cosy air either and are often surrounded by a lot of dust-catching paraphernalia such as tongs, screens, polished brass hardware, etc.

Our new way of living calls for more flexible furniture. One retailer says people are spending more time at home now because of television. Furniture has to be moved more frequently. Sofas and chairs that used to be pushed against walls are now being brought out into the middle of the floor. Manufacturers are designing them with back and side as well as front appeal. He also believes we will soon see casters on furniture to make it easier to move.

The room that has changed most in the

last twenty years is the kitchen. We probably all remember the old farm kitchen with its heavy table and the Lazy Susan in the middle at which the whole family ate its meals. Then

FASHION NOTE

By R. H. Grenville

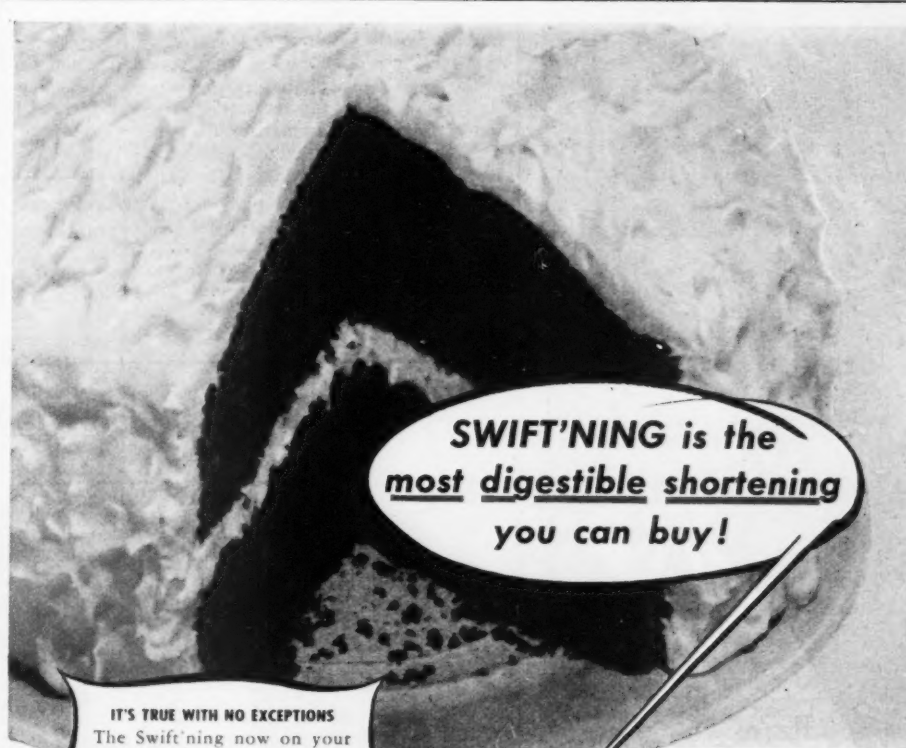
Fashion began that day in Eden
When Mother Eve, with a wistful
air,

First complained to Father Adam
That she hadn't a thing to wear.

efficiency experts started dogging around after the housewife, counting the number of steps she takes from the refrigerator to the stove and the number of movements she makes to open a can of peas. They came up with a tiny, steel-and-porcelain kitchen that looked

like the inside of a space ship where the housewife stood in the middle and operated all her gadgets. But the housewife found she didn't like this. There was no room for Junior to stand around telling her how he brought in the winning run at the ball game, or for her husband to relax while she got dinner and recount how he told off the boss—yet they both crowded in on her anyway. When company came she may as well have been in a space ship because she was isolated in her stainless steel cupboard, far from the guests chatting with her husband in the living room.

With the new trend toward making every room do its full share of living work, kitchens are expanding again. Big, family-size kitchen tables meant to be used for eating are now appearing. At the New York World's Fair in 1939 an exhibit showed the kitchen located in the middle of the living room. At the time people thought this a radical idea but today this plan, slightly modified, is far from a dreamy architect's drawing table. Many houses presently being built have archways from the living area to the kitchen so that mother can rejoin the family group and whip in for a few



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mint mallow cake

Quick Mix—No Creaming Method

Group I—½ c. Swift'ning, 2¼ c. sifted cake flour, 1½ c. sugar, 5 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. soda, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 c. milk.
Group II—2 squares melted chocolate, 2 eggs, ½ c. milk.

Mix Group I ingredients by Quick Mix—No Creaming Method. Beat 2 mins. Add Group II and beat 2 more mins. Bake 30 mins. at 375°F. in two 9" prepared cake pans. For Mint Mallow Frosting, make 7-min. frosting. Fold 12 cut-up marshmallows into frosting while still warm. Add a few drops of green vegetable colouring and a drop of peppermint flavouring. Continue beating 1 min. and frost cake.

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social minutes while the pressure cooker works up steam when there is company.

The dining room sometimes looks as though it is going the way of the dodo. It used to be the room where the family gathered three times a day for meals around a beaded centerpiece and where the children did their homework and played games. But today when the number of rooms is limited architects have most frequently chopped dining rooms out of their plans, and replaced the traditional dining room with combination living-and-dining rooms, or pass-throughs to the kitchens. Today people eat all over the house in nooks, corners, ends of the living room, sun porches and gardens. The main rule, as in everything else, is to eat where it most suits your family.

Retailers say people are demanding floor coverings for dining areas that are easy to clean, chair covers that can take the baby rubbing his scrambled eggs and banana into them, table tops that can take a spill without disaster. They are choosing smaller dining room chairs that can double for casual sitting, and drop-leaf tables that take up less room, cabinets that are junior size.

By rough estimate we spend about one third of our lives in the bedroom, but it's mostly with our eyes shut and that's why it is often the forgotten room of the house. It should be a place where we can get away from the world, write letters, brood, sulk, dramatize ourselves, dress, work at hobbies, etc. Often it's just a place that's arranged to look beautiful and involve a lot of work. We still cling to inconvenient closets with deep, hard-to-get-at shelves, beds that are too low to sweep under easily, curtains that show the dirt, and bed-

spreads that look mussed if anyone sits on them.

To many women the bedroom is the sentimental heart of the home and they tend to deck it with frills or try to duplicate the puffed satin effect they saw in Betty Grable's last movie.

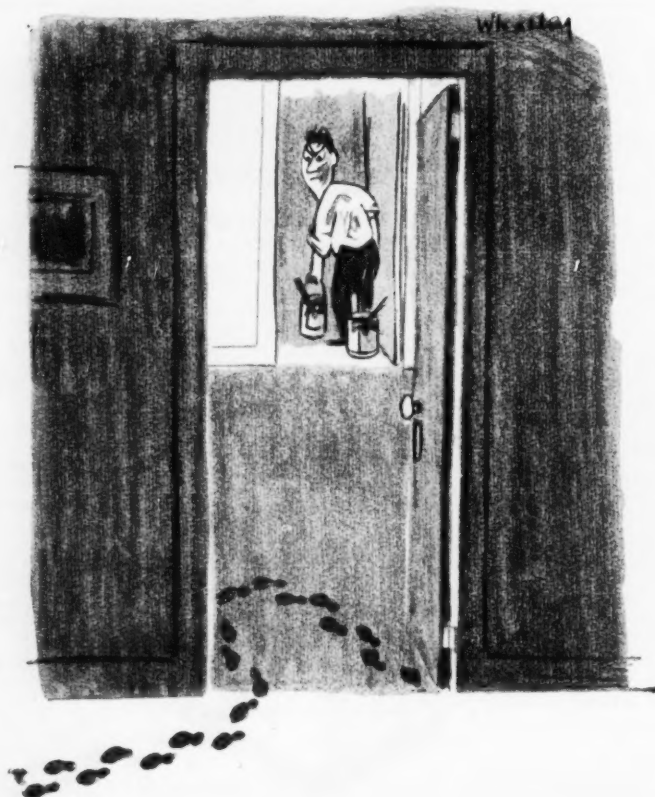
But in general, retailers admit people are becoming more practical about the furniture they choose for their bedrooms. In Ontario sales of dressing tables have fallen off, although western women still seem to like the luxury of making up in front of the three-way mirror, in spite of the fact that a dressing table provides little storage space. Mr.-and-Mrs. dressers with shallow drawers for such things as gloves, collars, jewelry, etc. are gaining in popularity. Headboards now provide space for night articles and books, sometimes replace night tables. In many homes bedrooms are definitely taking on a bed-sitting-room air that means they can be used by the occupant as private retreats from the rest of the family to read, pursue hobbies or be alone with his thoughts for awhile.

All through the house from the front hall, designed with plenty of storage space for coats and hats, to the bathroom which is as easy to keep clean as a ship's galley, there is a fresh, new and thoroughly sensible approach to the function of a house. It's toward an easier, more flexible, less formalized way of life and the furnishings that make it possible. It's a difference in attitude that makes a house become a home. +

Next month:

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING takes a look at what's happening to Living Room Furniture.

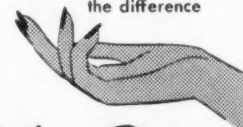
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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

going to a party?

See my column on page 8. for something naughty but nice!

Yours,
NANCY NYLON

NY52-7R



First Aid for

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USE only

GENUINE

THE PILL THAT COULD SHAKE THE WORLD

Continued from page 17

to date has been a lengthy paper, recently published in *Science*, the august journal of the Association for the Advancement of Science. This was a round-up of all available information on no less than twenty likely leads to an oral birth-control agent on which considerable work has already been done.

All these operate by creating what Henshaw calls "a slight shift to the right or left" in the delicate system of checks and balances governing the reproductive system. And it is this very fact which leads other men in the field to warn against expecting striking results prematurely.

"Precisely because the human reproductive system is such a delicately balanced mechanism, any 'slight shift' you deliberately cause may have unexpected repercussions," says a spokesman for a pharmaceutical firm which has itself conducted a great many studies in this line. "It will require a great deal of testing of any new method before we can prove it to meet all the requirements — simple, practical, economical and absolutely safe."

However, what leads Dr. Henshaw to have confidence in the practical possibilities of this approach is that such disturbances frequently occur in the normal course of life. By this argument it should be feasible to induce the upsets as desired without any ill effect to the system in general.

As just one example, in a woman ovulation occurs only once during each monthly cycle and is suspended entirely during pregnancy. This is because the pituitary hormones which cause an egg to burst from the ovaries each month are suppressed by a hormone called progesterone released once pregnancy begins. Thus by administering a small quantity of progesterone at the right time and in the right way, the pituitary hormones might be suppressed and "natural" sterility occur. This actually has been demonstrated in animals, but the hormones are costly and the experiment has not yet been followed up to any extent.

In one of the most promising experiments, however, the same thing is accomplished by suppressing the pituitary hormones with a different substance. The original clue here was a report that women of the Soshone Indian tribe in Nevada believe that conception can be prevented by daily drinking a cup of "cold tea" made from a desert weed. This unpretentious plant grows eighteen inches high, has short, narrow leaves and stony seeds, and is called by various people pucoon or gromwell, or (botanically) *lithospermum rudrale*. Lithospermum is now cultivated beside the campus at the University of Western Ontario in London, not far from the grey limestone Collip Medical Research laboratory where a research team under Dr. R. L. Noble has been running animal tests at the rate of one hundred rats and mice a month for four years. These Canadian experimenters have shown that when female animals are given regular injections of a lithospermum extract they stop ovulating entirely until the treatment is discontinued

—whereupon they are likely for a time to be more fertile than ever. And the scientists at Western have revealed that lithospermum works by acting directly on the pituitary hormones which normally spark the ovulation process. By neutralizing these hormones, lithospermum apparently induces one of those "slight shifts" Dr. Henshaw mentions, and no eggs are produced as long as treatment continues.

While no details have yet been published it is known that lithospermum works on humans exactly as in animals. However, its practical effectiveness will not be known until the researchers succeed in isolating and producing the active fertility agent contained in the weed. Those involved are confident that this problem will soon yield to experiments now under way in both Canada and the U. S.

☆ ☆ ☆

SOLD!

By P. J. Blackwell

Whatever I buy, after lengthy delay
And checking my budget through
twice,

To my constant dismay

Is on sale the next day

At a drastic reduction in price.

☆ ☆ ☆

The closest claim yet to having created an actual birth control pill is made on behalf of a chemical called phosphorylated hesperidin, a substance found abundantly in the peel of citrus fruits and which could probably be sold for the price of a headache tablet. This is believed by some investigators to cause a "slight shift" at a point further along the reproductive cycle, by cementing the outer cells of the female egg so that it cannot be pierced and fertilized by the male sperm. Results in the first three hundred couples tested by Dr. Benjamin F. Sieve of Boston were so nearly perfect (only two couples, who forgot their pills, had babies during the test) that some other scientists are extremely skeptical. However a dozen obstetricians in one of the most reputable hospitals in the eastern states have shown enough interest in hesperidin to set up a long-term and carefully controlled test among their own patients. So final judgment on the effectiveness of the "orange peel drug" must be deferred.

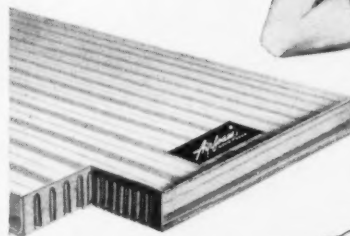
But six months or six years, there seems little doubt that research will continue. For along with the instinctive human urge to reproduce in order to maintain the family and the race, almost every primitive people has demonstrated a parallel desire to control the number of its offspring. *Lithospermum* is only one of seventy herbs known to have been credited with similar sterilizing properties by native tribes in many lands. Another birth control method was mentioned in an ancient Egyptian papyrus written eighteen hundred and forty-five years before Christ.

In fact, the practice of birth control was already so widespread seven hundred years ago that St. Thomas Aquinas

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found it necessary to denounce it as "against nature and therefore morally wrong." This confirmed the stand which the Roman Catholic Church maintains strongly until this day and which has so influenced the birth control movement in recent times.

The dissemination of contraceptive information and supplies was originally banned by both U. S. and Canadian law under obscenity clauses put there, in the States at least, by a Protestant. But when Margaret Sanger, concerned

with providing relief for the poverty-stricken and child-burdened women of New York's crowded slums, was arrested for attempting to address a mass meeting there in 1921, it was largely as a result of Roman Catholic protests. And in Canada's famous Eastview trial the accused was a Protestant social worker charged with handing out birth control pamphlets to some twenty-one Roman Catholic housewives, in the Ottawa suburb, while the contradictory beliefs of Roman Catholics and Protestants

on this point were a feature of the testimony.

In both countries birth control won the day because of the courts' favorable interpretation of the law as permitting the dissemination of contraceptive information "for the public good" or (in the U. S.) for "proper medical use."

The individual's viewpoint today is still largely determined by his or her religious background. And while the Roman Catholic Church now condones to a limited degree the use of the

so-called rhythm of preventing conception (avoidance of the most fertile days of the monthly cycle), it still fights to maintain the only restrictive birth control laws left in North America, in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Starting from the original birth control clinic opened by Margaret Sanger in 1916 (and almost immediately raided) there are now over five hundred clinics in the U. S., many of which also operate fertility clinics to help childless couples, and counseling services for couples approaching marriage or having marital problems. The aim of these planned parenthood centres, operating on a pay-as-you-can basis, is no longer just the negative one of preventing babies but the positive one of encouraging the proper spacing of children to ensure the maximum health of mother and child within the family's economic ability to provide for all its members.

Are those Canadians who believe in planned parenthood as fully served as if they lived in the States? And in light of the spread of already known procedures is there any real demand in either country for a method as radically different as the birth control pill?

A One-Man Agency

A birth control clinic is not easy to find in Canada. There is one operated by a private social agency in Hamilton, Ont. In nearby Kitchener the Parents Information Bureau Ltd. provides free supplies for married women of limited financial resources wherever they live in Canada. Application forms are forwarded by nine full-time field workers scattered from Ontario to B. C., as well as by the outpatient departments of some ten hospitals across the country and by close to four thousand doctors. Dorothea Palmer, who went on trial in Eastview in 1936, was employed by the Parents Information Bureau which was then and still is the personally operated social agency of a millionaire Kitchener rubber manufacturer, A. R. Kaufman. Kaufman first became interested in family planning to alleviate the plight of workers his own firm was forced to lay off during the depression and eventually built up his Family Bureau until before the war it had a staff of over fifty field workers and handled twenty thousand applications a year.

This industrialist might be described as the one-man planned parenthood movement of Canada, having supplied one hundred and eighty-two thousand families, and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in fostering this work. Climbing costs have led him to curtail the work in recent years—yet the bureau still receives two thousand unsolicited applications a year from women who have merely heard of it by word of mouth, giving some idea of the demand that exists.

It should be noted that most of the hospitals which do prescribe contraceptives to outpatients will do so only in cases where further childbearing will seriously threaten a woman's health. This is because such publicly supported institutions wish to avoid antagonizing people who are opposed to birth control by religious belief. By contrast, half of the five hundred planned parenthood clinics in the United States are operated by hospitals and municipalities and in some cases even by state health departments.

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For this reason birth control education in Canada is left largely to family physicians.

Twenty years ago Toronto medical students used to have to apply for instruction in contraceptive techniques to the nurse in charge of the birth control clinic then operated in that city by A. R. Kaufman. With the Eastview decision, however, and the wider public acceptance of planned parenthood principles, such instruction has come to be a regular part of the medical course in most Canadian universities. A drug-gist serving about a dozen Protestant doctors in one metropolitan neighbor-

hood says that only one of these physicians will not prescribe at a patient's request.

One doctor with whom I discussed this question, a conscientious general practitioner of twenty-five years' experience, proved to be keenly interested in spreading knowledge of planned parenthood principles and methods. "There is no doubt that most people today believe in proper spacing of children, and more and more we find that young women come to us when they are about to be married for a proper understanding of birth control techniques," he declared.

But this doctor is not satisfied with

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Never have articles in this field created so much comment among fashion- and beauty-conscious women in this country. We have received hundreds on hundreds of letters asking for the same kind of help. We can't possibly devote the time to all these women that we spent with Miss Nisbet but we have been glad to give each letter complete and individual attention.

But now as we make plans for our big Spring Beauty Week issue for April of next year we can offer this same personalized service to the Canadian girl or woman who sends us the best letter, accompanied by a picture, outlining her beauty problems.

A picture of the winner will appear on the April cover of Chatelaine and her story will be told in the same issue.

Your entry must be postmarked not later than Thursday, October 15, 1953. We will want the winner to be in Toronto for the week of November 23rd, 1953.

Fill out this entry form and send it to:

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GL-21E

the present state of things, in two respects. He thinks that doctors alone cannot do the educational job properly. And he feels that the most effective of modern birth control methods still leave much to be desired.

"Cost undoubtedly deters many married women from applying to a doctor for proper advice, for in addition to his fee she must pay six or eight dollars for the contraceptive kit," he explained. "Moreover, many doctors still do not feel that they should offer such advice unless asked—and despite all the uninhibited talk about sex these days, you'd be surprised at the continuing ignorance on this subject. I'd hazard that close to half the populace practicing contraception still depend on antiquated, inefficient and mentally hazardous procedures."

Danger of Bootlegging

In contrast, an active planned-parent-hood organization not only provides medically supervised advice (the U. S. clinics are usually staffed by women doctors) on an ability-to-pay basis, but also attempts to educate the public to the purposes and principles of child spacing. In the States the local planned parenthood societies employ billboards, streetcar cards and radio spots to sell the idea of "responsible parenthood" and tell married couples where to apply for medical advice as to both avoiding and encouraging conception.

On the other point, this same doctor knows from his own practice and from discussing the problem with professional colleagues that even the most efficient existing methods are found unsatisfactory and distasteful by many couples.

"If medical research can develop a safe and practical pill, something which will provide continuing protection," concluded the doctor, "it will be widely welcomed by many married couples."

As anyone must who fully considers the implications of such a development, however, this family physician was quick to point out that unless the sale of the birth control pill could be properly controlled its promiscuous use, particularly by young people, might have serious results to individuals and to society. And should the answer be found in any substance so readily obtainable as hesperidin, for instance, it is doubtful if any control would be possible.

A druggist put the problem succinctly when he said, "You couldn't keep it on the prescription list any more than you

WHEN A GIRL IS FIVE FOOT FOUR

What clothes should she choose—hair style? Rosemary Boxer gives a wealth of advice to the girls facing a special problem.

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could headache tablets, and the juke joints would be bootlegging the stuff in no time."

Some of those who work with teenagers fear the problem of promiscuity would be increased, even if only in degree. An intelligent parent, old enough to have children entering the teens and young enough to have memories, shrugged philosophically when this point was raised.

"If it comes, it comes—and maybe it will prove the conclusive test for all our fine ideas about bringing our children up with no questions barred and all knowledge freely imparted," was the way this woman put it.

"My daughter knew more at eight than I knew when I got married," she continued, "and yesterday she came home from junior high singing an embarrassing ballad which my husband said was worse than anything he had heard in the army."

"But at least she did sing it to me, and there's nothing she won't discuss with me. I'll just have to go on having faith in her and in the moral example and the teaching she has acquired as a member of our family—even if the corner store starts selling birth control pills in handy purse-size packets."

A great many earnest people are convinced that the coming of an oral contraceptive would prove such a boon to mankind as to outweigh almost any other considerations. These are the conscientious world-citizens who have been impressed with the warnings of population scientists that our global population is rapidly becoming too large to survive on the earth that must feed and clothe it.

They point out, for example, that the human race accumulated scarcely more than a billion people in all the centuries of its existence up to 1850, yet in the next century it more than doubled that figure. They say today's population of two and a half billion will double again in the next hundred years if the present rate of increase continues—thanks to improved medical and public health measures the world death rate continues to drop, while the birth rate among most of the world's people continues high. Yet only by some undreamed-of scientific miracle can we expect food production to double as quickly as world population—and go on doing so indefinitely.

British biologist Julian Huxley has predicted that the twentieth century will be known in history not for the discovery of atomic energy but as the century in which mankind for the first time recognized the need to control population growth. President Chester

Barnard of the Rockefeller Foundation has rated population planning in relation to the earth's resources as the greatest single challenge facing mankind today.

Thus the perfection of a birth control method so cheap and simple it can be put within reach of the earth's illiterate millions is considered absolutely vital by many serious thinkers, if the world is to escape gradual starvation. It was this belief which led the Planned Parenthood Federation of America two years ago to appoint as its national director Dr. William Vogt, author of the 1948 best seller, "Road to Survival." This graphic account of the fate he sees awaiting the world unless everything possible is done to conserve our resources and limit the peoples they must support, has been read by an estimated twenty to thirty million people and aroused concern and controversy around the world. Since Dr. Vogt's appointment to the American Federation, an International Planned Parenthood Association has been launched, following a world conference in Bombay. Honorary president of both organizations is Mrs. Margaret Sanger, who is still extremely active in the movement she founded thirty years ago when she first put the expression "birth control" into the language.

Red Beads For India

William Vogt, a pleasantly earnest and persuasive man with bristling grey hair, describes overpopulation as a problem "more important and more pressing than that of the atom bomb" and a "killer deadlier than the bomb." In the past decade it has killed millions outright through hunger, in countries like India and China, and left millions of other members of the world family sick, hungry, emaciated, old before their time. "Too many people," he has described the problem, "matched against too little land, food, water and forests."

Japan, with eighty-five million people jammed into an area not much more than half the size of Ontario and adding a net increase of a million more hungry mouths each year, has legalized both birth control and abortion. Because modern birth control information is not yet widely available, abortions are running at a million a year.

The government of India, whose three hundred and sixty-seven millions are increasing by fourteen thousand every day, is ready to try any practicable experiment to reduce its birthrate. Thousands of uneducated married women have been supplied with strings of wooden beads, colored to represent the days of the menstrual month—red beads warning them away from the fertile period during the middle of the month, green beads indicating the so-called safe days. This year one and a third million dollars have been budgeted for a country-wide program to teach current birth control procedures. Consideration has even been given to the possibility of offering a fertility-control substance, when perfected, to the Indian people mixed with the rice that is their staple food—much as inland Canadians can get their iodine in iodized salt. Meanwhile there has been premature talk of distributing "lithosperm teabags," although no serious consideration could be given to using this experimental procedure until the active agent in the "tea" has been determined and fully tested. ♦

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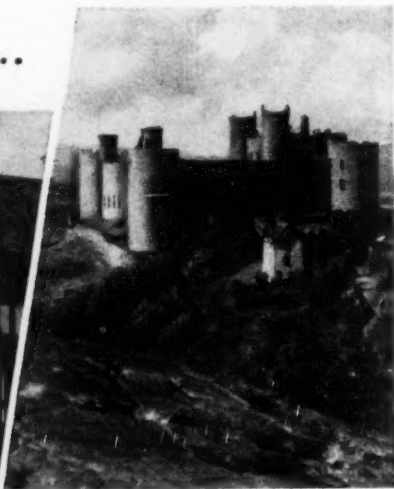
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PORTRAIT OF LIBBY

Continued from page 15

had passed and lost itself in the trees and the houses beyond, it was past bearing. And all the time, stronger than the tears and the pain, was the image of the painting in the living room.

It was a good portrait, done by a passing artist who had borrowed money from Libby's father. It showed a girl, young, with thick brown hair, eyes that were wide and eager and at the same time very shy, a full young mouth that was touching in its vulnerability. About the whole face, and in the repose of the clasped hands, there was a tranquil yet eager beauty, a richness of generosity, a wanting to give that glowed out from the canvas and told the critic that here was a child-woman who had beauty, tenderness, passion, and understanding to give.

But it was a lie, thought Libby. A lie. A lie. And she was the one who had told the lie. For Libby was not beautiful. She was, instead, startlingly plain. And it had been a lie to have the painting photographed and to send it with her letter to the soldier in Korea who was her brother Tom's buddy. And the soldier had come home, and had seen that the photo-portrait was a lie...

Morrisburg is not a big town. It is no more than a large village straggling along the shores of the St. Lawrence River. Beautiful in its gracious old Canadian homes with their well-tended lawns; ugly, sometimes, where the less fortunate live. It offers little in the way of industry, and because of that, many of its young men go to the city to seek their fortunes and their brides. The girls, girls like Libby who stayed home to cook and care for her widowed father, have fewer and fewer men to choose from as the years advance on them. Even the pretty girls go to movies with other girls, and walk the banks of the green-blue river alone when the pussy willows show their furry heads in spring. Some marry older men, others find mates from surrounding towns and cities.

And the plain girls, thought Libby, grow old and plainer yet. She had jumped at the opportunity her soldier brother Tom had offered: "Write to Ted Lawrence, Lib. He's lonely." Libby's heart and her hopes, and the pain of her lonely years had gone to the soldier in Korea with her letters. And something that had been long dead came to life with the letters he returned. Homely, longing letters from a boy whose home was in nearby Cornwall.

"This is a cold, dark place, Libby, even when the sun shines. Walk the banks of the river, Libby, and tell me if the boats still pass to Montreal. Pick a trillium for me, and I'll put it in my jacket pocket, and I'll be much braver when the time comes. Libby—it's a name I like. It's like our house in Cornwall, quiet and warm and peaceful. I looked at your brother Tom today, and I wondered if you are like him. Do your eyes laugh sometimes, when your mouth is still? Why doesn't Tom have a photo of you? When will you send me your picture, Libby, to help me dream?"

Tom didn't have a photo because Libby hated to see in black on white the shadows and lights that proved her

lack of beauty. She'd written back asking for a photo of Ted himself. A few weeks later it had reached her, and she had known she hadn't the courage to send a photo of herself.

Ted was a handsome man. His hair grew in a dark peak from a high, smooth brow. His nose was straight and perfect, and his mouth a laughing line above a square, cleft chin. He was as handsome as a picture in a magazine, smiling and confident, but with a shadow of loneliness in his eyes. "The smile is for you Libby. Very specially for you."

How could she send him a photo? How could she face waiting for the postman, when the letters would surely no longer come? If Ted had been a

☆ ☆ ☆

CAT

By M. E. Drew

Pasht was his name in Egypt long ago;
A furry God. He still remembers that
And walks majestically while I hold the door
Ajar. He knows I deem him more than cat
And wouldn't push a stately rump to show
It's tiresome and even a bit chilly
In the night air. He knows his tyranny,
And how cat people can't help being silly.

His eyes are the chartreuse of early spring
Leaves. And inscrutable. He is mature
In a deep, serene way we never know.
Old and wise as the earth itself I'm sure.
He scorns our subtleties and walks the night
(Rides with a hag for all I know) and cries
Challenge and love. Dawn finds him at the door
Narrow and torn, hauteur still in his eyes.

Only enough caresses he accepts
To make his easy home a certainty:
The pliant, willing lap; the coveted
Warmth of the fire and the cream at tea.
Tribute I bring whenever he may wish
Seeking his pleasure with sacrificial fish.

☆ ☆ ☆

plain man, an ugly man even, she could have sent her picture, and trusted to his interest in something other than beauty. But Ted was handsome. No handsome man could want a woman as plain as Libby.

But she hadn't the courage to give up his letters either, and so one day when, as today, she had stood waiting for the postman, and turned from the window disappointed, the portrait, caught in a wayward beam of sunlight, had given her the answer. An answer that was a lie, but that had assured the continuance of the letters.

"You are as beautiful as I thought you were," Ted had written. "I hoped you were beautiful. And you are. You

are everything I want, Libby, and I hope I can soon come home. Will you walk by the river with me? There are a thousand things I want to say to you, and none of them can be put on paper. But when I see you, I don't think I'll be able to say anything. I just want to look at you, to realize how lovely you are—to realize that I am with you. That maybe you will find something in me, that we'll go on from there."

Libby had cried over the letters often, cried for the sweet pain of the first love letters she had ever received. And she had cried because he was writing to a lie—writing to a beautiful woman in a portrait.

A few months later he had written that perhaps, before too long, before even the summer had come, they might see each other. "I can't write you any more about it right now, because these things are always uncertain. But think of me, and maybe, soon . . ."

Soon had come much sooner than Libby was prepared for. First the letters had stopped. For three weeks there was nothing, and as she waited for the postman each morning, heard his whistle approach and fade away, she had been sick with fear that somehow Ted had seen a photograph of her, or met someone who had seen her and would tell him the truth. Perhaps even her brother Tom had warned Ted in order not to let him build illusions. Tom had always reminded her that she was plain, with the callousness of a good-looking youth who could not know the pain of being a plain girl. She pushed the thoughts away from her, accusing herself of being morbid, stupid, ridiculous, but the days without letters had dragged, seemingly into years.

Then, a few days ago, the phone had sounded shrilly through the house early in the morning, and the cool impersonal voice of the long-distance operator had said: "A person-to-person call for Libby Bradley, from Montreal."

In a moment, following Libby's nervous and wondering affirmation that this was Libby Bradley, a deep masculine voice, eager and vibrant with anticipation, had asked: "Libby? Libby?"

With knees suddenly gone weak, Libby replied: "Ted?" Just one syllable, but into it had gone the hopes and fears of the past weeks.

"Libby? Yes, yes, this is Ted. Is that really you? Libby, I can't believe it. I'm back in Canada for good. Are you glad? I am. I'm terribly glad."

"Yes, yes, Ted. Yes, I'm glad, too."

Ted's voice dipped with worry. "You don't sound glad?"

"Oh, yes, I'm so happy, Ted. I just can't believe that you're here." So happy, but now it means you're lost to me. You'll see me once, and then you'll go away. You want a beautiful woman, Ted.

The buzzing silence of the telephone deepened. A little more cautiously, Ted spoke: "Well, I'll have to go home, first, to see my mother. But I'll be up to see you in a day or two. I could stop off, maybe, for a few hours at your place first?"

He had planned to do that, Libby realized intuitively. But her greeting had dissuaded him. Oh, but I can't face you yet, she pleaded silently. Just give me a few days, stay away a few days so that I can read your letters over again, and say good-by to you before

you see me and say good-by yourself. Give me the time to do it myself. Then perhaps it won't hurt so much.

She hadn't spoken, and Ted's voice, deeper in his disappointment, with a shade of uncertainty in it now, came over the wire. "Well, I guess that's not such a good idea. I guess you have other boy friends."

"Oh, no, Ted. No, it's not that."

"Say, I never thought to ask if you had a boy friend?" He paused. "Have you?"

"No, Ted," her voice was swift in denial.

"Well, I guess not. Tom would have told me. He wouldn't have let me go overboard . . ." Ted's voice trailed off, rough with disappointment at this conversation. She could have cried for him. He would have planned the call, the things he would say during all the long hours of the voyage home, expecting a different welcome from the beautiful girl to whom he had been writing. But that wasn't me, Libby, she protested, si-

lently, sick with the hurt of this first contact between them. But she couldn't face him yet. Perhaps if she tried to prepare him, she thought, warned him that the portrait wasn't her, the shock might be less. It might not matter.

"Ted, look. Look, Ted, I think I ought to tell you . . ."

But the cool voice of the operator cut in: "Your three minutes are up, sir."

"Libby, I'd better go now. The bus is here. I'll phone you from Cornwall. Okay?"

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THIS LABEL

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Libby turned blindly from the phone. Tears on her cheeks, she had run up to her room, hugged the letters to her and rocked back and forth on the bed.

In the days that followed, she had tried very hard to say good-bye to Ted within herself. Time and again she had read the letters, promising herself that this was the last time. "I hoped that you were beautiful. And you are." The words glared accusingly from the pages. Half a dozen times

she had stiffened her courage, walked to the furnace with the precious package. And, faced with the yawning, cruel mouth of the furnace, she had withheld the letters. How can a plain woman destroy the only words that have ever told her she is beautiful?

She hadn't destroyed them, and she had never said good-bye to Ted in her heart. Against all logic and reason, against her own better judgment and conviction, she had hoped that somehow, when he saw her, he would forgive

her the cheating, and love her as she was.

The eve of the day he was to come and to take her for a walk along the river ("Remember, Libby, you promised to walk with me by the river? Even if you don't like me when you see me, you have to walk with me by the river"), she had gone to bed early with an aspirin, hoping that sleep would come soon to remove the signs of strain from her face. But why, oh why did Ted want to walk by the river, in the early sunlight, the bright white light that

would exaggerate every flaw in her face, the face he thought was beautiful? "If you don't like me when you see me..." A smile that was almost bitter crossed her lips. How, Ted, how can you think I won't like you—it's you—you, who have been deceived...

His call came early in the morning. Early this morning. Before she was up, while in her dreams she still walked with him in some shadowy place that was peaceful. His voice had regained the eagerness of his first call. It was gay, and anxious, and looking forward.

"Libby? Libby? I couldn't wait. I woke up early this morning, and I sneaked out of the house. I caught the milk train down, and even if it is eight in the morning, I've got to see you. It's a beautiful day. The day is almost as beautiful as you are, and I am coming over right away."

Libby had put the phone back slowly. Upstairs her father was putting the finishing touches on his shaving, and while Libby dressed, he teased her gently about her early date with a soldier. As he went out the door, he had touched

☆ ☆ ☆

IN RESIDENCE

By Martha Banning Thomas

Since you live in my heart,
I speak to you often
And often... in a silent way of my
own,
And I hear
Your answer... unmistakable,
clear!

Not words again, but the quality
Of swift response;
And I know
How to be quiet and free
Deep in the part
Of living that's born and dies
With the breath.

And so,
I speak to you often;
You are near
As life in the leaves of a tree...
You live in my heart!

☆ ☆ ☆

her hair briefly. "You look real pretty this morning, Lib," he had said. The impulse to throw herself into his arms and to cry wildly that she was afraid shook Libby. But she compressed her lips and gave him her best smile.

Once again, she had gone into the living room, seeking in the portrait some resemblance to her face as it really was. She could find none. Something, maybe, just a little something about the eyes. But it didn't look like her, nothing like the face that mocked her in the mirror. "Maybe," she thought, hope struggling to hide her fear, "maybe if I smile a lot at him, and talk a lot, he won't notice." With this faint ray of hope she raced up the stairs to the bathroom, and again combed the thick brown hair. She had not yet caught it in its tidying bow when the doorbell rang impatiently, as Ted would ring it. Nervously, Libby dropped the bow and ran down the stairs.

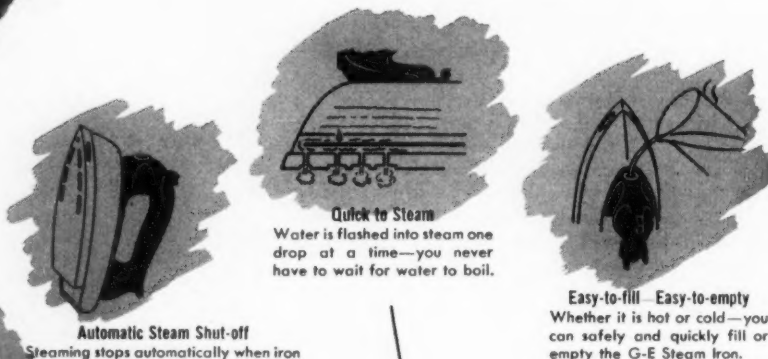
She had seen him first through the porch screen, standing a little stiffly on the step. Then, as she opened the door wide, he opened the screen, and they met on the porch. He was as handsome



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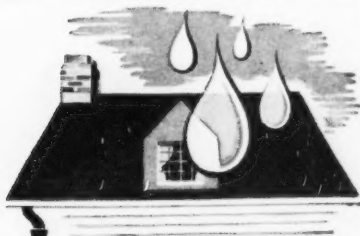
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as his photo. Handsomer, tanned, vital. He was shorter than his picture had led her to believe, no taller—in fact, a little shorter than her own five foot five, but broad and strong. And handsome.

For a moment, she had forgotten her own plainness, and then, as his eagerness turned to uncertainty while the silence stretched between them, the realization of her own homely looks swept her, and the light faded from her eyes.

For a moment they looked at each other, and slowly the light faded from the eyes that searched her face. Disappointment marked his face, and the smile faded from his lips. His mouth tightened. He stepped back, almost embarrassed, and Libby could have cried out with the pain the gesture caused her.

Ted looked at her a moment longer and then, half turned, he had stopped to say: "I—guess I made a—mistake."

With that he had run quickly down the porch steps, the screen door banged behind him, and Libby had turned blindly and run into the house.

It had happened only about half an hour ago—but the minutes and seconds were a long painful road stretching behind, stretching ahead.

A whimper rose in Libby's throat, and she felt that now she would cry. But she didn't want to. To cry would be to give in, and she couldn't give in. It had happened as she had known it would. She must face it and go on.

But I can't stay here, she thought. I can't stay in the house waiting for the phone to ring, waiting for a sound telling me he's come back.

With the tears held firmly back, she caught up a scarf and ran out of the house, down the streets to the river.

In the sunlight, she walked away from the village, lulling her pain to sleep in the clean smell of water and earth, in the reflected sunlight from the river, in the whisper of the wind.

She was past the last outposts of Morrisburg and the sunlight had soothed her sorrow, and the wind dried her tears when she saw the man walking toward her along the river's edge. He was walking slowly, like a man asleep, or like a man who has lost something, and stopped searching for it. A strong, short figure with black hair in civilian clothes. Libby's heart stirred faintly, and her steps slowed.

He was close to her before he looked up and saw her. It was Ted, as she had known it would be. Blood stung her cheeks. It was as though she had followed him. But she hadn't the strength to turn and run as she thought she should.

There was no surprise in Ted's face. Only an awakening, as though he had indeed been asleep, or as though this were a dream to him, and there was no need of reaction or defense, or words. There were no barriers up.

He said, almost without meaning: "I'm sorry, Libby. I should have told you."

Libby's fear and pain receded, and surprise took their place. Did he mean he should have told her he didn't like plain women? Surely that was what he meant, but the defenselessness in his face left her, too, without barriers, or defenses, and she knew that that was not what Ted was saying. Still, she didn't understand, and a puzzled frown creased her brow.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

A light started deep in Ted's eyes. He looked into her eyes for a long moment, and when he spoke, his voice

had the same surprise as had Libby's. He spoke carefully, now: "I mean, I should have told you—" He stopped, his voice thickening with embarrassment. "I mean, I should have told you how short I am. I thought maybe from your letters, that it wouldn't matter too much to you. That when you saw me, you wouldn't mind."

A wild surging joy, quick and rushing as the river in spring, caught up Libby's heart. Incredulous, she held back against it, fearful of being deceived. Ted had turned, left her, because he thought her disappointment was in him!

"Oh, Ted," she cried.

Doggedly, he continued. "On the porch," he said, explaining, and yet sensing that no more explanation was needed now. "You were so—lovely. You didn't say anything, and you looked so disappointed. I had decided that you would be the one to speak—you had to be the one to tell me—that it was all right—"

He was looking at her for reassurance. He, Ted, was looking at her! Wisely, Libby kept the truth. It could wait until later. "Everything," she said, reaching out to him, "everything is all right, Ted. Just everything." +

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for the birthday boy who is host.



FROM TWO TO SIX YEARS of age, the guests enjoy
blowing bubbles, finger painting, games that are fast and furious
with lots of loot to win as prizes.

Children's Parties you can enjoy, too



You needn't be alarmed by the prospect of small-fry guests. Keep calm, have a plan and keep things rolling along in high

AGE TWO TO SIX YEARS

HERE THEY COME up the front walk; every bow in place; every cowlick slicked down; grim determination in every step. And there's the doorbell. Here is the vanguard of the throng, the host, the invasion. They are upon you—dozens and dozens of them it seems (although you know there can't possibly be that many—you only asked twelve).

They are all between the ages of Two to Six and they come in both sexes and *you* have invited them and *you*, as a matter of fact, are giving a party for them. "All right," you ask, "what now?"

Lady, this article is intended to heap advice upon you about how to throw a party for the very young. And the very first piece of advice is this: know what it is you want them to do first and get them at it fast. The minute the guests appear give them something to do. Start the type of game others can join in as they arrive. It will be the first party for some of them.

As the children arrive (in hordes or singly) hand them the props to take their turn at Pinning the old reliable Tail on the Donkey, Blowing Bubbles or Ringing a Winner (as described later). This catches their interest quickly and acts as a sort

GIRLS, EIGHT TO TWELVE,

like a cooking party, complete with take-away aprons. Dressing-up in discarded grown-up finery is popular, too.



BY DOROTHY LASH COLQUHOUN

Illustrated by Eva Prager

of anaesthetic, numbing their capacity for thinking up trouble on their own.

When everyone has gathered, stage your most important game, and after it is over, bring on the FOOD. When some child you've invited is on a special diet and mother hesitates about party fare let them bring their own meal along, but urge them to come.

Even at a very early age children sense an atmosphere quickly and balk at being regimented—but discipline there must be! Whistles for the helpers make heels click (and happily) and save roars of rage from frustrated fathers.

Don't try to manage any party single-handed; have one or two of your own friends (those talented and patient with the young) to help you see things through.

Keep it short—one to two hours.



BOYS, EIGHT TO TWELVE,

who are in the know will get a big laugh out of Fancy Stepping, a trick game.

For more games and, of course, the food, turn the page



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CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Continued from the previous page

Leave nothing to chance; there are bound to be some small unexpected crises to be ironed out but the great thing is to have something doing at all times. There must be no lagging moments. Flex with the party and if some idea tends to go flat, try another.

Starting a social life can be a pretty harrowing experience for a two-year-old, so be prepared for the shy and temperamental guests. Let anyone plump down and play alone if he feels like it. Give him toys and don't fuss or let him feel that he's different from the others.

The philosophy for entertaining is much the same for any age. Set the stage carefully, for with some subtle planning the right atmosphere will develop. Above all, keep it simple; be calm; look as though you were having the time of your life. All the fine food and original ideas in the world will be wasted if the hostess is flurried and tense. Far better to act as a guest yourself; be gay and rise above the usual small mishaps.

Now a little more action and the grand finale.

The door bell again! The most welcome noise you've ever heard; it's the fathers to pick up their offspring.

Starter

RING A WINNER: A card table turned upside down and assorted sizes of embroidery hoops, handed around, make a fine game of pitching horseshoes.

Scoring could be five points for the largest hoop which drops over a table leg; ten points for the next size, and so on with twenty-five for the smallest.

Make variations by ringing the legs in rotation, criss-cross, or tilting them a bit. This adds fun to the challenge.

Games

PAINT A PICTURE PARTY: The urge to be an artist starts around two, and often lasts until ninety-two.

Make the invitations[®] for this one

mysterious by saying no best clothes—it's going to be a working party. As an extra safeguard have some old smocks or aprons on hand.

Supplies you will need are crayons, paper, magazines, blunt scissors, paste, poster paints.

Put lots of newspapers or old sheets full length on the floor, then stretch a roll of very wide white shelf paper tightly over them (anchor at each end with bricks or stones).

Have several colors of poster paints (the kind used in schoolrooms) mixed with water in small containers, and let the little guests get in the paint up to and including their ears. Fingers and elbows are used instead of brushes! None of the painters realize until time is up what a long and effective picture they have made. They won't want to leave it and they'll love you for actually helping them get in such a mess. The paint really does wash right off—have plenty of soap and towels handy.

Make a special occasion of judging the mural and, of course, provide a prize for every painter: coloring books, crayons, etc.

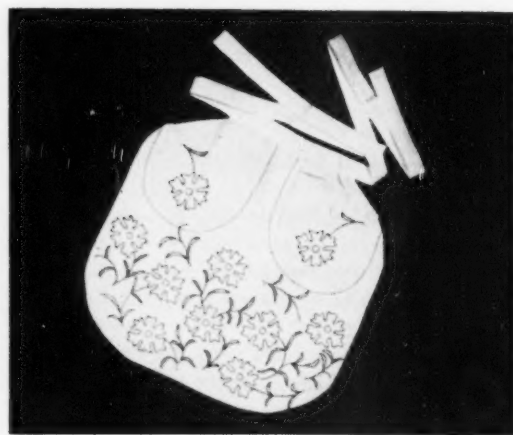
BLIND MAN'S BUFF: for a new variation, blindfold everyone but the player who is "It." He wears a bell and the blindfold friends try to catch him.

TICKTACKTOE WITH PEOPLE:

Use nine chairs; three in a row in three rows. Divide players into two teams, with one team wearing hats or something to distinguish them. Call one child at a time, alternately from each team. He goes quickly and sits on one chair that he chooses. The team getting three-in-a-row first wins.

AGE EIGHT TO TWELVE YEARS

BOYS AND GIRLS: Here's a party that may well strike terror to your heart. To put this one across the approach must be subtle but powerful because here are the sophisticates, the old hands at stepping out, and you have to show them.



HOLD-ALL PARTY APRON

A party apron with useful large pockets to hold crochet or knitting. Stamped flat on best quality white linene, it comes complete with threads and instructions — \$1. (Please state color choice for threads.) Order C101.

Order from Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Nobody in this or any group likes being attacked by a determined and highly organized mother of the host; least of all when they have their own ideas of a good time. Before you lay any plans have a family conference. Treat it with importance and let everyone throw in their ideas of what to do—especially the boy or girl whose friends are coming. Make lists; decide games, and, of course, food.

When the guests arrive be sure the whole atmosphere has that exciting feeling of surprise; start at once on a short game everyone can play. Let them "self express" legitimately without wrecking the place (lots of grand games fit with the animal energy of an eight- to twelve-year-old).

Have several ideas lined up but let the young produce the results. The responsibility will do wonders to encourage family pride and hospitality.

Starter

MEMORY TEST: A large tray loaded with such odds and ends as pencil, pen, eraser, thimble, needles, ten-cent piece, copper, sponge, can opener, bottle top, toothbrush, powder puff, rouge, lipstick, button, pocket knife, bracelet, salt shaker etc. After studying the tray for sixty seconds, how many things can you remember? Pencil and paper for all and prizes for the most observant.

After this the big event.

Girls: If your kitchen is large enough (or the party small enough) let the girls have a **Cooking Party**.

Start by tying a gay little apron (to take home after) around each middle. The aprons are easily made of bright ginghams, or glazed chintz with a kitchen motif, and make a big hit.

Have one person hovering near who understands the oven and top stove switches. Arrange plenty of bowls, measuring and mixing spoons, cups, and all the ingredients—Cake Mixes, Cookie Mixes, Muffins, Instant Desserts, Quick Fudge, Easy Icings, Fruit and Chocolate Drinks are ideal time-savers. Let each girl choose her own.

Of course they'll expect to eat their masterpieces, but have plenty of sandwiches on hand as a healthy foundation for so many sweets.

Boys: They'll behave better at a **Stag** than your husband with the boys from the office.

No silly favors or supervision (except in the background).

Invite one or two older boys (thirteen or fourteen) from the neighborhood, ones the guests all respect, and see how smoothly things will develop.

Let them plan as they go. Leave a phonograph with records (they'll sing); the electric train; Tinker Toys; Bean Bags, etc.

Have the refreshments ready but let them do their own carrying—and don't let it surprise you when they clean up the kitchen too.

There are dozens of other excuses for a party besides the traditional birthday.

For instance:

When you move to a new neighborhood.

When there has been a bad disappointment.

When school closes.

When a friend has been taken on a trip and your child can't go.

If your apartment or house is too small for numbers plan an outside jaunt. Foregather at home and go on to a zoo or museum, winding up at a hotel or restaurant or large cafeteria for dinner.

A Theatre party (movie, ballet, pantomime) is always exciting.

When it's a small group, a bus or train ride to another town or city gives a traveled feeling to the guests (and leaves your house tidy into the bargain!). Explore a big department store at a special season; besides a visit to toyland,

the decorations alone are worth seeing.

INVITATIONS are such fun when they are handmade: Try torn brown paper with motifs such as—

Wheels for a bicycle party

Hats for the fashions

Cut out dolls for the doll party

Poster paint (with the caption "Come Paint a Picture at my House"), for the painting party.

A wigwam ("Come to my Wigwam at—") for an Indian party.

Girls, Eight to Twelve Years

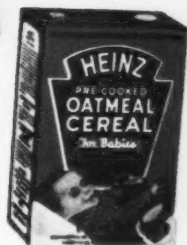
DOLL PARTY: A Baby Show; best for the 6- to near-10-year-olds.

As each child appears carrying her doll, admire the baby and ask its name. Then arrange the dolls for the show. Make gold badges with various colored ribbons and award prizes for such things as the curliest hair, the prettiest dress, the sweetest smile, the nicest dimples.

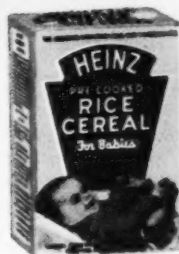
Homemade paper dolls—make these by folding a long piece of paper accord-



eeny



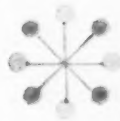
meeny



miney



mo!



all four

make

a baby
grow!



Even before an infant starts counting his toes, doctors will quite often recommend feedings of pre-cooked cereals.

That's something new and startling

in his young life. From the very beginning he had no trouble with milk, but he may balk at something that has to be really swallowed. That's why it's important that baby's first solid foods should be fine and smooth in texture, the way Heinz Cereals are made.

There are four kinds, so that you can get your child used to a variety of flavours before he settles down to one and refuses others. Look for them all in sizes suited to every need. You know they're good because they're Heinz.

BABY CEREALS • BABY FOODS **HEINZ** JUNIOR FOODS

Get The Best—Ask For Evenflo!



Dad Understands Precision Feeding

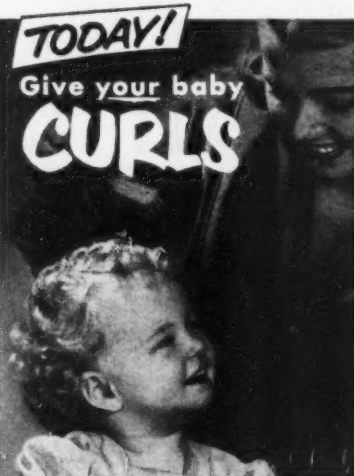
Dad doesn't have to be an engineer to feed his baby with Evenflo. The patented Evenflo Nipple works on the same principle as the extra hole in a juice can which admits air to prevent spurring. Baby has to suck, as at the breast, but when he does, the milk flows evenly, at just the right speed. Evenflo provides easy, natural nursing, free from colic—no wonder more babies are raised with Evenflo than with all other nursers combined!



Air valves provide precision feeding, prevent nursing colic.



America's Most Popular Nurser



IT'S EASY! Nestle Baby Hair Treatment is not a home permanent—but a safe, gentle lotion that has helped to give babies beautiful curls for more than 35 years. Also makes hair look thicker—helps keep scalp and hair clean and healthy.



At drug, dept. stores, baby & beauty shops, \$1.50, or order from Nestle-Lemur Co. (Canada) Limited, 680 King West, Toronto.

Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT
Used by Mothers for over 35 years

ion fashion and cutting a doll shape; this makes a long string.

Clothespin dolls—paste on bits of fabric for dresses, hats, aprons. Paint on faces and shoes.

Favors or Prizes: Paper doll cut-out books.

DRESS-UP PARTY: This old favorite only needs imagination. All the equipment is ready and the guests love it. Use a table spread out with fabrics, wire, feathers, ribbons, flowers, hats, jewelry (discarded grown-up finery).

Macaroni jewelry: mix vegetable coloring (it comes in vivid shades) in bowls of boiling water. Dye the "beads" by dipping, then ladle onto a cookie sheet covered with wax paper and let dry. The children cut cord into necklace and bracelet lengths; heap beads into piles and go into action.

Have large mirrors handy for the jewelers to try on their creations.

Boys, Eight to Twelve Years

CAMPING PARTY: In your own back yard. Let them eat barbecue style—and sleep all night in the yard (supply plenty of blankets). By morning they'll love a breakfast in the house.

NOON HOUR PARTY: The theme—Cowboys, Hockey Stars, their current favorite topic.

A few close buddies. March them in to wash up—then to the table for special food. Hot dogs, potato chips, celery etc., winding up with an unusual dessert. Plan two or three ten-minute games, then a turnabout march and back to school.

This interlude is short and provides the entire conversation for the afternoon. Even teacher will be interested.

Games

A STARTER: Put an empty pop bottle on a table. Give each player twenty-five toothpicks. Each in turn places a toothpick on the bottle. If he knocks any off he must add them to his collection. Prize goes to the first one using up all his sticks.

Giggles and squeals guaranteed.

BANGO: Have plenty of one-pound brown paper bags. Divide children into two teams; place a pile of bags on each end of table. The first child in each line runs to the table; grabs a bag; blows it up and bursts it with a BANG! He then goes to the end of the line. The next child repeats the performance. The side that blows up all its bags first wins. (This is a hit.)

CLIMBING THE BACK FENCE: Divide group into teams. Stretch two strips of white tape across the floor. Boys become cats.

The two leaders starting at the same time back along the fence with both hands and feet on the tape. When they reach the other end they turn and go back to the starting point—then the second member of the team starts out, and so on.

This game requires skill and speed, and is exciting. Just team fun; no one person excels or gets a prize.

FANCY STEPPING: If some of the guests know this trick, have them in one room; those who don't stay in another.

In the first room place four objects a

little distance apart on the floor. An egg, a good vase, your best cushion, a plant (anything fragile or valuable). Bring in a victim, tell him he must step over these things blindfolded—let him try it first with his eyes open and warn him nothing must be broken.

Blindfold; spin around three times, and start on his journey. Meanwhile remove the things silently from the floor, but keep up the warnings. When the blindfold is removed he will realize how funny he must have looked.

This is hilarious and intrigues even the very shy.

BOTTLE WRESTLE: (A bit rough.) Divide the gang into pairs, according to size, and have on hand a quart milk bottle for each pair. Line them up and start a good old wrestle.

Each boy places his hands on his partner's shoulders. The object of the game is to push or pull your partner so he will bump over the bottle placed upright on the floor between them. The one who knocks it down is the loser.

All the winners play each other—tournament fashion—until only one is left.

This is a strenuous game and needs lots of room. Match boys evenly. +

PARTY REFRESHMENTS

Because, to young fry, the food is the party, we asked Chatelaine Institute to dream up some menus to top off the entertainments suggested in Mrs. Colquhoun's article. Here are the Institute's ideas and recipes:

Fortunately for busy mothers, only a bit of color and trimming is needed to make refreshments festive.

Light refreshments may be served informally. Let the children pull crackers for paper hats and then sit around the floor if that is most convenient. When the food is the eat-at-a-table kind, use a gay paper cloth and colorful paper plates and cups.

Balloons, a Jack Horner pie, a large cardboard tent or boat, or a crepe paper doll all make satisfactory centrepieces. Individual favors of gumdrop animals or marshmallow men dress up the table too, and give the children that important "something to take home." Or spell out each child's name in colored candies at his place and supply a little paper cup so these too can be carried away.

For very tiny tots, refreshments should consist only of a special treat of plain ice cream or cake of the easily digested kind. For children five years and over, the following menus will provide exciting fare. Included are suggestions for both light refreshments and lunch or supper parties.

For Children Under Eight

Ice Cream Clowns
Cookies or Gingerbread Men
Vanilla Egg Nog

ICE CREAM CLOWNS: Make large chocolate cookies about 4 inches in diameter. Place a scoop of vanilla ice cream in centre for the clown's face and add raisins to make his eyes and a bright red cherry for his nose. Top with an ice cream cone for his hat. The hat may

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Super-fine polisher in minty-fresh Colgate Tooth Powder safely polishes teeth to a gleaming natural whiteness.

Penetrating foam cleans out stagnant saliva and food particles your brush can't reach. So Colgate stops bad breath—helps fight decay!



PURE!
SAFE!
WHITE!

Colgate cleans your breath as it cleans your teeth

SAD SUE!

MENSTRUAL PAIN

Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain.

GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL



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EX-LAX

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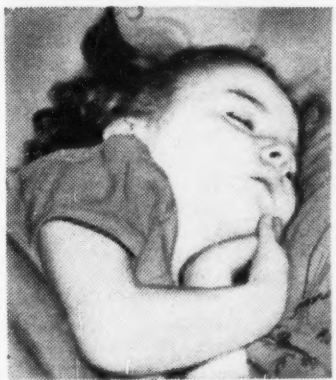


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SO FAST — SO SAFELY

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CANADA'S LARGEST SELLING
CHILDREN'S COUGH SYRUP

be trimmed with an edging and rosettes of whipped cream if you wish.

II

Peanut Butter Sandwiches
Cream Cheese and
Jelly Sandwiches
Ice Cream Circus
Pink Lemonade

ICE CREAM CIRCUSES: Place a scoop of ice cream in the centre of a large flat cookie on each child's plate. Stand small animal crackers around the ice cream and perch a flag on top. Make the flag by inserting a colored toothpick through a triangular piece of paper. Write each child's name on a flag.

III

Creamed Chicken
Green Peas
Toast
Jelly Windmills
Angel Food Cake
Milk

JELLY WINDMILLS: Set individual jellies (any flavor) in small tumblers. Unmold on small plates and surround with cubes of jelly. Top with a very small mound of whipped cream. For the windmill sails, place two thin wafers (or split lady fingers) together crosswise and attach with a toothpick to the side of the jelly mold near the top.

For Children Eight to Twelve

I

Doughnut Ice Cream Sandwiches
Chocolate Malteses

DOUGHNUT ICE CREAM SANDWICHES: Split doughnuts crosswise. Put halves together sandwich fashion with ice cream between. Pour colorful fruit sauce over these and top with a marshmallow and gumbdrop.

II

Egg-stuffed Wiener Rolls
Carrot Sticks
Birthday Cake
Frosted Pineapple Milk Shakes

III

Bacon Cheeseburgers
Igloo Pudding
Snowball Cakes
Cocoa with Marshmallow Face

IGLOO PUDDING AND SNOWBALL CAKES: Make a regular gelatine Snow Pudding in a rounded bowl or mold. To serve, unmold on a large plate and insert a colored candy stick on top. Place the Snowball Cakes around the "Igloo." To make these, frost top and sides of cup cakes with fluffy white icing and then roll in shredded coconut.

MARSHMALLOW FACE: Outline a face on each marshmallow using a toothpick dipped in melted, unsweetened chocolate. +

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Town



HOW TO GET A WORD IN EDGEWISE

By ROGER MORGAN

THE PROFESSIONAL and amateur viewers-with-alarm who seem to think that the art of conversation has gone over the hill with the last clutch of whooping cranes should come around to our house and they would get a stiff dose of reassurance that would bring the roses back to their cheeks. The experience would also, if they are anything like me, start them plucking nervously at their outer garments in sheer frustration.

Far from being moribund, the noisy art, to which the perpendicular pronoun, "I," was raised like an ikon, is thriving in a fine fashion around our place. As a matter of fact there are times when I think it is too healthy. Whole days go by, for instance, when I don't complete a sentence, even a short one, without being interrupted by someone who feels they have something more important to say.

I was reading the other day that women in prison are like this, always talking, always interrupting, never able to listen for more than a few seconds. The writer said it was because they were insecure. If this be true, my friends are the noisiest mixed-up bunch of kids in town.

The answer may be that now TV, plus radio, has placed serious strictures on our talking time, bottling us up when we should be yacking healthily and getting rid of all the kinks in our psyches. It could be that we live in a nervous era, the "age of anxiety" as it has been called, and we talk because we're apprehensive. And then again it could be that the people I know just like to talk.

Living in this environment has given me a curious kind of jungle cunning when it comes to conversation and if the few simple sneaky tricks I have learned will help you to get a word in edgewise you are welcome to them.

Number One: This device is based on the biological truth that no conver-

sationalist, no matter how well-wired for sound, no matter how relentless, is completely indefatigable and must take a breath once in a while.

When they stop, as they must, to get some wind in their bellows you nip in with what you have to say and from there on you are on your own until someone beats you to the punch line.

Number Two: This gambit calls for a slight departure from tradition in that you have to listen fairly closely to what the other person is saying. Attentiveness is such a rare commodity in my circle that you can actually mesmerize the speaker by leaning forward and appearing to hang on every word like Spanish moss on a Southern accent. Few talkers are so insensitive that they can go on indefinitely once they realize someone is actually listening to them. You will hear their voices run down slowly, with a wowing sound like a neglected side-winding gramophone. Now's your chance.

Number Three: The shock technique can be subtle or it can be strenuously overt. Sometimes, by the merest flick of the eyes, a sharp inclination of the head to look across the room at nothing more exciting than Uncle Edgar, you can cause a talker, who is off and running easily, to break stride, stumble and even fall. If this doesn't work you can always drop something, not necessarily on the speaker or the tiles in front of the fireplace although this sort of sound effect is obviously more difficult to ignore. Setting fire to drapes, exploding giant firecrackers, putting in false alarms all can produce a welcome hiatus but are messy and may lead to ugly scenes that make the kind of talk you are getting now pleasant by comparison.

Number Four: You just sit there as bored and limp as one of Salvador Dali's watches and wait for silence to come. The only catch here is that when it does descend it sounds so good you don't want to spoil it. ♦

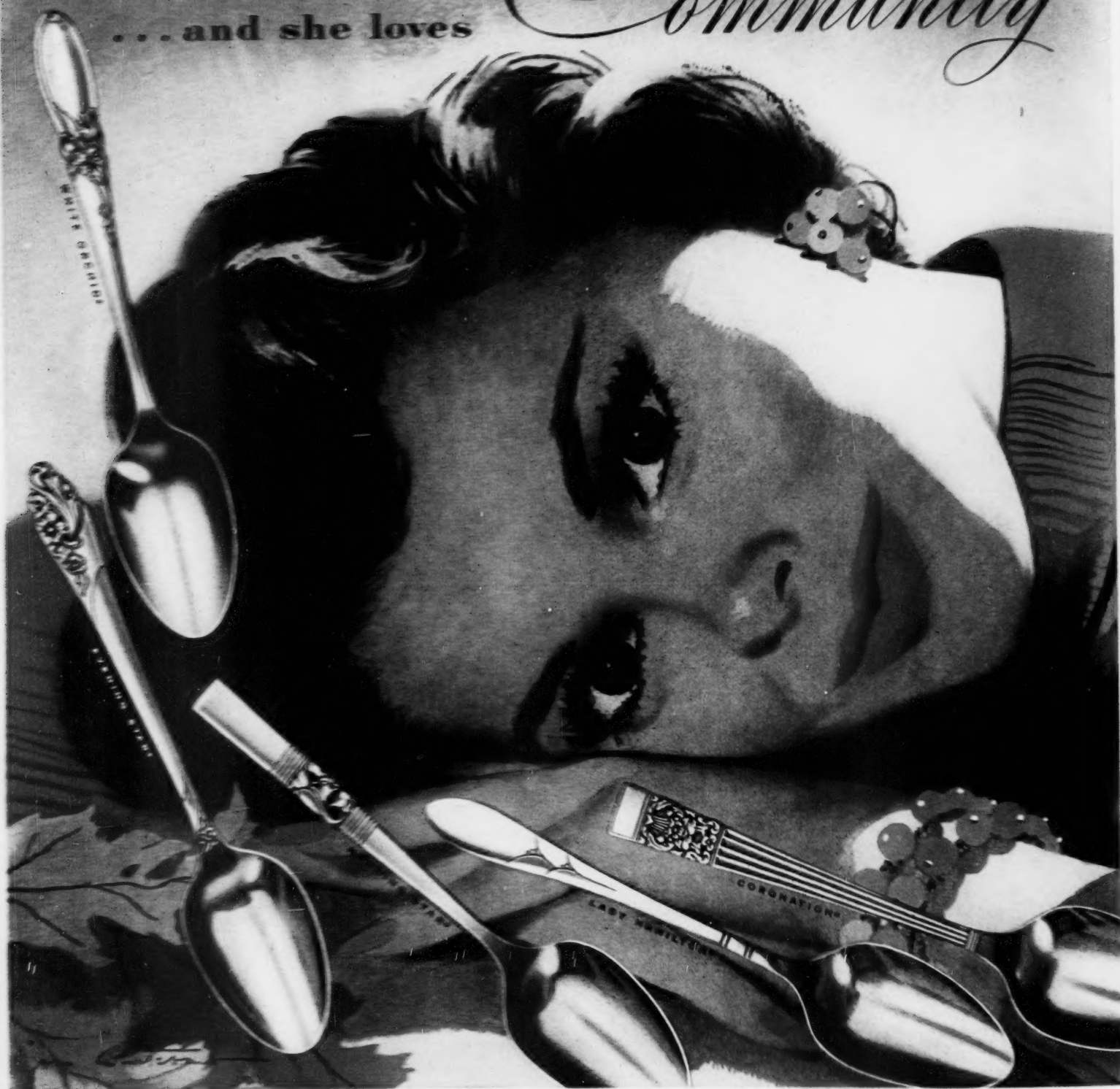


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